Australian

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PENTHOUSE

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THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

JUNE 1984

SEX IN THE PHILIPPINES

MASSAGE: IT'S NOT A DIRTY WORD

HIGH RISKS: THE FATAL ATTRACTION OF THE HIMALAYAS

LURKS AND PERKS: COOK'S GUIDE TO POLITICAL JUNKETING

PLASTIC MONEY: PICK A CARD...

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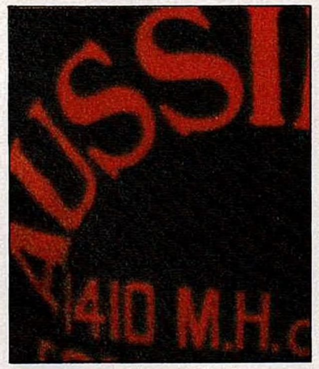

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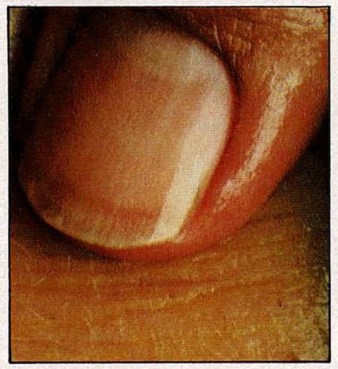
Massage

Men At Play

High Risks

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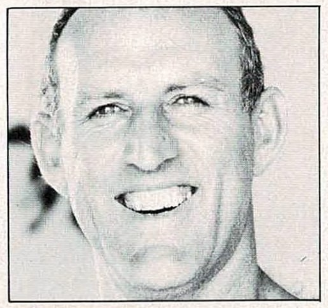
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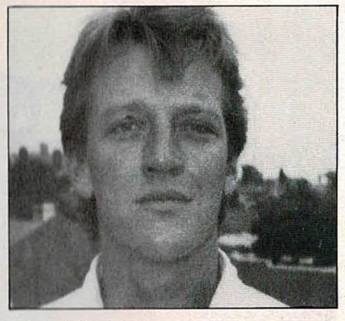
GREG HUNTER

ROGER CROSTHWAITE

HOUSECALL

Every year, 60,000 Australian refugees from women's liberation descend on the Philippines with one objective: to take advantage of the cheapest and dirtiest thrills available anywhere in the world. As a result, the vast red light district of Manila has been transformed into one of the last bastions of overseas ockerism. In the Filipino Connection (page 34), staff writer **Greg Hunter** looks at the ugly impact of the Australian invasion and provides some poignant insights into the social fabric of a country in the grip of a political crisis. The photos were contributed by **Oliver Strewe** and **Peter Brussel.**

Anyone can give a massage, and just about everyone has. The ancient art of body rubbing has always suffered from an image problem, with professionals and amateurs alike using it as a preamble to more penetrating forms of stimulation. But as **Mike Kent** points out in Massage Is Not A Dirty Word, the Eighties have ushered in the acceptance of massage as a legitimate form of therapy. Of course, that didn't stop Kent from ensuring that no muscle was overlooked in his exhaustive search for the perfect massage. His six profiles of experts in various forms of the art are complemented by photos from **Tandy Rowley** and **Graham Monro.** Turn to page 56 to decide your preference.

This month *Penthouse* presents more top humor with **Patrick Cook's** hilarious Guide To Political Junketing — or how to emerge from a diplomatic fact-finding mission with a clean slate and a swag of ill-gotten material and political gains. That's on page 52. There's no business like the Mental As Anything version of show business. Rock writer **Roger Crosthwaite** profiles this quirky outfit of musical misfits who've turned eccentricity into a lucrative art form in Men At Play (page 64). As Crosthwaite points out, cliched epithets like "wacky" and "zany" portraying the Mentals as rejects from an *I Love Lucy* script fail to shed light on the band's immense popularity. **Paul Worsted's** zany (oops) silk screen illustrations set the tone admirably.

American Express and Diners Club used to have a monopoly on the overseas credit card business. But a recent competitive scramble has left the credit market wide open. Finance writer **Richard Anderson** sorts out the confusion with an in-depth look at the price of printed plastic in Card Sharp, illustrated by **Peter Schofield,** on page 82. High altitude mountaineers need a lot more than the right sort of money to avoid paying the ultimate price on the icy slopes of a Himalayan giant. Since 1977, six Australians have either fallen to their deaths or been buried alive on Nepalese peaks — yet the fatality rate hasn't dimmed the enthusiasm of the quixotic breed of Aussie mountaineers who thrive on placing their lives in danger. In High Risks (page 86), **Jonathan Chester,** a distinguished mountaineer who was a member of the ill-fated Annapurna III expedition of 1980, provides a rare insight into the character of these "conquistadors of the useless" and recalls some of his own hair-raising experiences on the rooftops of the world.

The annual 10,000 kilometre Paris to Dakar desert race is the toughest test of man and motorcycle ever devised. **Noel Christensen** renders a colorful description of this year's rat pack and their hell-for-leather scramble across the desert sands in Storming The Sahara, starting on page 96. When it comes to rollicking prose, nobody can foot it with fiction writer **Robert Barrett,** who makes a welcome return to *Penthouse* with Bowen Lager — the story of a bashful bouncer whose late entry into teeveeland cuts a swathe of destruction through a mob of poofter advertising execs. **Frants Kantor's** superb illustration opens the piece on page 100.

The Police Highway Patrol in every state is locked in a battle for the popularity wooden spoon with the taxation department and noisy garbage collectors. They're selling a product that nobody wants, and everyone knows how to badmouth them. Motoring editor **Peter McKay** went On The Beat with a couple of blue marauders to discover what it's really like on the other side of the badge. The result is an eye-opening inside story. Turn to page 120.

Jerry Lewis has been beloved by some and all but spat upon by others in a 35-year career which has seen him reach the greatest heights before plummeting to the depths of despair. In this month's *Penthouse* interview with **James Delson,** Lewis talks with extraordinary candor about his drug addiction, his marital infidelities, his relations with organised crime, and the night when he stuck a .38 revolver into his mouth and almost pulled the trigger. Turn to page 128. In Advise and Dissent on page 156, **Sir William Keys** OBE, MC, National President of the Returned Services League, presents his case for national service in Australia.

This month's competition prize is an all-expenses paid holiday for two at the magnificent Thredbo Alpine Hotel. It's the most luxurious and carefree winter holiday package you could imagine, and you can win it by turning to page 124 and filling out the coupon. On your way there, however, you'll more than likely pause for a while at the centre pages, where our superbly proportioned Pet Of The Month Chris Heins will further stimulate your appetite for snowbound fun and games. **Bob Watson** and **Warwick Gibson** took the sizzling shots of Chris, while **Stephen Hicks** and **Allan J. Wash** weighed in with the sensational Holly-O and the deceptively demure Lynn Roberts. It's enough to pull you through the coldest winter night. Get into it.

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PENTHOUSE
FEEDBACK

Is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse* — its aspirations and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Australian Penthouse, PO Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Uplifting journalism

My sincere thanks to Peter Anderson for his informative and encouraging article on penile prostheses entitled Getting It Up (April *Penthouse*). I know how much courage that piece of writing involved, for I have had to live with impotence since adolescence and I fully agree with the author that this affliction produces the greatest trauma a man can suffer. Prior to reading that article, I had heard vague references to "plastic pricks" and such, but the prospect of submitting to the knife had always seemed too much to cope with. Peter Anderson's sensitive story, which bears remarkable similarities to my own, has changed my mind. It's now or never for me. I wonder how many other *Penthouse* readers will find their previously non-existent sex lives rejuvenated because they happened to pick up a copy of your April issue. — *D.M., Brisbane*

A hard fan

Robert Barrett, author of A Hard Man (April *Penthouse*), is one of the most refreshing fiction writers I've read in ages. I thoroughly enjoyed his no-bullshit description of street life in Sydney, and I'd like to see more of his work in *Penthouse.* Can that be arranged? — *J. Thompson, Newcastle, NSW*

You'll be happy to learn that Robert Barrett's second fiction contribution, entitled Bowen Lager, appears in the pages of this magazine. We agree with your assessment of Mr Barrett's inimitable prose style. Turn to page 100 and enjoy yourself. — Ed

Karate credentials

I read with interest the interview with martial arts entrepreneur Bob Jones (February and March *Penthouse*). His fighting ability cannot be denied, but Jones' claim to be a sixth dan in karate is questionable.

In most Japanese karate systems a foreigner cannot progress past the rank of fifth dan. To my knowledge this rule did not change during the so-called modernisation of karate. But then, I suppose Jones can award himself whatever grade he likes within his own system. It is not unusual to see students who have studied traditional karate for a short time branch out and create their own systems.

The bodyguard service provided by Jones has a reputation for efficiency, but I would like to know who taught him karate, and also who graded him to such a high level. — *Len Laws, Pendle Hill, NSW*

Debbie Davies . . . definitely dazzling

Jones began his martial arts education 17 years ago. His first instructor was Tai Kwon Do teacher Jack Rozinsky and he has trained with a variety of martial arts experts since then. In accordance with many modern karate systems, as the leader of Zen Do Kai, Jones has been graded at the top of a heirarchy which is recognised by more than 6000 exponents throughout Australia. — Ed

Dazzling Debbie

Over the last few years I've heard quite a lot about the exodus of people from the southern states to the "Sunshine State." After checking out the talents of your April Pet Of The Month, dazzling Debbie Davies, I think I know at least part of the reason why. Without doubt, Debbie would be one of the spunkiest-looking specimens of blooming womanhood I've ever clapped eyes upon. If her healthy outdoor glow and perfect mammaries are indicative of the charms of the girls of the Deep North then I'll happily join the rush, pack my suitcase and buy myself a one-way ticket to "Effenncue." In the meantime, is there any chance of seeing a little more of Debbie? — *Gary Belgre, Bundanoon, NSW.*

Punk fools

Your Punk Portfolio (April *Penthouse*) only scratched the surface of this widespread phenomenon. Punks don't only inhabit the inner city areas. I've seen bands of them out in the western suburbs and also around where I live on the beach. Surf punks are really silly. Around my way they're pretty distinctive, displaying close shaven heads — I often wonder if they don't get sunstroke out in the surf — along with the rest of the regalia. And I'm always seeing their stupid graffiti scrawled in the sand, like "Punk Rules OK." If you ask me it's a case of Punk Fools OK. — *D.M. Queenscliff, NSW*

Piqued punk

Where the hell do you guys get off, making stupid uninformed statements about the punk movement (The Punk Portfolio, April *Penthouse*)? You sent out a photographer to get some shots and then assign some artsy-fartsy writer who's probably never been outside Double Bay to pontificate (yes, punks aren't idiots) about a social movement that he'd obviously rather sweep under the carpet than analyse intelligently.

Punks are people who've decided that the world is full of shit. We distance ourselves from it as far as possible because that's the most direct way of showing our contempt. We do not watch family TV programs with "a twinge of regret for a lifestyle we've left behind." What a load of crap. That sort of statement is a figment of your writer's imagination. Why didn't he get down here on the streets of the inner city, where he might have learned something about his subject? The arrogance of the whole thing is what blows me out. As far as I'm concerned, *Penthouse* magazine can go and get stuffed. — *P.J. Crazylegs, Sydney*

Hard option

The photos published in March *Penthouse* for the story Hard Bodies really turned me off at first. Women body builders seemed so alien that I couldn't bring myself to look at them. Subsequently, however, I found myself browsing through some body building magazines. There were plenty of shots of hard-bodied women striking muscular poses, and for some reason my attitude toward them had shifted. So much so that the more I look at women body builders, the more I come to the conclusion that ordinary "beautiful" women are fat. — *J.K., Melbourne*

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It's show time!

A few weeks ago, I moved into a new unit which is part of a small complex. Mine and one other are somewhat isolated by a patio walkway, a private gate, and a stairway. The stairway goes right by my bedroom window and leads to the patio of the upper apartment, which can be seen only from my window.

The first day and evening in my new place were uneventful. I saw nothing of my upstairs neighbor. But early the next morning, a Saturday, I was awakened by the sound of a newspaper being thrown on to the patio above. Looking out into the already bright sunshine, I saw my neighbor walk to retrieve the paper. I was stunned, for I saw a beautiful, brown-haired, nude woman. She had a gorgeous body, a well-rounded arse and well-shaped boobs. Definitely *Penthouse* quality. I couldn't move my gaze from her body as she bent over to pick up the paper, giving me a perfect view of her pussy and bum! You can be sure my cock was hard, and my throat was dry as cotton.

She slowly unwrapped the paper and, to my disappointment, went into the house. Happily for me, though, she returned a few moments later. This time she had on a knee-length yellow gown made of some silky material. It was low-cut, giving me a good view of her breasts.

Now the best part. This woman then sat down on one of the upper steps, not more than two metres from me. She proceeded to read her paper and drink some coffee. The way she was sitting, I could see right up her gown to her bare pussy — an unbelievable sight. Her pussy had very thick, protruding, puffy lips. She shifted into various sitting positions, spreading her legs very wide, exposing her open pussy most of the time. She would lean her back against the outer railing, placing her right leg on the step she was sitting on while her left leg was resting on a lower step. When she sat in this position and sort of arched her back, I could see right up her love tunnel.

Obviously my hard cock soon needed relief, so I began to masturbate. My window was open, since the weather was warm, and I had to be as quiet as possible. But I was so turned on that my cock was heavily lubricated, and the rapid movement of my hand was creating a squishing sound audible enough for the woman to hear. I couldn't stop, though, even if my life had depended on it. As I began to come, the woman spread her legs slightly further apart, causing the lips of her pussy to open a bit more, and I could see that she was juicy, too. This, of course, made me believe that she was deliberately putting on a show for my benefit, but I still remained as quiet as possible.

She then laid her paper down, closed her eyes, and began to play with her pussy. I know it sounds crazy, but it's true! She did the most erotic, mind-blowing things to her sweet-looking pussy. She stuck her fingers into the opening, and I had the great good fortune to watch her do it. She finally began to concentrate on her clit and, after a few moments, was into an orgasm of her own. Throughout this entire scene, not once did she look in the direction of my window, so you can imagine just how cool this woman was. After enjoying her climax, she went back into her unit.

I have since met my beautiful neighbor and I've discovered several things about her that help me to understand just what she's all about. She has related that, due to several unhappy encounters with former boyfriends, she is turned off by the idea of a physical and emotional relationship with a man. Since she is repulsed by the thought of engaging in lesbian sex, but desperately needs sexual release, she is happy to masturbate and to allow men to watch her as they do the same.

We now play a game with each other. She does her little posing scene and I jack off while watching her. It's never the same, either. Though I want to make love to her, I don't pressure her at all. I'm just thankful for what we've got together. It's strange and unusual but, boy, do I love it!
— *Name and address withheld*

Learned friends

I am an associate at a large law firm. During law school and my first two years of practice I never thought law was very stimulating. However, one evening, several weeks ago, I discovered how exhilarating the practice of law can be.

It was well after midnight, and my fellow associate, Susie, and I were the only ones in the office. We had sequestered ourselves in the senior partner's office and were working feverishly to finish the brief that was to be filed with the Supreme Court the following day. We knew it had to be good because we were working for the most demanding senior partner in the firm.

PENTHOUSE
THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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Andrew Cowell

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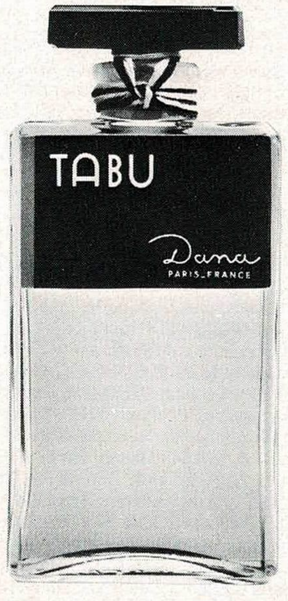
JUNE

Tabu . . . an embrace that lives forever in a fragrance.



The Forbidden Fragrance

FORUM

I was sitting at the senior partner's oak desk, reading a tangentially related case that I knew would get me nowhere. Books were piled high all over the desk, several opened and marked at key pages. Susie walked in and pushed aside a stack of reports, sat on the top of the desk, and let out a weary sigh.

"I've had enough of this," she said. "I've got to have a break." I asked, "What do you have in mind?" "Oh, I don't know. I guess it's too late to go anywhere."

For the first time I noticed that she had a strange look on her face. Susie is quite attractive. A top graduate of a prestigious law school, she has silky blonde hair, china-blue eyes, a bronzed skin, and a body that violates the rule against perpetuities.

It was extremely warm in the office, and the top three buttons of her blouse were open. In fact, tiny beads of perspiration had formed into droplets and had begun to trickle down her cleavage. She caught me looking at her ample consideration and smiled broadly. Then she glanced down at the bulge in my trousers and asked, "Is that a firm offer I perceive?"

Before I realised what was happening, we had made an oral contract, a verbal agreement. She stated: "I want you to know I expect full performance." So saying, she opened my fly and inched her hands up my leg, soon becoming a holder in due course. Then, since it was a contract, she demanded inspection of the goods to make sure they satisfied the warranties and fitness for a particular use. Having approved, she balanced the hardship in her mouth until I quickly obtained satisfaction and release.

However, Susie claimed that was "only part performance of the oral contract we made. I expect perfect tender."

"Okay, but you have to give me a reasonable time to cure the defective goods, and furthermore, you have a duty to aid in the cure."

She smiled and began to diddle with my limp, lifeless member. Very soon I achieved vertical privity and was ready to assert my property interests. She spread her legs as I laid her back down on the *Juris Penis*. Then I feasted my eyes on what all lawyers crave — a deep pocket defendant!

I began to touch and concern and soon became the dominant estate to her servient estate, joined in horizontal privity. I had the benefit, and she had the burden of a negative easement for the flow of my artificial stream. Soon our estates merged, and the easement was extinguished, but not before she emitted several excited utterances. I withdrew and made known my withdrawal, thereby relieving myself of all further liability for this unlawful enterprise.

We barely got the brief done by 6am. The senior partner loved it expect for the last couple of pages, which were stuck together. — *Name and address withheld*

Ending a grudge

I'm a 26-year-old female singer. A few weeks ago my band got a job in an Irish style pub. From the beginning the job was a disaster. The customers wanted to hear Irish folk songs, and we offered them Beatles music. But the worst part of it was the bartender, Mike. He and I hated each other from the moment we met.

Mike, who is in his early thirties, very tall and has a powerful build. He has huge arms and hands, red hair, and freckles. Normally, I'm attracted to that type, but it was a different story with Mike. He was born in Ireland, and he still has old fashioned ideas about a woman's place. I'm famous for my outspokenness.

Mike and I had several arguments during our gig. It seemed that he picked on everything about me — from the "noise" I sang to the clothes I wore (I prefer dungarees and low-cut leotards that show a lot of tit). By the end of my two-week engagement in his bar, Mike and I were barely civil to each other.

It was closing time, after our last show. I had been hanging around with some friends at the bar, getting pretty wrecked on wine and occasionally disappearing to have a smoke. As usual, Mike was making remarks about my "unladylike behavior." I told him to drop dead and continued to get bombed. I couldn't help noticing that Mike was spending a lot of time in my vicinity and that he was filling my glass faster than I could drain it. When my friends started to leave, Mike asked me to stay. He said he wanted to talk to me about business.

The bar was deserted except for Mike and me. He came around to sit on the stool next to me, but he had no intention of talking about future gigs. Instead, he started berating me, saying that girls are supposed to act like ladies, that I move around too much when I sing, that my clothes aren't decent. It was a rerun of his criticism of the previous two weeks. But I noticed that he was staring at my breasts and that there was a conspicuous bulge in his pants. I looked into his eyes and started making little circles around my nipples with my fingers. My eyes kept returning to that cock, the contours of which were clearly visible. I could see that it was flared and full at the end. I told him to stop playing games and admit that he found me sexually desirable. He opened his mouth to protest, but I put my arms around him and drove my tongue deep into his mouth. He had never been faced with a sexually liberated woman, and it took him a few seconds to recover.

While I loosened his tie, I started sucking on his tongue. I rubbed my busy hands all over his curly red chest hairs, feeling his nipples stiffen beneath my educated

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fingers. Finally, he began to relax. He responded to my probing tongue, running his round my lips and teeth. His hands found their way to my low-cut leotard — the same one he had been complaining about for two weeks. My nipples were taut now, pushing against the tight, black material. He slowly removed the garment, kissing my shoulders and throat as he uncovered my body. Mike gasped when he came upon my breasts, which are enormous. He eagerly grabbed for my nipples and started pinching them between his huge fingers.

Mike's cock was rock-hard by now. While he continued to manipulate my nipples with his fingers, I slowly unzipped his pants. Let me tell you, the cock I found was as big as a shillelagh. I ran my fingers up and down the shaft, gently circling the tip. He continued to sit on the bar stool while I dropped to my knees and started licking that magnificent meat. While I flicked my tongue all over it, I reached my own hand down into my pants, where my cunt was wet and ready for action. I unzipped my jeans, pushed aside my dripping panties, and found my throbbing pink clit. I continued to suck his cock while I fingered my pussy. Suddenly, I looked up at him. He was staring at me intently, and I realised that he had never watched a woman masturbate before. Since it was obviously turning him on, I decided to give him a show.

I pulled my jeans and panties off slowly with one hand while with the other I played with my tits. I reached down and started licking my own nipple. The head of his cock was bright red; I thought it would burst. But he wouldn't jerk himself off. I was thoroughly enjoying myself, but I wanted to watch him masturbate. What I needed was incentive. I started rubbing my fingers around my eager twat, talking to him with each circuit.

"Imagine your big cock inside my pussy," I said. Then I put a couple of fingers in my cunt as far as they would go. "Think of your hard cock surrounded by my hot, wet pussy, going in and out, in and out." Watching me was more than he could take. He begged me to fuck him, but I played the bitch, saying he didn't have enough. I told him that I had my own hand but that he could help by satisfying himself for me. Slowly, shyly, he wrapped an enormous hand around his throbbing cock. I was ready to come from watching him move his hand up and down. He was near the bursting point, and I could tell that he was nervous about where to come. I answered his silent question by opening my mouth over his cock as he was ready to spurt and by taking every delicious drop into my mouth. Mike had never come into a woman's mouth before, but I could tell from his shocked, yet ecstatic expression that he would want to again. Since that night Mike and I have become good friends, and we have had many incredible fuck sessions. — *Name and address withheld*

Cruising right along

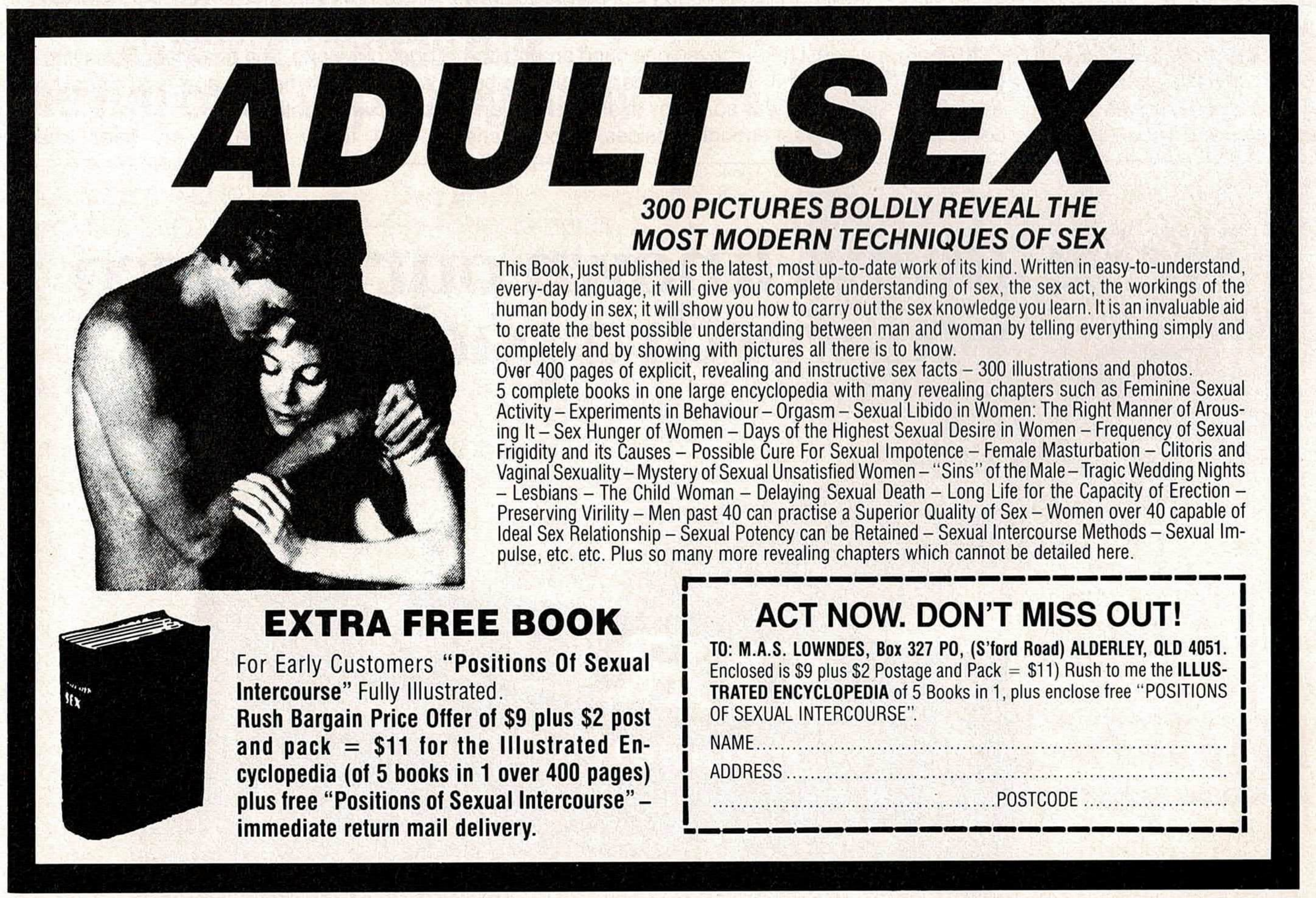
While I have had many good screws in my life, none could ever match my ex-girlfriend, Sylvia. She has a beautiful round arse and nice firm tits. She is horny all the time, and, as a randy 28-year-old, I am more than willing to fill her needs.

Once, while I was driving her van, she became very hot and started squirming her bum on the seat. As we drove along the highway, I could smell her love juices.

I pulled out my cock and started to jerk off. While jacking myself with one hand, I was steering the van with the other. By then Sylvia had stripped down to the skin and climbed on the engine cover. It is an older van, so the lid is always hot as hell. "Let me help you drive," she said and began jerking me off. I almost came and had to pull over.

We jumped in the back, and I took off my clothes. The sound of cars driving past was turning us on. As the back windows were not covered, we could see out. She took my cock and began to suck it. The sweat poured down us, and the truck filled with the smell of our bodies.

"Eat me," she said. I stuck my tongue up her pussy and sucked. Soon we were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rolling and sucking our brains out. We changed around, and I sucked her tits. Suddenly I had to fuck this girl; so I took her and laid her, face-down, on the hot engine. I took my cock and stuck it up her. She clawed at the dashboard, and we both stared wildly out the windows at the passing cars.

She started to come and scream at the same time. I came seconds later, pulling it out in time to spurt all over her back. I massaged the sperm into her skin. Afterwards we did another round of 69 and then proceeded on our way. Ah, what a trip! — *Name and address withheld*

Super service

I haven't noticed any letters recently from anyone in the military about any experiences with the "new military" (women). Well, just to show the service is not all that bad with women in it, here is a little something that happened to me a couple of months ago.

I am in charge of a small office. We have six in our office, one of them being a woman. And although only 19, she is in every respect a woman. I have to admit I am much older (45) and had never thought of fooling around with someone I work with (it's a bad deal in the military — she can always hold it over your head), but I also believe in the old saying, "A stiff cock has no conscience." She and I had a good working relationship, generally just arse-grabbing around and making eyes at each other, until this one memorable night. She (I'll call her Kit) was down in the office working, and I thought I'd go down and catch up on some letter writing.

Although Kit usually wore slacks in the office, tonight she had a skirt on, and it came to about six inches above her knees. We did our usual kidding around, and I sat down to write my letter. Kit came over behind me and asked me about a job she was doing and playfully blew in my ear. As she did so, I reached my hand behind me and ran it up the back of her leg, about halfway up her thigh. Naturally, she jumped back (with a devilish look in her eye), and I jokingly said, "Blow in my ear again and I'll have to give you some extra duty." Kit mussed up my hair and went back to her chair. But about 15 minutes later she was back, and this time she leaned over my back and pressed her breasts against my shoulder. This time she blew very softly in my ear and didn't move when I moved my hand up the back of her leg again. I turned my chair around slowly, keeping my hand up her skirt (I was to the edge of her panties this time). As I moved my other hand up the outside of her other leg, she reached down and kissed me softly on the lips, her tongue very slowly entering my mouth. This was just too much for me, and I stood up, placing my hands on her bum and giving her some tongue back. (I must explain that Kit is what is considered "cute", just a little bit of "baby fat" in the right places. She has short blonde hair and probably the most beautifully shaped legs I've ever seen, baby fat and all.)

Not a word had been said so far, and I turned Kit around and leaned her against the desk, really rubbing my rockhard cock against her. I moved one hand around and reached in the top of her panties to her snatch. I was so hot by this time I couldn't move fast enough. Besides, I thought she would change her mind and pull back. But once I had my hand on her pussy, playing with her clit, her moans told me "no sweat." I moved the hand that was squeezing her arse and started to unbutton her blouse. Our lips still hadn't parted, and no words were spoken. Once her blouse was unbuttoned, I reached around and undid her bra, at the same time putting a finger on her moist clit. Our lips finally parted, and I started down her neck, then to her lovely breasts, gently licking the nipples and squeezing them. After about ten minutes of this, I moved my mouth farther down the top of her panties. She still had the skirt on, but that didn't get in the way. As I started kissing her tummy and moved down farther, my hands were moving her panties down — they were below her knees now. Then I started running my tongue through the hairs of her pussy, and the panties were off.

Both my hands were on her thighs now, and her hands were pulling my head down and in. I sat her on the edge of the desk and kissed the inside of her soft, beautiful thighs, running my tongue around her downy mound. My tongue played games around the outside and against her now hard clit until she finally threw her legs over my shoulders and pulled my head as hard as possible against her cunt. As I licked and nibbled the entire area, I put two fingers into her wet pussy, slowly moving them in and out. This must have gone on for 20 minutes or so (I wasn't keeping time), until she gave a deep moan and her legs wrapped around my head, her whole body quivering. She finally spoke, saying it was the first time a guy had made her come while eating her.

She finally released my head after

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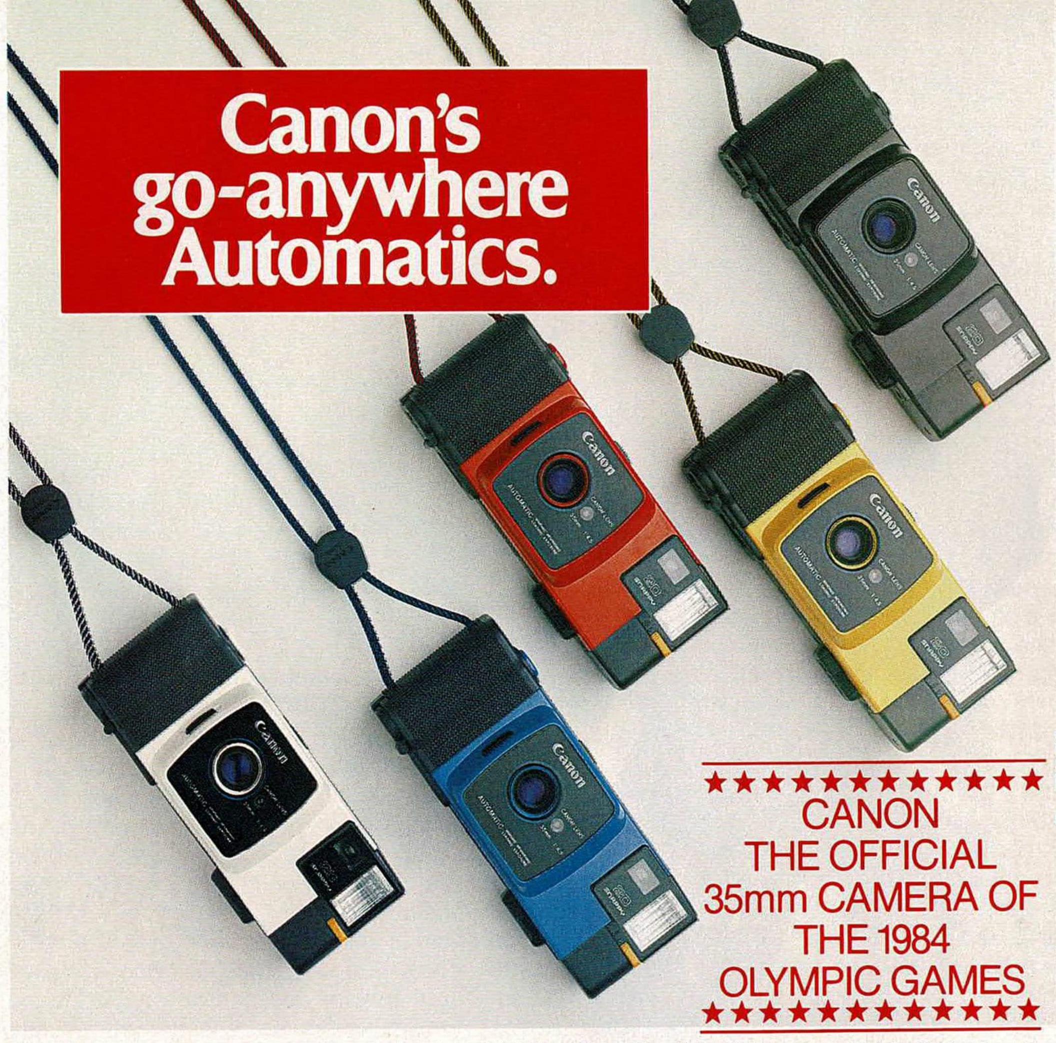

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about ten minutes, and I raised myself and gave her a deep tongue-kiss while my hand was zipping down my fly. I grabbed my iron cock in my hand and rubbed it on the outside of her wet pussy. She flinched a bit, but then her tongue went deep into my mouth, and I responded by slowly sliding my cock into her. It was in just an inch when — I'll be buggered! I realised she was a virgin.

This shocked me, what with the reputation the younger generation has for fooling around. Kit brought me back to life by saying "Do it, Jim!" That's all it took, and I pushed it in until I felt the resistance break and I was in up to the hilt. Neither of us moved for a couple of minutes, and I told her to start moving when she felt she could. This took about ten seconds, and I responded to her movements, slowly picking up speed with each thrust. Then all hell broke loose — she was half off the desk, and I had to grab her with both hands before we both went on the floor. Her legs were around my waist now and her arms tightly around my neck, and I just couldn't hold back anymore. I rammed it in to the balls, my come shooting out like a 15-year-old kid's. She went about another five minutes, then wrapped her arms and legs tightly around me. I could feel her cunt squeezing, her voice in my ear, saying softly, "Fuck, fuck, fuck . . ."

Our bodies relaxed before I slowly slid out of her. We rested for a couple of minutes, sharing a cigarette, and I asked her how she felt. "Fine," she said, "but just a little sore down there." So, being the gentleman I was, I knelt in front of her, lifted her skirt once more, and gently kissed and licked her sore pussy. She told me to stop before she got going again, and I replied, "Nothing wrong with that." But she was a bit sore, and I stopped.

After we got our cloths on, she said she would like to do it again with me and that she liked older men who were gentle. I mentioned getting a motel room in a week or so, and she readily agreed, saying, "Although I've never done it before, I'll give you the same pleasure with my mouth that yours gave me." And you know something? She did. But that's another story. All I can say is: don't underestimate the girls in the service. One of them may "work" for you some day. — *Name and address withheld*

Hearty homecoming

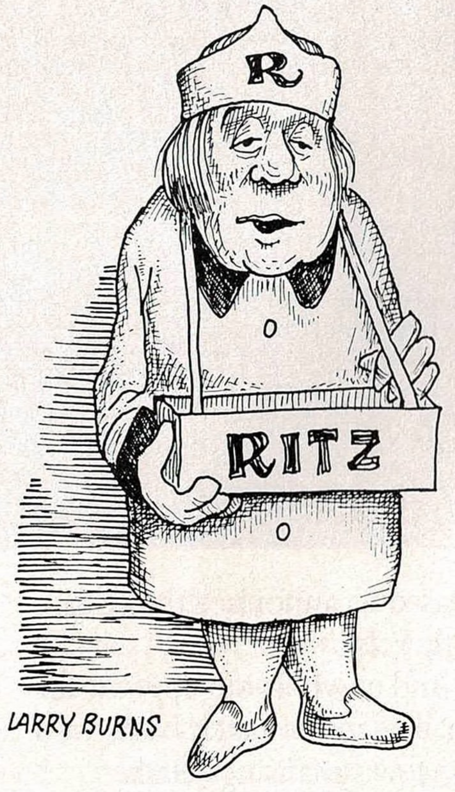
Isn't it funny how certain things are either totally unacceptable or only happen to others? My wife and I have been close to another couple since she and I met four years ago. About a year ago our relationship gained a new dimension. Leo was home temporarily from an overseas job. We'd been so close that his homecoming was emotional for all of us. That night, my wife, Katy, and I spent the night with Leo and his wife, June. They have children, so we adjourned to the bedroom to have a drink and watch the tube. Once everyone mellowed out and quit talking, Leo and June began getting romantic.

Before long, our friends were naked and putting on quite a show. It was of course impossible to witness all of this and remain unaffected. The effect was heightened by the fact that they are so different from us physically. I am tall and thin, and my wife is also rather thin and smooth, with large, very soft breasts and soft dark hair. Leo is a large, solidly build man with a tough-looking exterior. June is tall and stately, with frosted blonde hair. Her breasts are large and stand out proudly. Eventually, Katy and I became so involved that I forgot the others and where I was until I noticed that for once I seemed to have the extra hand I'd always joked about needing to give proper attention to my wife's truly beautiful body.

I can't describe the effect of looking down at Katy's beautiful soft tits and seeing them touched by June's long, slender fingers. I couldn't move my eyes until I heard June whisper, "Aren't they the softest you've ever felt?" I looked at the other tit and saw it covered by Leo's massive paw. All inhibition left me, and animal desire took over my being. My own hand felt the juices flowing that told me my sweet wife was well aware that she was the centre of attention.

When I noticed Leo getting up and walking around to our side of the bed, I rolled Katy on to her back and reached down between her legs. Just as he arrived, I pulled her legs apart to make the invitation very clear. That action seemed to answer the question on everyone's mind. Leo went straight to work, kissing up the insides of those long, thin legs that have given me so much joy. As he reached his goal, I heard my lady issue a moan normally reserved for the forbidden fruit of daydreams. Seeing her ravished by another man, with all his brute strength and size, was dizzying. was dizzying.

I could have watched all night, but was shaken to attention because June began to do a job on me. She manipulated my own body with expert hands and kisses while still allowing me an unobstructed view of the performance beside me. Eventually, she made me forget everything — including my own wife and the fact that I, too, was being watched. She gently lowered her face to my hardness and licked off the trickle there. Then she slowly filled her mouth with my meat until most of it had disappeared. She worked me beautifully with a combination of head and tongue movement and perfect pressure. Just before I came, I looked over to see the big circumcised head of Leo's cock invading my wife's prize. — *Name and address withheld.*



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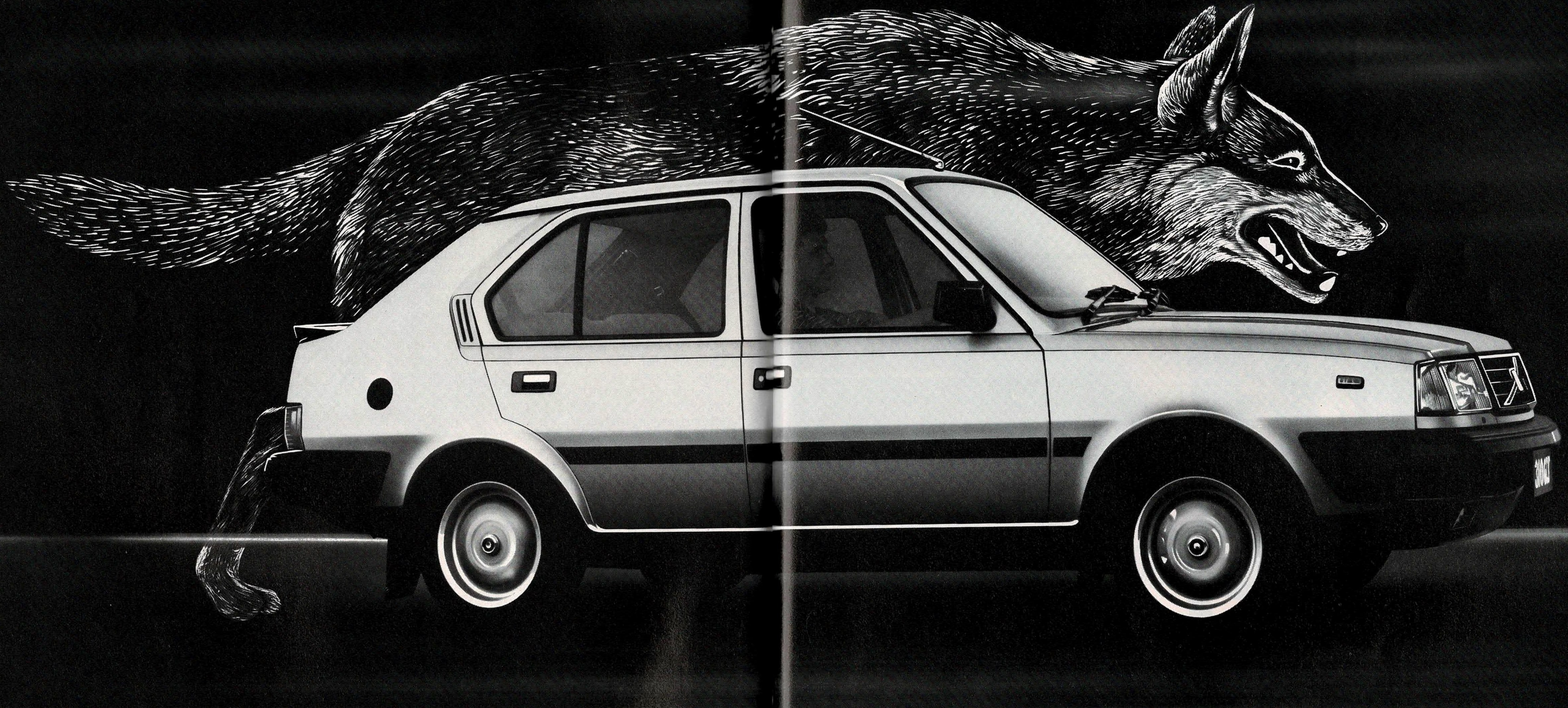

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LETTER OF THE MONTH

When I met my current lover, Steve, he was 22, but he had had only one sexual experience — one quick and unpleasant two-minute fuck with a university tutor. Outside of that, he had never touched a woman, whereas I have had a great deal of previous experience with men. Before we ever met, we would always eye each other in the supermarket where he worked part-time as a stacker. He's a shy type and would get very nervous when I was around, dropping vegetables on the floor, stumbling in the aisles, etc. Once, watching me check out the frozen foods, he knocked down a whole stack of cans.

Then one day, he was standing on a ladder arranging some bottles of tomato sauce on a high shelf. I came over and commented that his arms were very muscular and asked if he liked to exercise. He was so nervous that he was shaking and just managed to utter that he used to be on his high school swimming team, but that since he'd started going to uni, he had to preserve all his energy for his studies. I said I knew of a kind of exercise that only increased one's energy. He stuttered, "Ww-what kind could that be?" I handed him a piece of paper with my address on it and said, "Show up at eight and you'll find out!"

That night, I greeted him at the door in a long black robe and instructed him to take a shower while I poured the wine. When he came out of the bathroom, I was sitting on my bed with my robe open enough to expose my black stockings and garters.

I handed him a glass of wine and told him when he finished it I'd show him more. He gulped it down in a flash, whereupon I leaned back and took off my robe. I was wearing a black corset, laced up the front with a red ribbon. Steve's cock automatically stood at attention.

I knelt at his feet and began to give him a "toe job," slipping his toes, one by one, in and out of my mouth. Then I ran my tongue up his legs and circled his arsehole. Skipping his rock-hard penis, I continued to work my way up till I reached his nipples, which I softly bit until they were hard and erect. I put one of my breasts before his lips, then pulled it away just as he was about to put his mouth around it. I knew I was teasing him, but I figured the only way to get a guy as shy as him to let loose was to get him so frustrated he'd eventually just go wild.

Now he was begging to fuck me. I told him I wasn't quite ready and took a huge dildo out of my dresser, pulled my panties down a few inches, and plunged it inside me. I knew Steve was aching as he watched me. I pulled out the dildo and pushed it lightly against his anus while I ran my hot tongue around his lovely balls. Finally, I slipped off my panties. Before I let him slip his shaft in, I made him promise to drink every bit of his come out of my cunt. He would have promised me the moon at that point, and now he readily agreed.

After he exploded inside me, he put his face between my thighs and sucked out every drop of his own juice. Then suddenly, he looked at me and his eyes were hot as a tiger's. I knew he was letting me know that he was the one in charge now.

In a moment, he was on top of me, slipping his cock up my pussy and saying if I didn't come, he was going to stick it up my arse. When he was satisfied, he took out his dick and put it in my mouth. At the same time, he slipped a finger up my arse as a warning of things to come if I wasn't a good girl. Then he leaned back and commanded me to stroke him all over. Soon he shot hot come all over his stomach and then pushed my head down and made me *lap it up. After we both came again, we lay back and fell into blissful sleep. When we woke up, Steve was once again as shy and gentle as a lamb.*

I was wondering, Xaviera, if you share my opinion that the guys who come on like "macho men" are usually letdowns in the sack, while the quiet ones are a wonderful surprise? From the moment I saw my shy, spectacled guy, I knew there was a tiger underneath that exterior! — E.P.

Your situation is the opposite of the old story where the prim-and-proper secretary, with her hair pinned up and her glasses on the tip of her nose, turns out to be some wild sex kitten the minute her boss takes off her glasses and lets down her hair. You've been lucky enough to find yourself a terrific pupil who, though inexperienced, was capable of everything you could dream of.

I fully agree with your conjecture, and I still get a kick out of teaching some naive, inexperienced man the ropes. In the lectures I give on sex, I always advise that the best thing a man or woman around the age of 20 can do is to have an affair with someone older and more experienced. Once one has been taught the art of loving, and has become acquainted with the numerous possibilities for pleasure, he or she will avoid a lot of sexual problems.

MADE TO ORDER

Due to the nature of my job, I frequently travel to major cities around the country. Over the last couple of years, I have patronised escort services in these cities, and my experiences with them have been varied. I have spent highly enjoyable evenings with beautiful girls and some dreadful ones with boring dogs.

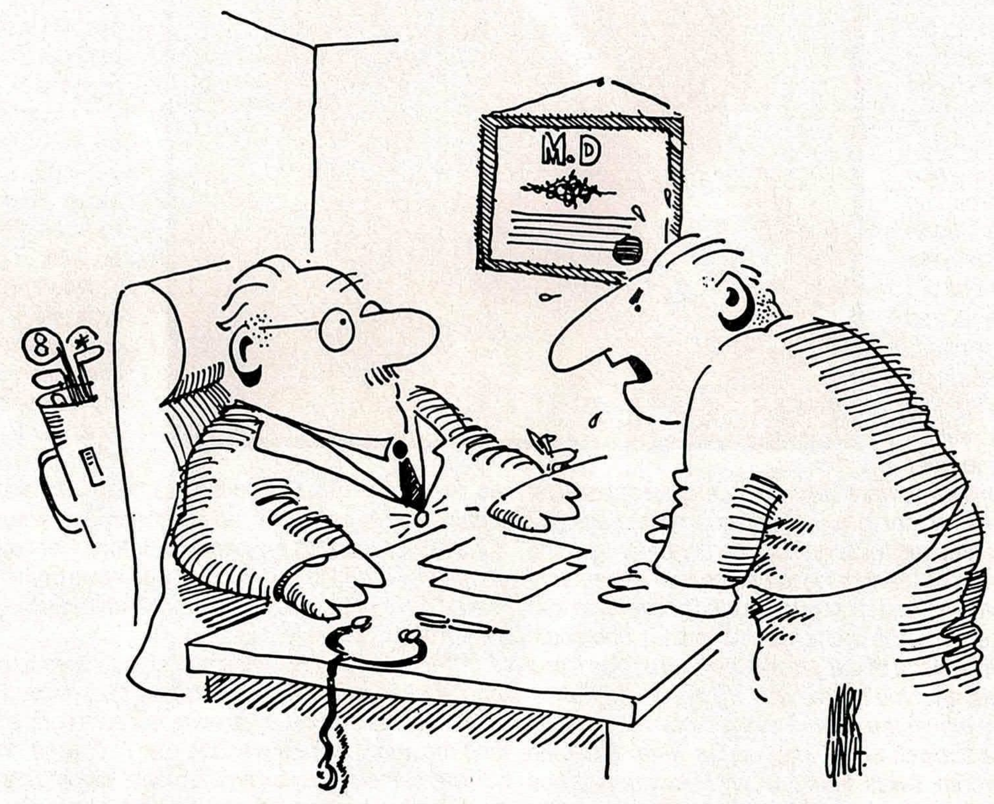
Judging from the number of these services in most major cities, I assume that a large number of men use them. I know your readers will be interested in any advice you can offer about how to deal with escort agencies.

My first question is: How does one select the service with the best girls? In some cities, there are so many agencies listed in the phone book that it's difficult to make a decision. Next, once I've decided on an agency, how do I go about attaining their best ("10") girls? In the past, I've asked over the phone for descriptions of the available girls (blonde, brunette, tall, short, etc) and based my decision on the agency's opinion. However, I've found this method very unreliable and have spent many a night paying $100 an hour for a girl who couldn't turn on the horniest bastard in the world. I hope you can recommend a way of getting one of the agency's more attractive employees.

Another question I have is, how can you know if the girl you acquire is careful about her hygiene? Is it generally acceptable to inquire about this? I'd also like a girl to wear particular type of makeup and dress — for instance, I get really turned on by women who wear tons of colorful makeup, high heels, and stockings with a garter belt — but have never requested this because I didn't know if it was legitimate to. P.C.

Obviously, selecting a girl through an agency manager over the telephone has as much risk involved as buying a secondhand car without seeing it. Similarly, it is possible to go to a fancy restaurant someone has recommended to you and wind up with revolting food, rude service, and an exorbitant bill. The only answer to your question is to learn by experience — if the service is bad, don't use it again. An alternative would be a good brothel where you are offered a choice of girls in the flesh and owe no more than the price of a drink if none of them appeals to you. Most of these girls will be happy to come to your hotel with you for a set fee (which should be negotiated with the management beforehand).

As far as cleanliness is concerned, most hookers are probably more worried about hygiene than you are. But if you suspect your girl is not squeaky clean, you can always have her take a bath when she arrives. You might even join her in the tub and ask her to massage your back or play with you. That way, you cannot only be assured of her cleaniness, but you have some fun in the process.



"Of course I've been taking my suppositories regularly. Whaddya think I've been doing with them, sticking 'em up my arse?"

There's something going on.
SOUTHWARK
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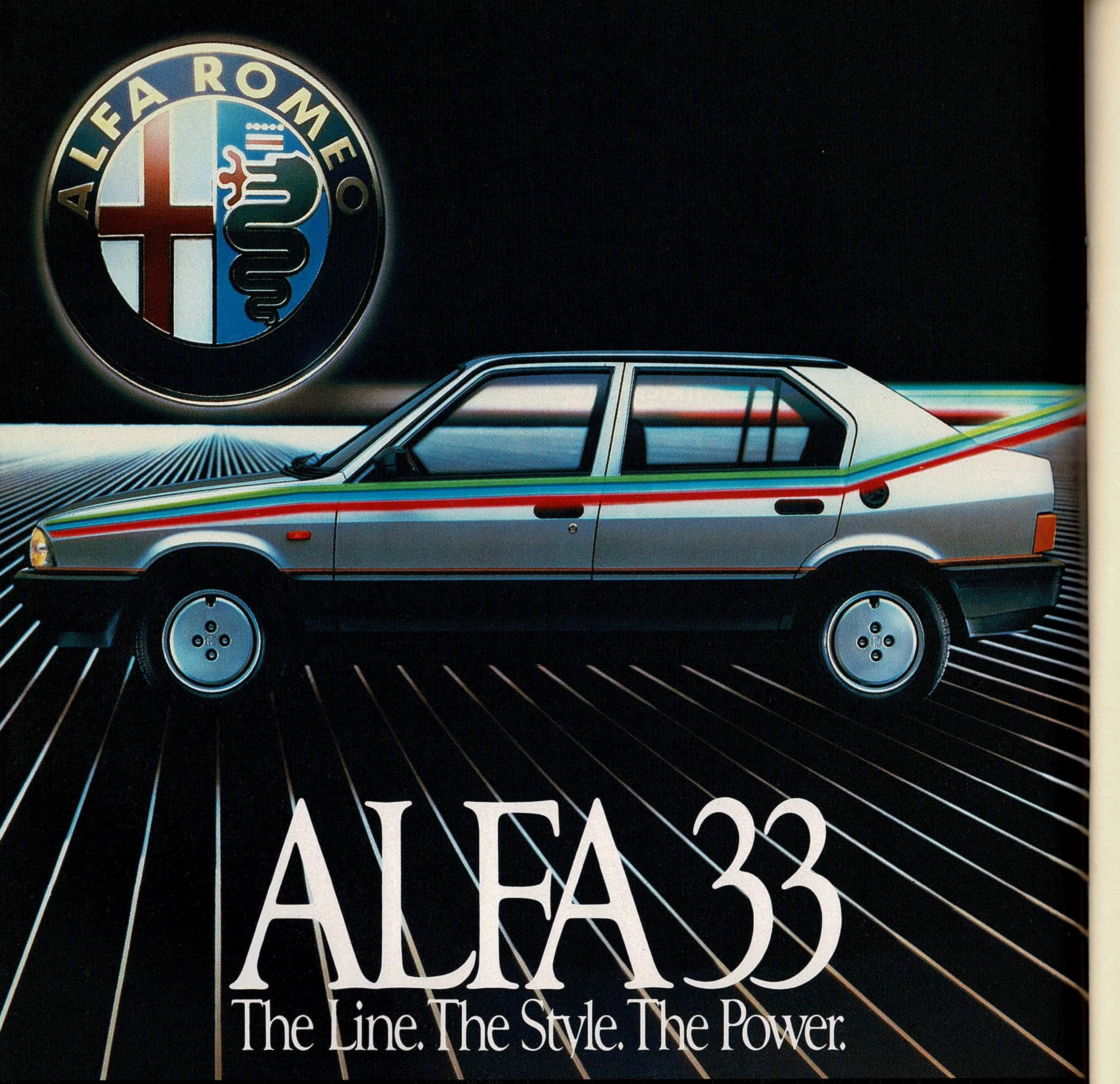
LAGER BEER
NEXT TRAIN
STATIONMASTER
AB 2901/84
Y&R STHPR008



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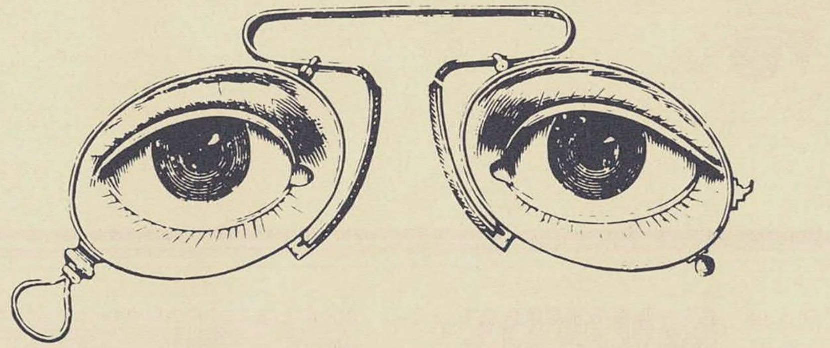


VIEW FROM THE TOP

BUYING VICTORY

BY GREG HUNTER

Around about this time every year, I begin to wonder why I watch Rugby League. Having witnessed the annual plundering of the poor clubs by the rich, resulting in a situation where teams are virtually unrecognisable from one year to the next and the majority of clubs have no chance of getting within cooee of a premiership win, I'm faced with a perplexing question: what exactly am I supposed to be supporting when I cheer my team of football mercenaries on to the field?

Now that all the traditional reasons for supporting a football team have been made redundant by the vast annual turnover of players, what am I applauding when my side annihilates its opposition? Is it the sheer bloody-mindedness of my team's club secretary, whose buying spree ensured that most opponents who constituted a threat would either be playing on my outfit's side or sitting on its reserve bench, out of harm's way? Am I applauding the value of money, or the value of winning as opposed to losing, or the ability of my team's supporters to blow more money on pokies than their counterparts, or the color of my team's socks? More importantly, if a supporter of a rich and successful club can become so disillusioned about the state of the game, how pissed off are the shell-shocked followers of clubs whose playing ranks are annually denuded of anyone who looked like showing some ability?

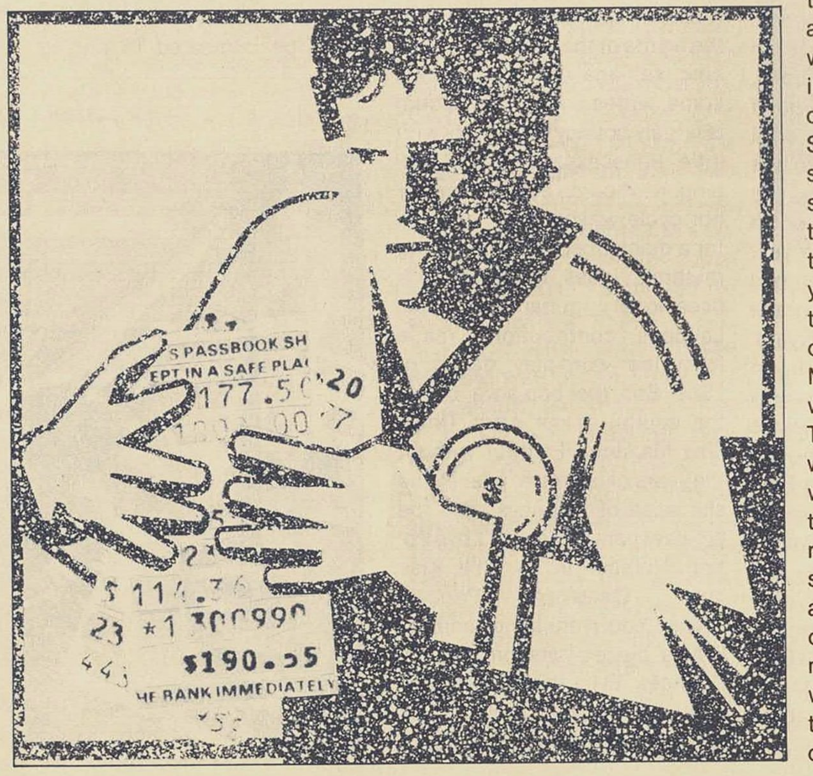
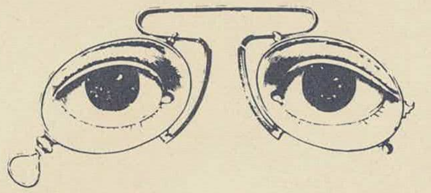


Illustration by Handjobs

Last November the NSW Rugby League conducted a forum to tackle what it saw as the game's most critical problems: a drop of 300,000 in match attendance and the sick financial condition of most of the Sydney clubs. Numerous solutions were proposed, all of which amounted to window-dressing. What the administrators ought to do is provide League supporters with what they actually want to see: a competition where most, if not all, teams are reasonably competitive, and in which their favorite teams remain much the same as they were last year and the year before. The only way to do that satisfactorily is to completely abolish the marketing of players between rival clubs. Only then will supporters return to the game they've abandoned in droves. It's a radical move, but one which needs to be viewed with an historical perspective.

In 1965, before the advent of free trading in football talent, Souths threw out a challenge for St George's title and the biggest crowd in Australian Rugby League history (78,056) turned up for the grand final. Both clubs had built up tremendous spirit and district loyalty. Both had a blend of excellent local products sprinkled with a few talented imports who had been bought from clubs *outside* the Sydney competition and then *moulded* into stars. Fans could watch the development of their club's players as they worked their way through the grades — players who would always belong to that club alone. The same applied to all the other teams who contested the Sydney competition during those boom years.

At that time, the residential rule decreeing that players had to live within their club's district had already been abandoned, but clubs were still able to exercise an option on a player after his contract had expired. However in 1971, Dennis Tutty took the Balmain club to court on a restraint of trade argument. Tutty won the case, the transfer system was dropped and a free market in players was firmly in place. Almost immediately, winning became everything. Whenever a Sydney club found itself with spare dollars it went about systematically destroying the poorer clubs. The situation reached its zenith last year when Manly fielded a team consisting of the cream of four other clubs and a Manly-Parramatta grand final was a foregone conclusion. The rest were never a hope; winning margins of 40 points were commonplace. Internationals regularly warmed the reserve bench at Manly while sub-standard players ran around in low-rent first-grade outfits. Public disillusionment hasn't abated this year, with Easts and Canterbury taking up where Manly left off. Easts have taken the prin-



ciple of asset-stripping to ludicrous extremes by snapping up five of the six members of Cronulla's first-grade forward pack. How can this do anything but alienate *both* Cronulla *and* Easts fans, since neither side now bears any resemblance to its 1983 make-up? Meanwhile the degradation of the Brisbane competition has begun in earnest, with several wealthy clubs — particularly Redcliffe and Wynnum-Manly — apparently determined to duplicate the problems of the Sydney premiership north of the border.

The silliest thing about the so-called "silly season" is that the practice of buying up opposition talent is ultimately self-defeating. There's no evidence that putting together a team of football mercenaries is any guarantee of success when it really counts. Wests, currently the paupers of the Sydney competition, tried to buy a premiership in the early Sixties when the residential rule was dropped. This had never been done before and it generated great resentment, but even so, the millionaires from the west could never overcome the tremendous team spirit of the St George club. With a few forgettable exceptions, that pattern had repeated itself time and again — right up until the 1983 season, when to the relief of nearly everybody, the Manly mercenaries went down for the second successive year to a Parramatta club which had raised a star-studded first-grade team from its own backyard. Meanwhile up in Brisbane, an Easts team composed entirely of locals and unknown players imported from the country finished over the top of a Redcliffe outfit liberally sprinkled with big-money former Sydney stars who failed to repay the club's investment. Easts stalwart John Lang said after the game: "The reason we beat Redcliffe was that we wanted to win more than they did." That about sums it up.

SOUNDS

GOOD TIME GIRL

With all-flailing limbs, powerful whoops, hic cups and inescapable Brooklyn accent, **Cyndi Lauper** has been seen bouncing around Manhattan to the strains of her first solo anthem "Girls Just Want To Have Fun." *She's So Unusual* (Portrait) shows her to be the musical child Rod Stewart and Little Millie might well have had if the world had been blessed with such a union. We escaped that one, but that's no reason to run from Ms Lauper. In the words of the artist's own probing self-analysis, she "sings some, writes some." The album is largely bouncy backbeats with little unnecessary techno-popping. Keyboards avoid too many hot cycle washes, they're just in for a quick rinse or some strong rhythmic ideas balanced with occasional guitar or sax. Lauper's contributions range from the word-play dance of "She Bob (he bop-a-we bop)", the soulful "Time After Time" (like Marianne Faithful without the years of chemical intake), the ska lapse of "Witness" and the big-beat paraphrase of "Love Potion Number 9" — "I'll Kiss You." Elsewhere, Prince's "When You Were Mine" and the Brains' piece of wisdom "Money Changes Everything" get suitably full-throated belts. This Brooklyn bop-girl is out for a good time and it could be worth your while to hang around and catch some of the sparks.

The start of this year saw Japanese quintet **Sandi And The Sunsetz** work a few large garden parties like Narara and the inevitable pub circuit to a strong reaction. The *Immigrants* album released last year was a well-varied and textured set of catchy chants and rolling rhythms aided by such luminaries as David Sylvian from Japan (the band) and members of the extended Talking Heads. To coincide with their visit we had *Viva Lava Liva* (Sire), which contains studio material from before and after *Immigrants* as well as three live tracks from late 1982. That fluffy bit of sucrose "Sticky Music" is unfortunately not the odd track out. For whatever reason the production throughout is not as strong as on *Immigrants* and, with the band left to their own instrumental devices, it sounds like a collection of demos for the album they shelved in favor of it. One dimensional pop-funk is as far as it goes, with Sandi mouthing little more than wistful, breathy pop platitudes like "Drip Dry Eyes." The album could be compared to finding Bodega in a Moet bottle. A good band, here's hoping their next comes from the main rack and not from the oddment bin.

The world lost an original drummer when a drunken **Robert Wyatt** decided to leave a fifth floor party via the window. Thankfully it was only his legs that were paralysed. With his pleasantly bent sense of humor and jovial bolshy politics he launched a singing career that has seen him in the company of people like Nick Mason (Pink Floyd) and jazz pianist Carla Bley. His latest local release is the defiant *Nothing Can Stop Us* (Rough Trade), where his disarming wheezy voice attempts a wide range of material and champions some sense of universal proletariat — America may buy the world, but not your soul. Wyatt tugs his forelock and is wheeled into the vocal booth where he does great things to Chic's "At Last I Am Free", the South American trad piece "Caimanera", the uptempo music hall dissertation on some World War Two history ("Stalin Wasn't Stallin' ") and Elvis Costello's reaction to Britain in the Falklands "Shipbuilding." The poem "Stalingrad", spoken by Peter Blackman, appears like the obligatory party piece of a boring uncle. Accompaniment is sparse, with percussion, double bass, piano, occasional flugelhorn, tablas and Indian shenai. Wyatt manages some stirring and funny moments, regardless of your politics.

Cyndi Lauper . . . having fun

CYNDI LAUPER
ROBER CLEMEN
She's So Unusual

The Church . . . reflective

Little Aussie janglers the **Church** are back with a five pack of *Remote Luxury* (EMI) — which possibly refers to the likelihood of finding lyrics for the title track. Church mini-albums tend to sound like quickies to keep the fans happy and there is little here to inspire any but the hardened owners of Steve Kilbey T-shirts. Restful, reflective, trance-like are all adjectives that come to mind but I keep coming back to dull. For the music historians there is evidence of boogie in "Maybe These Boys" — if Simple Minds can do a shuffle, why not the Church? Live, they have the good sense to incorporate a strong light show with slides but on this disc the vocals and melodies motivate this listener to little more than a gentle drone.

Fellow plunderers of the images and mood of Sixtie's guitar rock are local *Stoneage Romeos* (Big Time) the **Hoodoo Gurus.** On their first fully stocked 12-inch they have a much more spirited delivery than the Church. Nevertheless their two guitars, bass and drums are texturally relentless except in the pop ballad "My Girl" and the tom-tom heavy paraphrase of Gary Glitter's "Rock And Roll" — "Leilani." Their other *hit* (that is, heard on the radio more than once) "Tojo" is also included. Junk romance features heavily — "My girlfriend lives in the ground . . . I want her back because I look so bad in black." Good music to be drunk to.

Break out the candelabra, the pasta and red wine. The singing don of Little Italy, *Old Blue Eyes* is back on disc. *His Greatest Hits* (Reprise) plunders his recorded output from 1962's "I Get A Kick Out Of You" to the Big Apple's favorite song of 1980 "Theme From New York, New York." The 16 tracks read like the complete cabaret singer's songbook with tunes like "My Way", "Bad Bad Leroy Brown" and "Strangers In The Night" — remembering it's usually Frankie's versions the others are cloning. Backing throughout is the full big band and you can even break out the white patent leathers for the duet with Nancy "Boots" Sinatra — "Something Stupid" (1967).

Compilation or "Best-Of" albums are an affordable shortcut through an artist's career. In Frankie's case it's a recap of the latter half of his performing life. With the **Cure's** *Japanese Whispers Singles Nov 82-Nov 83* (Sire) it's more a case of yearly bookkeeping, wherein their new record company packages the year's releases with the new "hit" single so new fans can catch up — too bad if you've already got six of the eight tracks. The disc is, however, a fitting reminder of the positive growth that Cure core persons Robert Smith and Laurence Tolhurst have enjoyed since the bottomless pit of dire self-indulgence that was the *Pornography* album. In fact they have become positively cute whilst maintaining their edge with tunes like "Let's Go To Bed", "Love Cats" and a handful of snappy videos.

Another great compilation is *This Are Two Tone* (Chrysalis), which reiterates high points of the years 1979-82 when small English label Two Tone launched bands like Madness, the Beat and the Specials on to an unsuspecting public. The racial mix in the bands was reflected in their combination of punk energy and Jamaican ska — dance music with a smattering of politics, social comment and plain looning. The most visible of these bands moved on to bigger labels but all with the blessing of mentor and Two Tone president, Walt Jabsco. The record is presented as a deserved show of thanks to Jabsco and a reminder of a still felt explosion of energy in pop.

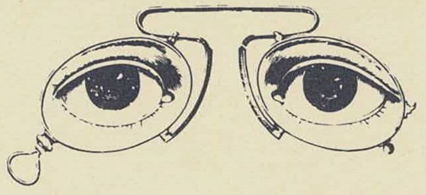
Los Angeles guitarist **Lee Ritenour** was in the studio for just about everybody in the Seventies. He introduced himself as a leader in 1978 with *The Captain's Journey*. Eight albums later he puts himself and a strong entourage of studio veterans *On The Line* (Elektra) for a live, in the studio work-out with state-of-the-art instruments through a richly-arranged set. Meanwhile, over in the east, drummer **Steve Smith** takes time off from his rock job with stadium dinosaur Journey to provide some *Vital Information* (CBS) about his jazz roots. Fronted by Miles Davis and Billy Cobham, with guitarists Mike Stern and Dean Brown and sax player Dave Wilczewksi, they explore the legacy of an electric Miles. From down south some jazz history comes to life without the snap, crackle and pop of rusty 78s. Digital processing of original records brings this music of the Twenties to life on *Volume I New Orleans* (ABC).

Echo And The Bunnymen (WEA) is a "new mini-album" from the band of the same name with mostly old material, while fellow Liverpudlians **China Crisis** deliver their *Working With Fire And Steel: Possible Pop Songs Volume Two* (Virgin), a pastoral little number that features brass and strings at the expense of synthesisers — a great little track. **Sharon Haywoode** may be "unashamedly voluble on a number of subjects" to avoid being branded "another dumb disco queen" but probably the music of *Single Handed* (CBS) would have been a better starting point.

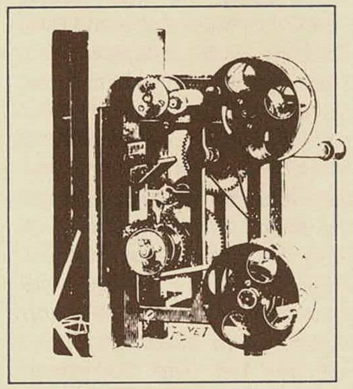
HIS GREATEST HITS
FRANK SINATRA
STRANGERS IN THE NIGHT
THAT'S LIFE
MY WAY · SOMETHING STUPID
SUMMER WIND . . .
New York New York

Ol' Blue Eyes . . . his greatest

Sherbet demonstrate why they are breaking up and make a final demand for posterity with the three track *Tonight Will Last Forever* (Infinity), and seven adults (**The Fall**) demonstrate how to sound like three eleven-year olds *Perverted By Language* (Rough Trade). — *Jeremy Cook*



FILMS



BAD SEEDS

In **Scarface,** Tony Montano is a mean mother who's out to get what's comin' to him. From the moment Tony (Al Pacino) and his friend Manolo (Steven Bauer) arrive in Florida amid a human tide of Cuban refugees, Tony sets about baking his own bit of apple pie, an American dream he had conjured up as he learned his English watching Hollywood gangster films in Havana. And as Brian De Palma's three-hour epic unfolds, Tony indeed gets what's comin' to him.

Like the little big guy immigrant street czars of old, he blasts and double-crosses his way to the top. In his case the pinnacle is to sit astride a mountain of cocaine money as the drug lord with the hottest hotline plugged directly into Bolivia. But, as the saying goes, what goes up must come down, and Tony, just like his heroes, is mowed down in a blizzard of machine-gun fire.

De Palma's remake of Howard Hawks' 1932 film of the same name is a sweeping and violently glorious tragi-comedy. It is littered with splattered deaths and beautiful drug-addicted women and splashed in gaudy, evocative colors like gold, black and red.

Al Pacino radiates tousled charm and humor as the little spic who buys his way out of a Florida immigrant camp by murdering a man who has crossed one of Florida's drug bosses, Frank Lopez (played by Rogert Loggia). As a heavy in Lopez's entourage, he starts going places in a big yellow Caddy, upholstered to his taste in acrylic tiger-skin ... places like making the pick-up of a crateload of coke from some chainsaw-wielding Bolivians. Being tied in a shower recess as the squealing saw blades rearrange his friend only hardens Montano's resolve to move up the ladder. When he is rescued in a spray of Bolivian-wasting bullets, he takes the coke and the money he'd been given to pay for it back to Lopez as a gesture of loyalty. He has climbed another rung.

A couple of rungs further up, he wipes out Lopez, usurping his power and his beautiful bored blonde mistress, Elvira (played with a tainted Wasp sneer by Michelle Pfeiffer). He sweeps her away to be his queen in a garish palace of ebony, gilt and mirrors where he oversees his new empire while chomping on a cigar in a bathtub the size of a backyard pool, as she delicately alternates painting her fingernails with snorting dainty little spoonfuls of cocaine.

Tony Montano has made it and like a good boy he wants to shower Mama with gifts. When he approaches Mama with money on his way to the top, she's disgusted and tearfully shuns the bad seed she has produced. Sweet little sis' Gina (Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio) isn't so disdainful and Tony sweeps her into his cocaine compost heap, at the same time developing a brotherly loin-stirring for her.

It's tough at the top and when things go wrong for Tony they go monstrously wrong. Elvira flounces out on him; he welches on a deal with the Bolivian heavies, he wastes his best friend Manolo for messing around with Gina and he breaks the cocaine lord's first commandment — he gets high on his own supply. Sky high. Sitting at his huge desk, which is laden with snowy mounds of nose candy, Tony realises that his glorious world has collapsed and he lets his face fall into the spoils and snorts like there's no tomorrow. Which of course there isn't, for as he snorts himself senseless Bolivian guerillas are spilling through his grounds and into his palace to blow him away. He puts up one hell of a fight before being blasted to meet Al and Babyface, toppling through a gilt bannister to bleed face down in a fountain.

A contemplative and somewhat dishevelled Al Pacino as Scarface

It is a telling insight into the nature of *Scarface* that during this violent exchange, the audience laughs — nervously, but laughs all the same.

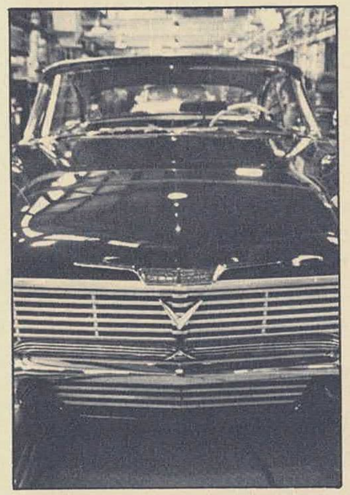
A simple moral tale about a bad guy who gets what's comin' to him, its message about the dangers of drug abuse screamed across its violent finale and its characters larger, more degenerate and tragically funnier than real life, *Scarface* is an explosive black comedy.

The bad seed sprouts again in **Christine,** director John Carpenter's screen rendition of Stephen King's bestseller. But this time the canker is not in a bud of flesh and blood but rather in the workings of a chrome-laden '58 Plymouth Fury.

When Christine came shiny and evil into the world on the Chrysler assembly line, a mechanic happened to drop a gob of cigar ash on her spanking new upholstery. Anyone knows that ain't no way to treat a lady, and the hapless fellow died a mysterious and violent death soon after.

Twenty years later, Christine is seething in rust in the yard of an old house, waiting for a man. She finds her mark in a nerdy college boy, Arnie Cunningham, and seduces him into buying her. Boring old Arnie (Keith Gordon) is transformed from a pimply pumpkin into a swaggeringly cool prince in wraparound shades and leather livery, a brilliantined dude who possesses and is possessed by a big-bodied red and white temptress.

The pretty girls on campus cream their Levis over the new-look Arnie and the prettiest of them, Laurie (Alexandra Paul), is determined to get a piece of his arse. But when she finds she is vying for her man's attention against a big hunk of metal she tells Arnie it's pussy or Plymouth and Christine gets powerful jealous, forcing her fair flesh adversary to choke, nearly to death, on some take-away. She looks out for Arnie in other ways as well; when a couple of varsity toughs start putting the heavies on him she makes short work of fender bending them before retiring around a corner, like a woman checking her make-up, to straighten out her dented panels.



Christine

Great special effects have managed to breathe convincing and frightening life into the jealous jalopy and a tight, clever screenplay by Gill Phillips and great old rock 'n' roll tracks make *Christine's* portrait of the American love affair with automobiles one of the better spots on the never-ending rash of teen horror films that have chopped and spurted out of the Tinseltown assembly line for the past few years.

Ah, but not so that spurious teen toe-tapping tale currently showing round the country, **Footloose.** After a very promising and infectious musical opening sequence, courtesy of Kenny Loggins, *Footloose* quickly degenerates into sort of a poor teenager's take on *Flashdance* in the Bible Belt.

In this one the bad seed is fresh-faced, noble and spunky Ren MacCormack (Kevin Bacon) who, with his divorced mother, blows into the starchy and backward mid-western town of Beaumont from the Chicago big smoke. Well, he's not really a bad seed, he's just seen that way by upright community leader Rev Shaw Moore (John Lithgow), the town preacher who rails weekly against the evils of rock n' roll and who was instrumental in banning music and dancing from the town a few years back.

Ren puts his foot in it early on when he stumbles into a discussion about the book *Slaughterhouse Five.* He calls it a classic just as the Beaumont literary vigilantes are planning to wrench it from Beaumont bookshelves. Clearly, he is a young man to be watched.

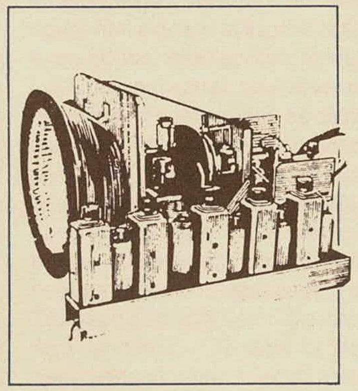
Ren gets it on in the politest possible way with the Rev's beautiful and uncontrollable daughter Ariel (whose dancing shoes are attractively filled by *Fame* girl Lori Singer), and the two occasionally go off and quietly buck the system by dancing in abandoned warehouses around the town.

The Beaumont kids are toey. They want a high school prom and Ren is the man to get it for them. Ren screws up all his courage and faces the town council armed with Biblical snippets concerning the joy of worshipful dance in days gone by. He makes an impression, but the nix is still clamped on the prom. He solves the dilemma by staging the hoedown in a place just outside the town limits. And with the final blessing of Rev Shaw, who has been made to see the error of his ways, the Beaumont youngsters gather in their corsages and their tuxedoes to boogie happily ever after in a manner which suggests more of Malcolm McClaren's *Soweto* than a bunch of clean-cut white kids who've never danced a step before.

Smouldering Singer and Simmering Bacon in Footloose

Footloose contains a couple of half-decent disco numbers, a few lukewarm overtones of such films as *Fahrenheit 451* and *Rebel Without A Cause,* and its central characters Kevin Bacon and Lori Singer are undeniably good. But overall the best word to describe it would be "innocuous." — *C.J. Mackay*

VIDEO

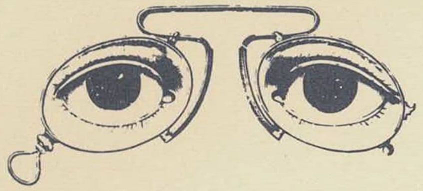


WESTERN MYTHOLOGY

It would be simple enough to point to the passing of John Wayne as the time when western movies as a popular genre were laid to rest on Boot Hill. But even the Duke (despite making *The Shootist* as his last film) found it tough in his latter years to convince audiences that "shoot 'em ups" were still a viable form of entertainment. He turned to *McQ* and *Brannigan* to play a cop in scripts that might well have had Clint Eastwood's thumbprints all over them by the time they landed on Wayne's desk.

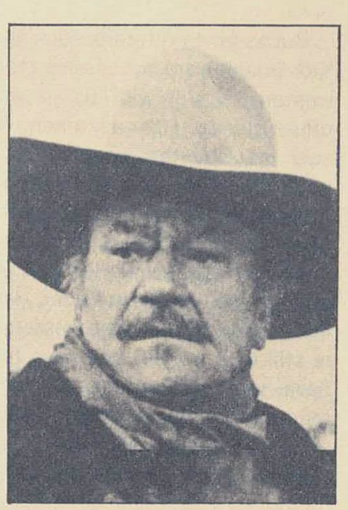
But as far as veterans such as Kirk Douglas are concerned, the western is still with us — in other guises. He has recently said that the western has gone from its mountain range horseback setting to far distant galaxies, with heroes such as Luke Skywalker and Hans Solo and villains like Darth Vader. He has a point. It seems the western is still with us, but you have to have you wits about you to recognise one when you see one. For instance, *Mad Max II* is seen by a number of American critics as a satisfactory update of the 1953 Alan Ladd western, *Shane.*

For those who like to have their mutton dressed as mutton the western is still intact on VCR. To start at the top, John



Wayne is generously represented with **Rio Lobo** (CBS/Fox), the 1970 Howard Hawks drama that casts Wayne as a nail-tough Union colonel who continues a private war following the Civil War as he pursues a stolen gold shipment; the classic Hawks film of 1959, **Rio Bravo** (Warner), in which sheriff Wayne teams with town drunk Dean Martin and Rick Nelson as the trigger-happy cowhand ready to prove himself Wayne's equal, all pitted against a bunch of baddies determined to spring their killer buddy from jail; and **The Comancheros** (CBS/Fox), set in Texas prior to statehood with Wayne the Texas Ranger teaming up with a gambler, Stuart Whitman, to clean the country of the white trash Comancheros running guns and whisky with Indians. Lee Marvin, in one of his best performances, makes one of his frequent appearances alongside Wayne as a no-good. **The Undefeated** (CBS/Fox) links Wayne (playing a former Union colonel again) with Rock Hudson, a former Confederate colonel, the two burying past differences at the end of the Civil War to fight Mexican marauders. **The Train Robbers** (Warner) has Wayne and Rod Taylor on the trail of stolen gold.

The Duke

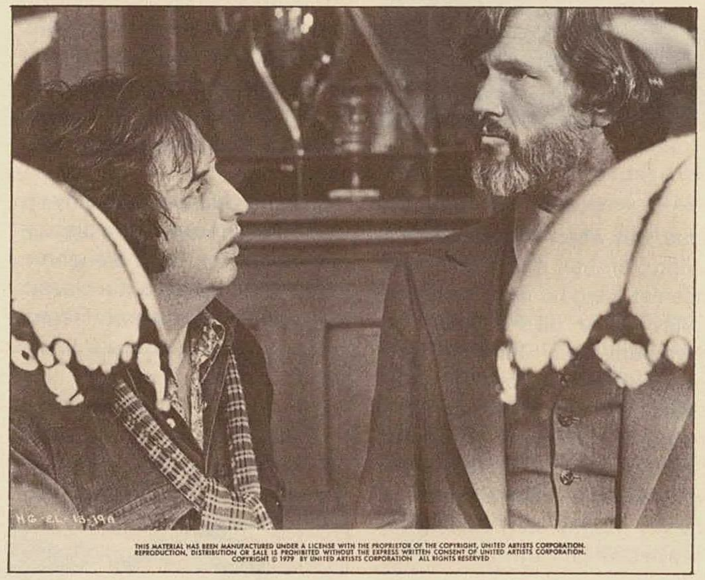


The Wayne westerns, of varying quality from *Rio Bravo* (excellent) through to *The Train Robbers* (mediocre), his last until **The Shootist** (Roadshow) in 1976, faithfully record the mythology of the American west — a popular staple for worldwide audiences. The man was cast to type — to his own detriment at times, with people tending to confuse his right wing political leanings with the man they were seeing on the screen. To further confuse, **The Searchers** (Warner), the 1956 John Ford film concerning the search by Wayne for his niece (played by a teenage Natalie Wood), who's been taken by Indians, more than any other performance melds Wayne the myth-maker with Wayne the political American eagle. Yet this film is acclaimed by film-makers like Francis Coppola, George Lucas and Steven Spielberg as possibly the greatest to emerge out of American film history. On the surface, *The Searchers* is a superior western, but it is also alive with dramatic undercurrents that give it a quality of greatness. It is simply a classic of motion picture art.

While Wayne mythologised the west, director Sam Peckinpah has gone the other route — searching for the truth behind the myth — and in doing so has created a number of screen classics, and a few myths of his own. Starting with the aborted (in post-production) **Major Dundee** (RCA/Columbia), starring Charlton Heston and Richard Harris, Peckinpah has gone for the jugular in depicting the west as it was (or, at least, as he has wanted audiences to perceive it). Mutilated by Columbia Pictures, the film is nevertheless a stunning example of the director's attitude towards the west. With **The Wild Bunch** (Warner), he introduced what was to quickly become a screen gimmick wherever violence was depicted — the slow motion, bloody finale, in which ageing gunhands William Holden, Ernest Borgnine, Warren Oates and Ben Johnson take on an army of Mexican revolutionaries for one last shoot-out. In the two-hour lead-up to this bloodbath, Peckinpah takes his cast through a guided tour of his philosophy about manhood and friendship, and their place in the west. **Pat Garret And Billy The Kid** (MGM/UA) continued these themes less satisfactorily, in a retelling of the unusual relationship between the sheriff (and former gunhand) Garrett and the Kid.

Butch Cassidy And The Sundance Kid (CBS/Fox) shared a similar theme to its 1969 counterpart, *The Wild Bunch* — the passing of the West. Taking the hip style that it did, the movie spelt the beginning of the end of westerns as audiences had known them for nigh on 60 years. From there on in, film-makers took up the challenge to drain the last drop out of the genre by either taking a completely realistic (ie demytholigising view) or satirising the west. Few worked, and with the arrival of a new generation of movie-makers with ideas of their own about how to relate to an increasingly young audience (*Star Wars*), the western slipped down the list of studio priorities.

Director Cimino and Chris Kristofferson in Heaven's Gate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Michael Cimino, who had comparative success with his Clint Eastwood adventure yarn, *Thunderbolt And Lightfoot*, parlayed that success into *The Deer Hunter* and springboarded from there into the venture that was to be his *Star Wars*, hopefully bringing about a revival of the western. Unfortunately for Cimino, **Heaven's Gate** (Warner) did neither. It turned out to be a $40 million disaster. After its initial full-length release, the studio, United Artists, believed they could only possibly save it by cutting it savagely. Australian audiences showed disinterest toward the two-hour version released here two years ago, but following a critical revival in England last year of the full 231-minute original, they now have the chance to appraise the Cimino epic as he envisioned it. Taking the Johnson County cattle wars of the 1890s as his background, Cimino sets out to analyse the great American crisis of that time, utilising Kris Kristofferson, Christopher Walken, John Hurt and Jeff Bridges as the characters whose destinies are determined when the cattle barons decided the west was theirs for the taking. — *Denis Whitburn*

WORDS

THE BEAT GOES ON

The Jack Kerouac industry continues to boom, 15 years after the death of the writer who was hailed as a prophet for a generation of misfits: the man who foretold the mood of the Sixties, rebelling against the complacency and conservatism of post-war America, and setting a style which was picked up by the beats, the hippies and the punks.

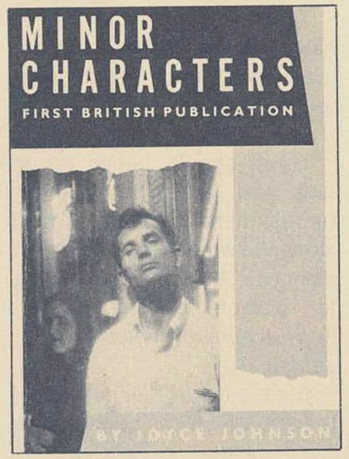
After the reprints of *On The Road*, the academic biographies and the nostalgic films, came the reminiscences from everyone from fellow writers to fellow drinkers, best friends' wives and old girlfriends.

Joyce Johnson fits the latter category. She met Jack in New York in 1957 before he became famous. Right then, Greenwich Village was the centre of America's *avant garde* artscene Jazz was hip. Jackson Pollock was translating its freedom on to canvas. Kerouac and the beat poets were doing it in print.

As an aspiring novelist and art groupie, Johnson proved to be a positive element in Kerouac's chaotic life, dragging him out of bars at 2.00 am, patching his wounds and nursing his ego. But after a few years of a stop-start relationship, the lonesome traveller finally shrugged Johnson off.

She writes about her times with Kerouac with admirable tact, refusing to produce the kiss and tell type expose which is currently popular with celebrity sluts in search of a dollar. At the same time she does more than merely offer a series of insights into Kerouac's flawed character.

In chronicling her years with reckless Jack in **Minor Characters** (Picador $6.95), Johnson evokes the innocent mood of mid-Fifties urban American youth. It was a time of naivety and hope, before love became merely physical, before ecstasy became chemical, before Nixon and before Vietnam. Jack Kerouac, prophet, clown and saint, personified the era. Let's drink to Jack: Jack Kerouac, running drunk down Paradise Alley in search of the American dream, and, like the thousands who followed him, stumbling into a sudden dead end.



Life with Jack Kerouac

Kathy Acker currently occupies a place in American literature equivalent to that held by Kerouac in the mid-Fifties. A radical experimentalist dismissed by establishment critics but with a strong cult following, Acker's brand of sleazy stream of consciousness has been variously described by her admirers as "post punk porn" and "post punk feminism", but a more realistic tag would be "pretentious post punk drivel."

In her most recent work, **Blood And Guts In High School Plus Two**, (Picador $7.95) Acker punctuates her weird narrative with crude drawings of male and female genitals, child-like diagrams, film synopses, fantasies and irrelevant snatches of dialogue. Is it a serious montage reflecting the corruption and confusion of current American social mores? Or is it merely a self-indulgent mess? Who knows? Who cares? One thing which is certain is that this chick sure knows how to write dirty. Some of her stuff is really gross.

The Plus Two of the title is a couple of equally incomprehensible raves with equally misleading and pompous titles, *Great Expectations* and *My Life, My Death By Paolo Passolini.* They're not my cup of gin. The criticism unfairly levelled at Jack Kerouac's efforts by Truman Capote is perfectly applicable to Acker's work. It's "just typing."

The reissue of Bud Schulberg's **The Disenchanted** (Allison and Busby $9.95) offers the opportunity to peruse one of the great American novels. The central character in this finely crafted book is generally accepted as a thinly disguised portrait of Scott Fitzgerald.

As a young Hollywood screenwriter in 1939, Schulberg collaborated with a broke and desperate Fitzgerald, who was working in Hollywood in order to pay off his debts.

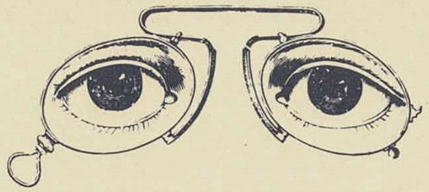
In *The Disenchanted* young Shep Stearns learns that he'll be working on a script with Manley Halliday, the famous author and "wonder boy of the Twenties jazz age." They are both sent off to an East Coast university Mardi Gras to capture the mood for their college movie script.

On the flight to New York, Shep persuades Halliday to accept a celebratory glass of champagne and unwittingly sets the older writer off on a monumental binge. As the trip degenerates into drunken debauchery, Manley flashes back to the wild times — the glamor, the wealth and the success he enjoyed in the Twenties. Shulberg contrasts these scenes with his current predicament perfectly, without resorting to either cruelty or sentiment, and in doing so creates one of the most memorable characters in American fiction.

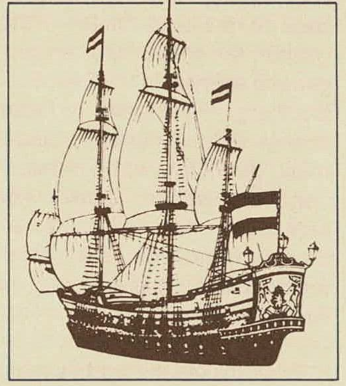
What makes the world's most successful movie-maker tick? Just how did he achieve the status of a modern myth-maker who rates, historically, with Homer and Hans Christian Andersen? **The Stephen Spielberg Story** (Zomba $11.95) by Tony Crawley does a pretty good job of answering those questions.

After listing his achievements at the age of 37, (Spielberg has directed three of the top five movies ever made, *Jaws, ET,* and *Raiders Of The Lost Ark*) Crawley points out that in Hollywood terms, Spielberg could not be any more famous if he were dead. He goes on to provide a colorful, casual and anecdotal analysis of the director's childhood, adolescence and the beginning of his film career which saw a pimply, precocious 21-year-old directing television series like *Night Gallery, Colombo* and *Name Of The Game.*

Crawley lists the director's most effective attributes: his speed (he shot the tele-movie *Duel* in only 16 days), his flair and his precision, and also his many lucky breaks. *The Spielberg Story* includes fascinating behind-the-scenes descriptions of the making of every one of his films. It is also laced with quotes from the man himself who, despite his natural reserve, does an admirable job of explaining how he turned his childhood fantasies into multi-million dollar grossing epics. — *Colin Hinton*



TRAVEL



THINK FINNISH

It's not often that the travel industry can offer something genuinely new that gives the traveller a real improvement upon the old ways of doing things. Usually it's just the old gee-whiz stuff dressed up in a slightly different way, often with cut-price come-ons or somethings-for-nothing.

But here's something which not only opens up a new destination for Australians, but also takes at least a little of the hell out of long-haul travel.

The usual route to Europe — called the Kangaroo route for some silly reason — is a very long haul indeed. It's a legacy of the great days of the British Empire, when aircraft more or less followed the old-established shipping routes. True, those aircraft were limited in range and the chain of Imperial outposts strung around the globe from London to Auckland offered convenient ports between hops.

But with the advent of big jets capable of crossing the Pacific non-stop, it's a remarkable demonstration of the inherent conservatism of one of the most technologically advanced industries — aviation — that nobody has taken a very obvious step. That step is simply to fly north, crossing the North Pole and entering Europe through Scandinavia.

It took an innovative northern European country, Finland, to push for it, and its airline, Finnair, has finally managed to do a deal with Qantas which links Qantas' Sydney-Tokyo run with Finnair's new Tokyo-Helsinki service. The linkup makes Europe a one-stop haul; even better, for those susceptible to jet-lag, the direction of flight is more or less directly north all the way — you don't deviate from your accustomed time zone by more than two hours anywhere along the route.

Helsinki might sound a bit remote, but in fact it's very close to most of the major European centres and linked to them by excellent — and well-priced — air and sea services. And quite apart from the easier travel, from which you arrive refreshed rather than brain-addled, there's the added attraction of Finland itself.

Finnair recommends something like this: fly Qantas to Tokyo, taking one of the many cheap stopovers offered there, and then join the Finnair transpolar flight to Helsinki. Once in Helsinki, there's a lot you can do. In midsummer, you can experience a completely new kind of disorientation by going white-water rafting under the midnight sun.

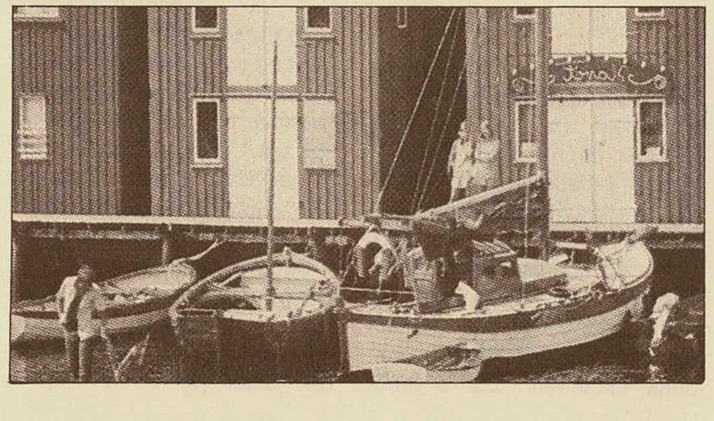
On Finland's 60,000 lakes there is sailing, houseboating and windsurfing. It might seem a bit chilly so near the Arctic Circle — especially windsurfing — but since summer nights are so short, the long hours of sunshine can warm the water to 20°C.

Further north, there's Lappland, with its nomadic Lapps — who live by herding reindeer. A three-day safari in a fleet of Suzuki jeeps will take you deep into Arctic territory. For cultural types, Helsinki offers plenty of galleries, concert halls and museums.

From Helsinki, London, Berlin, Paris and other European capitals are only a short flight away, and you can take an interesting short side trip into Leningrad. After doing whatever it is you want to do in Europe, try coming home the long way with a stopover in Singapore. Qantas has plenty of flights, and they're excellent value.

The best thing about the Finnair alternative is that it costs no more than going the long way round.

Scenic Finland



Travel should be an adventure. And like anything adventurous, there are plenty of risks along the way. Some of them are risks you seek; skiing or sailing, for example, can be attractive just because of that element of danger.

But there are other risks along the way which can be a lot more serious than a spill on the snowfields — risks which can wreck your holiday, and in extreme cases get you into really big trouble.

An Australian tourist who arrived in Singapore recently didn't make it to his hotel. He started his adventure in the Orient in the slammer.

In the Australian's luggage a drug-conscious Singapore customs officer found six Rohypnol tablets, which had been prescribed for the pain from an old neck injury. The man couldn't produce a script though — so he got the full treatment including interrogation and charges of drug trafficking.

It wasn't until relatives telexed a copy of the script from Australia that the charges were withdrawn and he was let out to join his tour group. He was lucky; he was on an escorted tour and the guide was able to speed things up. Independent travellers would probably have to go through a much more protracted consular process.

So if you're taking medicaments of any kind into South East Asia — even over-the-counter stuff like diarrhoea pills — get your doctor to give you a script or a letter indicating that you have a right to possess them.

There are plenty of other things that can spoil your travels. Never, for example, keep all your cash in one place, be it bag, pocket or wallet. Spread it around a bit; pickpockets only go for one pocket at a time. Australians are heaven-sent for most con-men who prey on tourists. Americans are naturally suspicious because they're convinced everyone is trying to rip them off (which is often the case, anyway). But your Aussie abroad is an innocent, trusting type, easy to lure into conversation so he won't notice the sting.

Recent reports suggest you should be particularly suspicious of groups of begging kids. While you're searching for small change to give them, little sister is hooking your wallet. Don't be sucked in; tell them in no uncertain terms to get lost, and don't feel bad about it. — *Fred Baker*

Great Keppel Island.

[redacted]

All meals, all entertainment and most sports cost no extra. See your travel agent or TAA.

It's a great place to get wrecked.

TGK 9209

AUSSIE BAR
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ERMITA, MANILA
PHILIPPINES
SUPERUN

Thousands of Australian refugees from feminism have turned Manila into a last bastion of ockerism

THE FILIPINO CONNECTION

BY GREG HUNTER

It has often been said that the Philippines' greatest asset is its women. With the beleaguered republic now in the grip of an economic and political crisis, the Filipina has become her country's number one marketable commodity. Exploited over the past four centuries by a succession of colonists, the Filipina now plays gracious hostess to the latest, and perhaps the ugliest, of all foreign invasions: the Australian connection.

Last year, 60,000 Australian tourists visited the Philippines. The vast majority of these were single men who had no intention of venturing beyond the red light district of Manila — unless for an excursion to the honky-tonk whorehouse town of the north, Angeles City. For Australians, the Philippines is a sex trip: nothing more nor less. A decade ago, Australian refugees from feminism and sexual frustration would begin their pilgrimages in Bangkok; these days, the ocker trail virtually begins and ends on the steamy streets of Manila.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY OLIVER STREWE AND PETER BRUSSEL

CONNECTION

As a result the city's red light district, known as Ermita, has evolved into the staunchest bastion of ockerism you can find anywhere in the world.

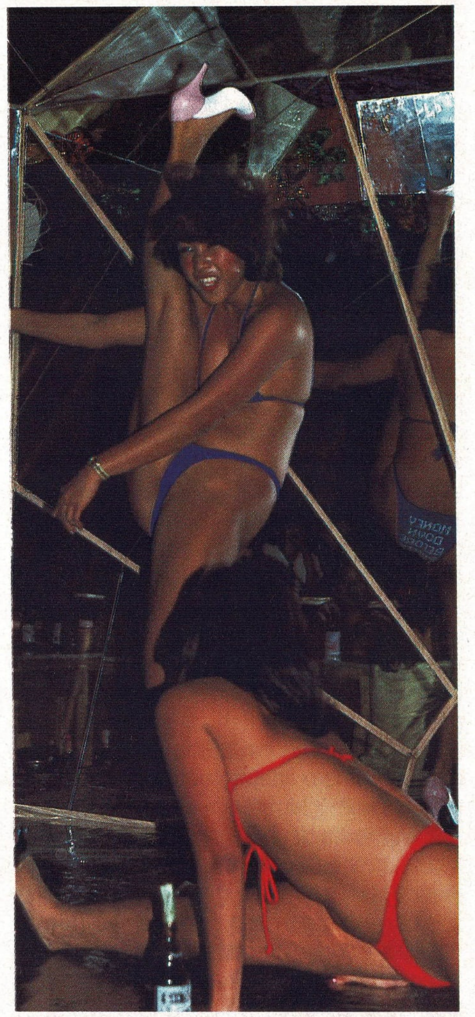
The Kangaroo Club, opposite the Kings Cross Club in the heart of Ermita, is the hub of cultural exchange for Australians in the Philippines. It's the original ocker connection — a haven for Australian working men who've come to unleash themselves on the girls of Ermita. Established in 1975 by three expatriate Australians who'd been stationed in New Guinea and had discovered the delights of Manila while on recreation leave, the Kangaroo Club has always operated as an information centre, guiding Australians into the thick of the action as smoothly as possible. In most cases, the Aussie working man disembarking at Manila airport will be taking his first tentative steps on foreign soil. He needs to learn how to pack as much screwing into his two-week annual holiday as possible, and he needs to learn how to stay out of trouble. Even experienced tourists on their seventh or eighth Filipino sex adventure will have to bone up on recent developments on the Ermita Strip, where the pace of events is staggering. So the Kangaroo Club is the first stop for both initiates and old hands.

Imagine a little pocket of Australiana which broke free of the mainland around 1960 and drifted slowly northward, continuing to evolve in blissful isolation from women's liberation, fitness fanaticism and quiche, finally coming to rest on the shores of Manila Bay. That's the Kangaroo Club. There's nothing subtle about this place. Outside, facing the street, the club displays its proud emblem: two kangaroos fucking. The decor consists of statues of wombats, kangaroos and koalas alongside posters depicting Australians kicking footballs, wielding cricket bats and rescuing surf victims. The restaurant serves food that's more Australian than anything you can find in this country. Menus come with up-to-date information on sporting events around Australia. Radio Australia is constantly tuned for live coverage of racing, Aussie rules, rugby league and cricket. The place reaches its zenith during "Sportsman's Hour" from 10.30 to 11.30 every Saturday morning. That hour coincides with the running of races in Sydney and Melbourne. Free beer and rum are offered to the sportsmen at the bar. A thriving SP operation, for Australians only, brings in a packed house. Form guides have previously been rushed in by a special airline arrangement. "Unescorted ladies" are not allowed inside.

You can meet blokes like Denis The Deviate in the bar of the Kangaroo Club. In fact, most of the blokes you'll meet there are like Denis. There's a smattering of dwarves, cripples and other unfortunates who've come in search of sexual fulfilment, and there's a splinter group of serious-looking men who've come in search of a Filipino wife. But if you want the archetypal Aussie tourist in Manila, then Denis is your man. He's a large bloke; in fact he weighs about 18 stone, and most of that is prime Australian beergut. He'll walk up to you at the bar, introduce himself as Denis The Deviate, and then, with his Filipino girlfriend listening attentively, he'll expound his views on whoring in the Philippines.

Every once in a while, Denis will use his index finger to push his horn-rimmed glasses back along the length of his nose, as if he were presenting some esoteric economics theory: "The main thing is, you gotta let 'em know who's boss straight away. You can't let 'em dictate to you — just tell 'em what you're gonna do to them and then do it. Otherwise they'll try and hustle you. For instance, I had this girl last night who reckoned she was hungry — she wanted me to buy her some food. Can you believe that? I just pissed her off. Or the other night, I had this girl who wanted to go to sleep after the first screw. Well, I just chucked her out and gave her nothing. Don't ever be afraid to piss 'em off if they won't do what they're told. The main thing is to listen to what all the boys tell you. That's how come I know so much — I listen. You wouldn't believe the things you can get away with here. For instance, if you know the right places in Angeles you can get sample blowjobs while you're having a beer at the bar. You can even get 'em as young as 10 years old . . . no hair at all. The thing is, you've gotta find out straight away whether they're one-holers, two-holers or three-holers — that's what they call 'em in Angeles. I like three-holers myself. That's why I reckon Bangkok's no good. They're Buddhists and they won't give blowjobs. And another thing — if you come on all romantic, you can get free roots. I've had them. I reckon Filipinas are the best women in the world for screwing. Back in Australia, they lie there with stopwatches on and they've got fannies like buckets. I'll marry a Filipina for sure — if I can find a decent one."

Denis's girlfriend, seated demurely with her hand resting on his monstrous knee, rolls her pretty eyes toward the ceiling . . .



Far Left: Manila bar girls frolicking on the beach near Puerto Galera on the island of Mindoro, a popular destination for hookers and their new "boyfriends." Near Left: Bar girls on display at Sabang Beach, near Puerto Galera. Left behind by their tourist boyfriends, these two are trying to pick up new clients for a free ride back to Manila. Above: Energetic displays of suppleness help these girls to capture a customer.

The first Australians to discover the fleshpots of Manila were not tourists but big-time organised crime figures. In the late Sixties, while on a brief stopover in Manila, two prominent Sydney criminal identities realised that Ermita was the perfect place to launder vast amounts of black money. Filipino law provides that "girlie bars" must be wholly owned by Filipinos; it was easy enough to comply by setting up various Australian friends, using Filipino frontmen, to run girlie bars and launder money through as legitimate profit. A good deal of Nugan Hand money went via the same route. From that base sprang a wide network of criminal interests flourishing amid the institutionalised corruption of the Philippines. Ermita remains a haven for men who want to leave Australia in a big hurry. Visas can be renewed simply by paying the appropriate official, there is no extradition treaty with Australia, and no questions are asked. Why worry about Brazil when you can live like a king in Manila?

The tourists came later. In the early Seventies, Australians who'd been working in New Guinea began filtering back to the mainland with stories of the burgeoning red light district of Manila. The Australian connection took off around 1972, reached a figure of 30,000 tourists in 1975, and has doubled in strength since then. Hundreds of Australians, mostly independent operators, have opened girlie bars along the Ermita Strip and in Angeles. At peak time in December/January, there'll be around 800 Aussies pounding the strip in Ermita, with half as many again in Angeles. The boom has spawned new competitors for the Kangaroo Club. The slightly upmarket Boomerang Club, with 1800 members, and the Swagman Inn also vie for the Australian home-away-from-home dollar, with a new outfit, the Australian Club, under construction. If you walk into any of these places and ask to book accommodation, you'll get a standard reply: "Here or in Angeles?" Clearly, the clientele doesn't vary a lot.

The reason for this uniquely myopic approach to tourism is a simple one: prostitution in the Philippines bears no resemblance to the profession as practised in Australia. It is the antithesis of Western-style pay-as-you-enter whoremongering, presented in a glittering package.

The action in Manila centres around two long parallel strips which cut through the heart of Ermita: M.H. del Pilar and Mabini Streets. By day, they're dirty, stinking thoroughfares clogged with human and mechanical flotsam. As dusk falls and neon flickers into life, the place transforms into a carnival of exuberant sensuality. Now the tourist comes out to play, picking his way from seedy hotels toward the epicentre of the glow, sidestepping blind beggars, black marketeers and female hustlers, finally diving into the pulsating warmth of any of a hundred girlie bars. If he manages to avoid being dragged into a dingy Filipino establishment for a quick round of fellatio to accompany a cold beer, he'll make it to one of the classier foreign-

CONNECTION

owned "go-go" bars like The Firehouse, Go-Go Romeos, Aussie Bar or Love Birds, where bikini-clad "hospitality girls" run through wildly enthusiastic dance routines on mirrored stages. There are any number of alternatives at both ends of the market — from the ultra-cheap massage parlors to the chintzy nightclubs with their immaculate "hostesses" and onward to the rented yachts packed to the gunwales with rented women — but for the average Aussie battler, the go-go bars are the penultimate sensual experience. Seated at the bar, a cold San Miguel in hand, he casually peruses the smorgasbord of dancers who leap and rumble and gyrate and tumble all over the place, wiggling their near-naked arses into the noses of patrons, shimmying up and down poles, laughing and clowning and whooping it up like schoolgirls at their first disco.

Even more appealing that this star-spangled ambience is the method of arranging for sexual contacts. Having made his choice from the array of items on show, the tourist beckons to *Mamasan:* "I want to speak with Charlotte." Soon the dancer will leave the stage and join him at the bar. He buys her a drink, which signals the start of an elaborate ritual markedly similar to courtship. They talk, laugh, make friends. If all goes well, the lady will start pretending to be his girlfriend. She's getting horny; will he take her back to his hotel? Again the tourist signals to *Mamasan* and hands her the "bar fine" of around 110 pesos ($A7), which will secure Charlotte's services for the entire evening. She leaves to slip into street clothes while he settles in to a few more beers. Later she re-emerges in elegant evening dress and the couple depart for an evening of "love making" which typically turns into a torrid encounter. Having taken the precaution of going to a foreign-owned establishment, the tourist knows she's clean; these girls have a medical check at least twice a week, and often every day. No money changes hands until the morning, when the tourist will pay his "girlfriend" between 50 and 200 pesos ($3.50 to $14) in accordance with his assessment of her performance.

Again, there are alternatives available by arrangement with the *Mamasan,* ranging from "short-time" couplings in mirrored rooms at the rear of most bars through to any conceivable variety of deviance. But mostly, prostitution in the Philippines is a simulated romantic experience which allows the untravelled, unsophisticated ocker to play the role of international playboy. In the absence of pimps, standover men and other sordid accoutrements of Western-style sex for sale, the subtler mechanics of the Filipino skin game make it possible for the tourist to convince himself that this is not really prostitution at all.

The Filipino bar girl complements the package perfectly. The Spanish heritage has given her a volatile, romantic nature which combines with the gaudy vulgarity of the American influence to produce a creature who is both desirable and a constant source of amusement. Filipinas, including prostitutes, are staunch Roman Catholics — but their interpretation of the rules differs significantly from the official line. Despite centuries of indoctrination at the hands of Spanish friars, the Filipina has never really been able to understand what's wrong with sex. Prostitution is therefore almost socially acceptable, as long as it embraces the Catholic ethic of monogamy. As a result, Filipino bar girls fall in love with ludicrous frequency, a situation which leads to numerous bizarre episodes of jealousy and revenge. A tourist who walks into a bar with his "girlfriend" in tow and steals a sideways glance at a female acquaintance often has to fend off a swinging handbag and a barrage of abuse. Filipinas don't like "butterflies" — men who screw around. Once they've landed a "boyfriend", they want to kiss and cuddle and hold hands and make love, gradually stripping away the artificiality of prostitution until payment becomes nothing more than a vague acknowledgement that the tourist has money and the Filipina has not. This ingrained romanticism reaches extremes of incongruity: the whispered endearment that follows a blowjob in a dingy massage parlor ("Maybe you dream of me like I dream of you too"), the teary farewell at the airport, the love letters concealed in the suitcase . . . And apart from all that, most Filipinas genuinely enjoy sex with Western men. The Spanish colonists somehow instilled in them a belief in Western superiority. They think white skin and long noses are very attractive (pregnant Filipinas often touch white men on the nose in the hope that their babies will grow outsized beaks), and they're obsessed with the size of Western penises. In the Philippines, the beer-gutted Aussie battler often gets his first taste of what it's like to be sexually desirable.

> “It costs 150 pesos — a neat ten bucks — to have a man killed in this country”

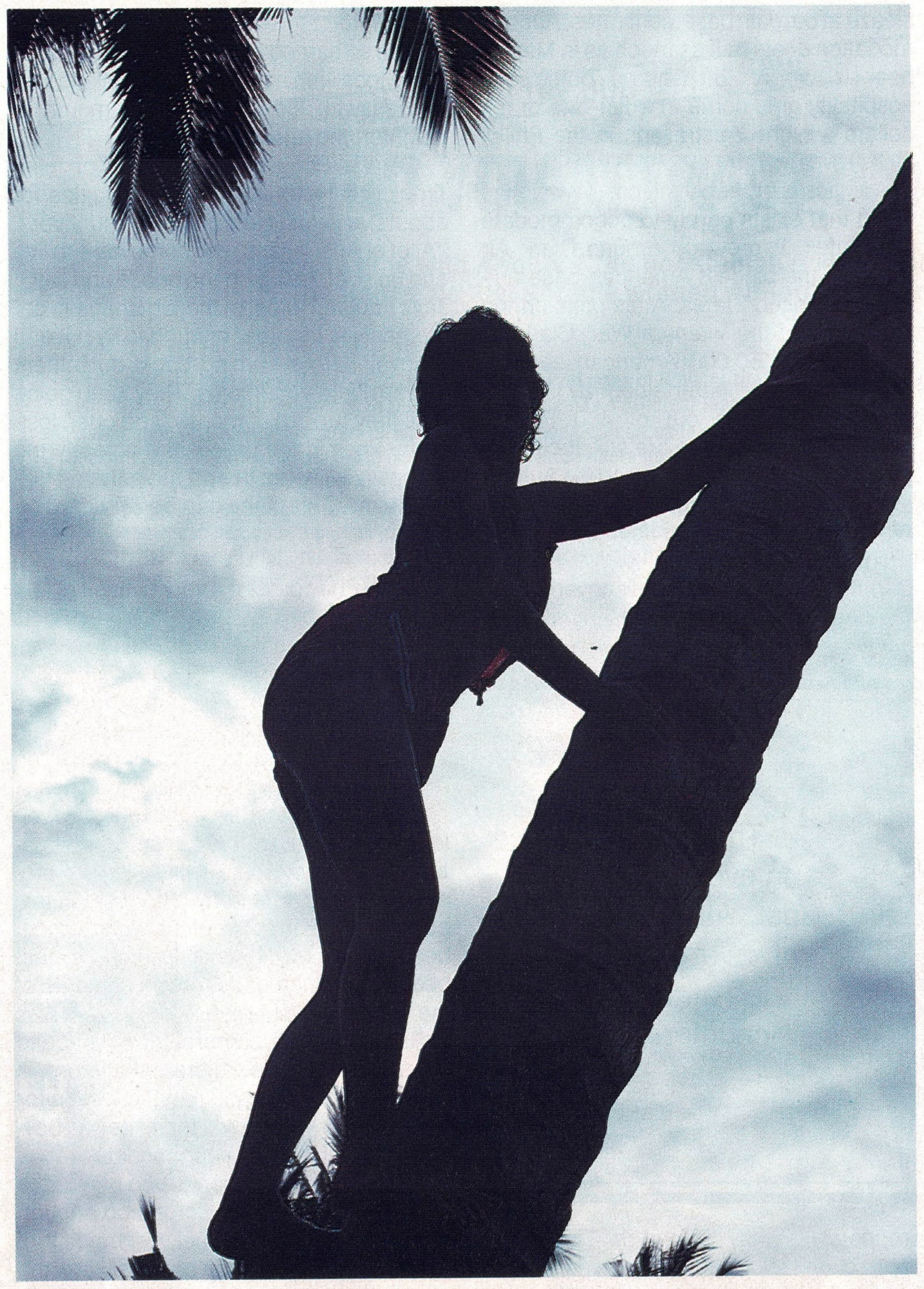
Suzanne is a beautiful 17-year-old girl. She's part-Spanish, part-Malay and part-Chinese, and she talks with the melodic, lilting accent of all Filipinas. She laughs a lot, and she's addicted to romantic comic books and movies that have happy endings.

Suzanne comes from a small village on the Visayan island of Masbate. When she was 13, she found out that her father was having an affair. Like most Filipinas, she has a fiery temperament and a simplistic sense of justice. She went to the home of her father's lover and knocked on the door. When it opened, she drove a kitchen knife through the woman's stomach, killing her. In the subsequent court case, she was acquitted on the grounds that the murder was justifiable. Soon afterwards, her father died of alcoholism — a common Filipino affliction. Then, at the age of 15, she was raped by three boys in her class at school. No longer a "cherry girl", and with no father to support the family, Suzanne headed for Manila in search of a job. Eventually she landed one as a hospitality girl in a foreign-owned go-go bar on the Ermita strip.

Eternally optimistic, Suzanne waits to be bailed out by a rich "sugar daddy" or even a prospective husband. Meanwhile she averages $10 a night, or double a Filipino laborer's weekly wage, and most of it is sent back to her family. Her mother thinks she's a commerce student with a part-time job as a waitress. She'll never know any different.

Sometimes Suzanne is forced by visiting Australian football teams to submit to gang-bangs and other humiliations, but when that happens she can get through it on a potent combination of cough medicine and marijuana. She has to watch out for marauding police officers who pick up "unescorted ladies" after 11pm and fine them if they're not beautiful and rape them if they are. Suzanne has been raped many times. Periodically, she gets bashed by customers who turn out to be sadists. And she knows that if she causes trouble of any sort, she's likely to be eliminated. Dozens of bar girls are killed every year; the reason may be nothing more than the need to maintain a turnover of fresh girls.

In spite of all that, Suzanne exudes the feckless vitality of an innocent schoolgirl. She maintains a lust for life that characterises Filipinos, and her emotions are as charming and simplistic as the lyrics that boom out of a *Happy Days* jukebox. A murderess and a prostitute, she can't understand how a man who is her "boyfriend" could want another woman. Her lustiness doesn't abate when she gets into bed. "At first," she laughs, throwing back her dark head and blowing a big gum bubble, "when I go with the customer it is hurting because I am only little, and I tell him: 'Please, only put it in halfway.' But now, *I* put it in — all the way."



A prostitute silhouetted against a late evening sky at Sabang Beach, on Mindoro.

There are 48 million people in the Philippines, and half a million of them are prostitutes. They come to Manila and to Angeles City from all over the country, but mostly they come from the isolated, impoverished mountain villages and idyllic coastal fringes of the Philippines' central island group, the Visayas. The exodus of young, naive country girls continues to swell as rampant inflation and chronic unemployment make even subsistence-level existence impossible.

In most cases, they have little idea of what's in store. *Mamasan* and her recruiting party arrive in the village with the promise of work. They're going to become "housegirls" for rich American residents or waitresses in classy restaurants. With the blessing of their parents, who seldom find out the truth, they leave in ragged groups of four or five, promising to send the bulk of their earnings home. It will often be the only source of cash flow available in the village. If the girl is lucky, she'll get a low-paid job behind the bar until the pressure of having to support the family forces her to swap her waitress's uniform for a bar girl's bikini. If not, she'll have fallen for a trick that Filipinos have been working for many years. Promised a job in a restaurant, she'll borrow 200 pesos from the *Mamasan* to make it to the city, and maybe another 600 for clothes, and then another 200 in expenses. She's in debt to the tune of 1000 pesos; how can she repay the money? By taking the only job that really was available: dragging tourists into dingy Filipino bars to give them blowjobs in front of other tourists who just want to watch.

Most bar girls support families of up to a dozen. They usually remain in the game for only a couple of years; by that time, they're either considered too old or they've had a satisfactory marriage proposal from a tourist who'll keep up the flow of money to the family back home. Local estimates of the number of Filipina-Australian marriages run to 300 per month, and a large percentage of those involve hospitality girls. The turnover is enormous; one manager of a foreign-owned bar estimated he would lose eight to 12 girls every month, "but there's plenty more where they came from." Tony Elliot, assistant manager of the Boomerang Club, says most of the Australians who get to Manila are looking only for a good time, but "they often end up marrying a bar girl because they know that the Filipina looks after her man. A few years ago, these guys were always lonely types — middle-aged divorcees, miners or outback characters who wanted a companion. They were hard men, and when they took a Filipina home they'd often neglect her or beat her up. Most of those sort of marriages broke down. But these days the scene is completely different. You get a lot of young, normal-looking, outgoing Aussie working blokes who are just fed up with women's liberation and Australian women. When they find out how faithful and loving and *obedient* Filipinas are, they realise that these women will make perfect wives." Or, as one contented ocker put it: "Where else would you find a girl who'll clean your toenails with a toothbrush?"

Last year in Manila, a large hotel was built in preparation for an annual film festival. During the foundation work, 10 Filipino laborers were trapped in a deep pit when a concrete pour went too quickly. Their workmates called for equipment to haul them out, but the order came through to pour the rest of the concrete mix over the top of the trapped workers in order to save time. Filipinos say the place is haunted by the ghosts of the 10 men whose skeletons are cemented into the bowels of that luxury hotel.

In the Philippines, life is not merely cheap; it is practically worthless. It costs 150 pesos — a neat ten bucks — to have a man killed in this country. However, if you can produce a good enough reason, you can get the job done for nothing.

Peter Richardson (a pseudonym) is an Australian part-time resident of the Philippines who reckons he's got a good enough reason. Last December he and a friend were drinking in a Manila girlie bar called Love Birds when a Scotsman came up behind him, pulled out a cut-throat razor and slashed it from Richardson's right ear to the bottom of his chin, removing a large portion of his face. His friend Geoff Jones (a pseudonym) who hadn't seen the blade, stepped in to help. From the Scotsman he received two long slashes across the thigh and a stab in the stomach; then the Scotsman's companion, an Irishman, came up behind Jones, inserted another blade into his mouth, and ripped it across the width of his cheek.

CONNECTION

"When we were laid up in hospital recovering," Richardson recalls, "we were visited by a policeman. He pulled a gun, pointed it at my head and said: 'If you shit in Manila, you pay the consequences.' We were lying there with multiple wounds and this turkey with two years' education was threatening our lives, trying to make out we were the guilty ones.

"Later, we found out that the police had followed our attackers to their hotel rooms directly after the knifing happened, yet those men were never apprehended. Apparently they had paid the police $1000 each to leave the country immediately. The police officers even escorted them on to the plane."

When they were discharged from hospital, their faces severely disfigured, Richardson and Jones sought vengeance. "The only kind of justice a white man can get in the Philippines is the kind that you pay for," says Richardson. "If you don't have friends here, as we have, all you need to do is approach any Filipino who you've known for a few days and tell him someone has done the wrong thing by you. He'll probably be carrying a lethal weapon — at least a knife, at best a gun — and he'll take care of it for 150 pesos. Alternatively, you can have the girl you're with arrange the killing. She'll probably have family in the military or police, which helps. In our case it was easy. Nothing will happen to those guys until they set foot in this country again, and then they will be killed. It's as simple as that."

There's been an element of the Wild West creeping back on to streets of Manila and Angeles since the repeal of martial law in 1975. An armed security man patrols the entrance to every bar and restaurant, and the sign on every door reads: "All guns and knives are to be left at the counter." Much of the violence on these streets is caused by foreigners. Filipinos seldom fight unless they're angry enough to kill, but even so, they can't be taken lightly. According to Peter Richardson, there is a simple maxim for survival: don't get too cocky. "Last week," he recalls, "an Australian guy was sitting in a bar and telling everyone he'd been here so long that he knew exactly how to handle Filipinos. That very night he was stabbed. I've always said one thing for sure is that you can never be sure. That applies more to the Philippines than to any other place on earth."

In Angeles city, a couple of hours' drive north of Manila, an Australian bar provides a prize for the "Animal of the Year." Contestants in the event have to copulate with monkeys on top of pool tables. There is nothing of the exuberance and occasional joy of the Manila prostitution package here. Angeles is pure, unadulterated sleaze at bargain basement rates. Accommodation costs half as much as in Manila, beer is worth 25 cents a bottle and hospitality girls come at a flat rate of ten dollars a night. Australians in the Philippines swear by the place.

Angeles is probably the only town in the world that exists purely to accommodate prostitutes. It grew up around Clark Air Base — the biggest American base outside the United States. At its peak during the height of the Vietnam War, Clark Air Base housed 50,000 American servicemen who were entertained by 10,000 hookers operating out of 400 Filipino honky-tonk bars. There are still about 300 girlie bars, now mostly owned by Australians, Americans and Englishmen, catering to the remaining servicemen and the booming tourist trade.

In 1977 Angeles was "discovered" by an Australian named Geoff Marshall, who opened a hotel there which he called, appropriately, Randy Rams Inn. The ocker connection took off when he started a bus service for Australian tourists in Manila; now the Kangaroo Club, the Boomerang Club and the Swagman Inn all operate package-type tours to Angeles hotels which duplicate the quaint ambience of the 'Roo Club in Manila. Few Australians on Filipino sex adventures fail to show up in Angeles for a few days' indulgence in the cheapest and dirtiest entertainment available anywhere in the world.

> The sign on every door reads: "All guns and knives are to be left at the counter."

In Angeles you can buy any conceivable sexual thrill. Paedophiles are well catered for; the average age of bar girls is 15, but they run as low as nine or 10. Many girlie bars specialise in kinky arrangements. In The Dormitory, for instance, tourists are harangued by the *Mamasan*: "How many girls you want? Two? Three? Four? You want a cherry girl for 4000 pesos?" In the "world-famous" Studio One, tourists watch Filipinas perform remarkable tricks with their genitals; those who don't want to watch can climb up on stage to join in the action. In the downmarket Mabalacat area, bar patrons get sample blowjobs before deciding on a partner for the evening. The Hard Rock Cafe is so named because it specialises in "blowjobs with hard rocks" — fellatio performed with ice cubes in the mouth to heighten the intensity of orgasm.

Gerry Phelan, manager of the Tropicana Hotel, has lived in Angeles for about five years. He's one of the survivors. "A lot of Australians who come here to live end up overdosing on the booze and sex," says Phelan. "Most of them manage to get themselves together enough to fly out and recover before coming back, but others just turn into vegetables. They keep going until they run out of money, and often lose their minds in the process. Ultimately the embassy will step in and have them shipped home. This place can be very hard on a man."

In the Philippines it's very difficult to find a "real" tourist. In exotic, idyllic resorts such as Puerto Galera on the island of Mindoro or Bauang on the west coast of Luzon, there are no young adventurers who've stepped off the well-worn Asian hippie trail for a glimpse of paradise; no family groups on two-week package deals; no harrowed executives on recuperation leave . . . there are only ockers of all nationalities who come with Filipino prostitutes in tow. The irony of tourism in this country is that in some of the world's most beautiful places, some of the world's most beautiful women get screwed by some of the world's ugliest men.

Sabang Beach, a short outrigger ride to the south of Puerto Galera on Mindoro, is such a place. It's a popular destination for Manila bar girls and their new "boyfriends", but it also accommodates many semi-permanent residents who only leave to renew their visas or scrape up enough money back home to make another trip. These men who live in paradise are the wreckage of humanity. The bond which unites them is alcohol. One Australian who recently landed at Sabang Beach for the tenth time said of this place: "If you're not an alcoholic, you're not accepted here. The foreigners come to Sabang not so much for the cheap booze, but ultimately to find acceptance. They're the type who walks into a bar back home and nobody wants to talk to them. They've given up trying to live in their own country. Here they have plenty of people to talk to, and they've got a beautiful woman who's prepared to put up with them and look after them. What else could they ask for?"

At Sabang Beach, young virgins work a 13-hour day behind the bar to earn a maximum of 70 cents, then go to sleep on the dirt beneath their feet. Meanwhile, hospitality girls spend all day making themselves pretty for men who spend all day drinking themselves crazy under a brilliant tropical sun.

There is no animosity between the virgin and the prostitute. At night, both of them say a little prayer.

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WHAT ARE PHEROMONES?

Ever heard of pheromones? No? Well, unless you're a Professor of Biology, that's hardly surprising. Basically, they are the odours given off by the human body. There are thousands of them, and each one has a different function.

Pheromones are scents which all of us exude naturally. Although undetectable they affect the way we react to each other socially and sexually. Recently, scientists have managed to isolate certain of these pheromones and the one of particular interest to men is Androstenone, because this is the one that attracts women, and the one possessed in abundance by that lucky tiny minority of men we all know who seem to attract women effortlessly.

Pheromones influence behaviour subliminally. Unlike smell association – the smell of freshly-baked bread can stimulate appetite, for instance – pheromones can persuade a person to act in a certain way without being aware of the reasons why. But the importance of the sense of smell has, until recently, been largely ignored in civilised society. Now scientists have come to realise that odours affect the way we relate to each other, and that pheromones act as subconscious communicators.

ific research ANDROSTENONE PHEROMONE

ENONE

have been reported widely. The following

es to the mating game' – The Sun (21.3.79).
r the chair!' – Sunday Times (20.1.80).

sexual arousal – but at a level below the

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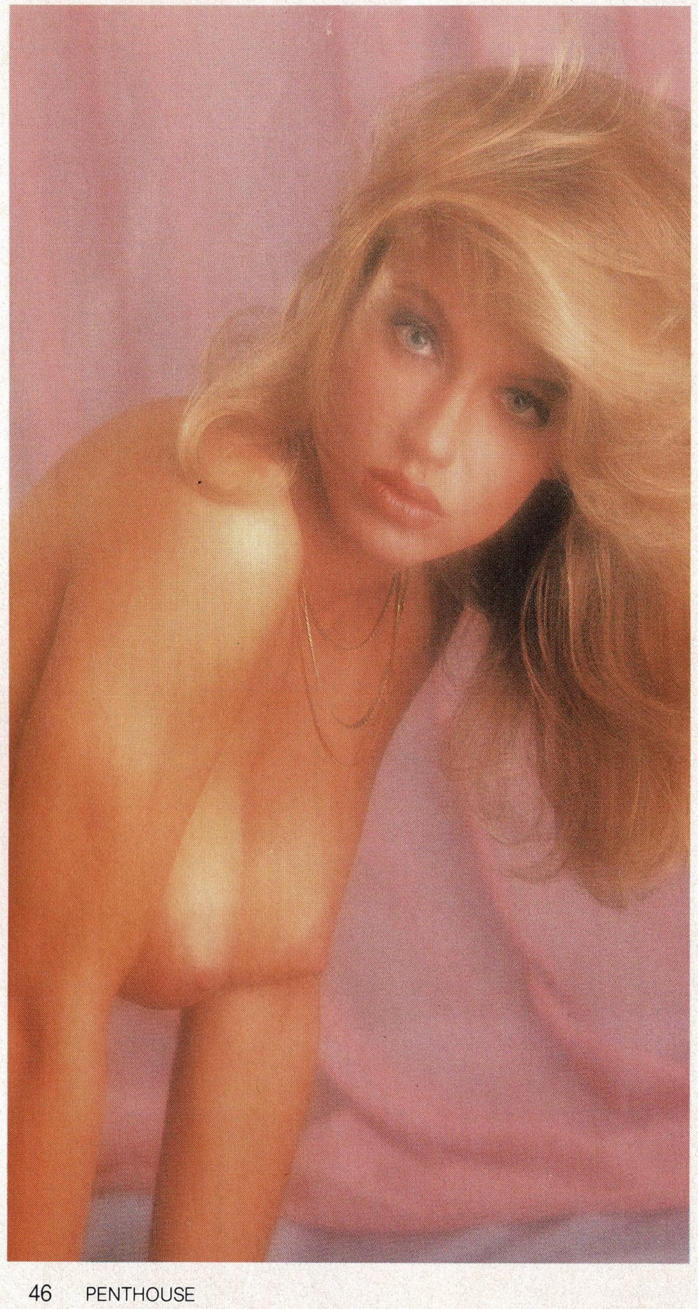
SHOW~STOPPER

Holly-O doesn't just stop a show — she knows how to run one. After winning the title of Miss Nude Canada she bought all rights to the program, then directed and emceed it two years running. Since then she's resumed her place at centre stage. Now Canada's highest paid exotic dancer, she's quick to admit that green is her favorite color. "I like to earn good money, and I like to spend it."

PHOTOS BY STEPHEN HICKS

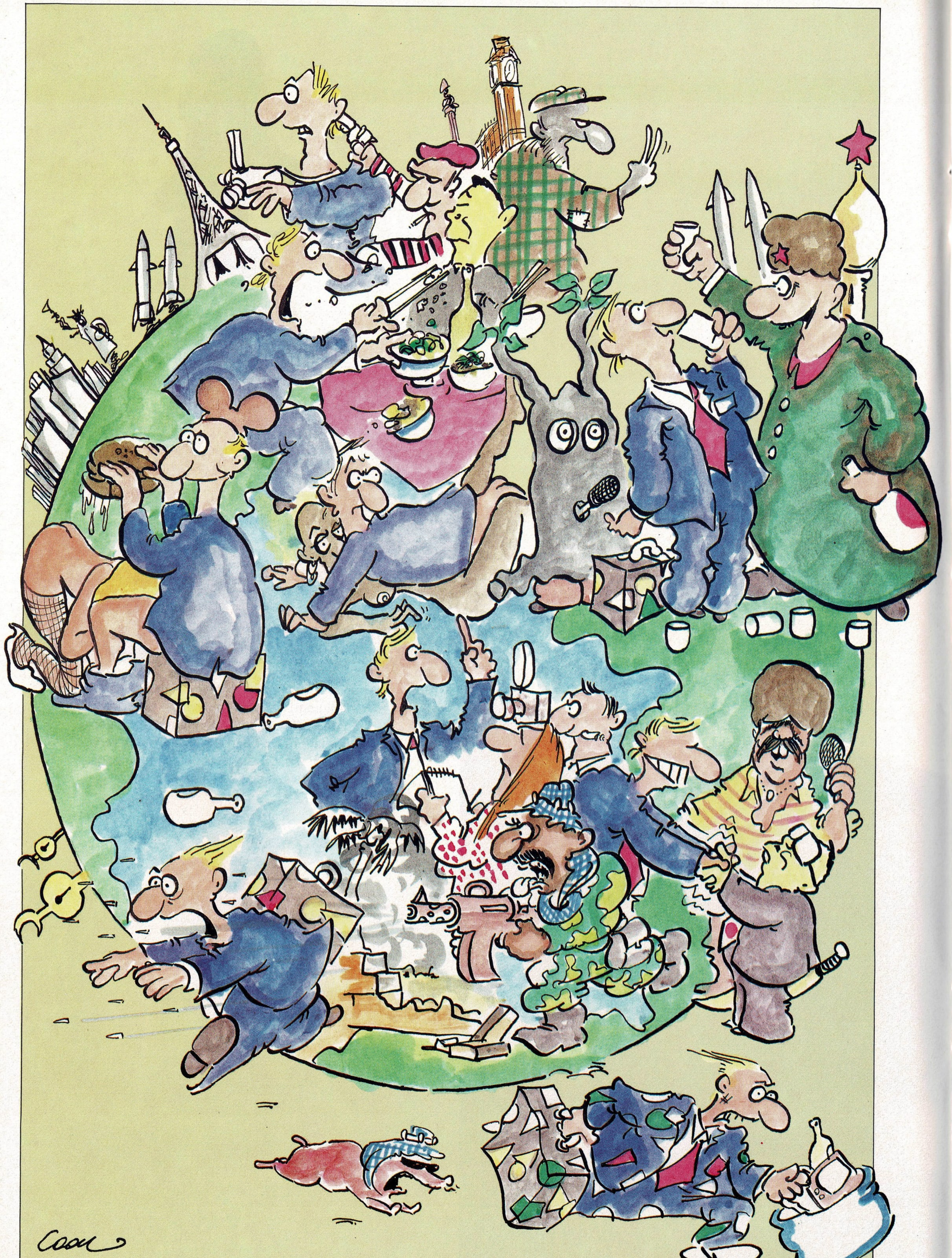
But Holly frankly admits that she prefers the fame to the fortune. Just 20, she has attained a celebrity status that keeps her in constant demand. Despite her outgoing nature, she always keeps something in reserve.



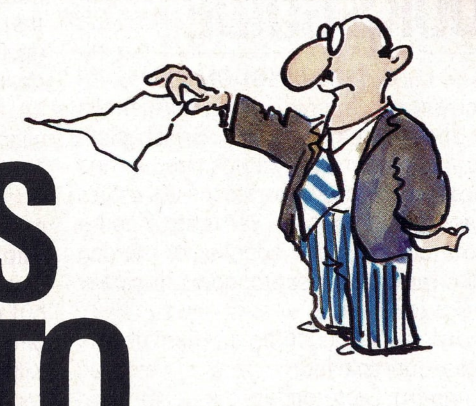
"I'm more interested in learning from people than in letting them get to know me." Yet, because of her chameleon-like talent for adapting to new situations, she gets along well with almost everyone.

"My sex drive isn't as strong as my need for mental stimulation," says our provocative pet. "I find really talking to someone is the biggest turn-on of all."

When she met her current boyfriend, a Russian immigrant, the language barrier wasn't a hindrance. But when Holly's alone they keep their relationship open. "Basically I'm a very private person, private about when I have sex, how I have it and who I have it with."



HUMOR



COOK'S GUIDE TO POLITICAL JUNKETING

The no bullshit briefing for travelling MPs

DEPARTMENT OF PROTOCOL (TRAVEL)
Memo From:
Gordon F.X. Alloyhead OBE, OA
To: All Department Heads.

Attention. To the front. At ease. Stand easy. Smoke if you've got 'em. As you are all only too painfully aware, having responsibility for a new government, especially such a numerous one as this, presents us with a whole new range of challenges. In particular, this includes the very real menace of unleashing the incumbents on to the rest of the planet in the interests of fact-finding missions (for which we all have a similar if more brutally frank description), goodwill missions, cultural delegations, and trade expeditions.

Unlike the previous bunch, whose understanding of the reciprocal links between mind-broadening foreign travel and tax bludging was profound, many of the members of this government still regard the party conference in Hobart as the high point of their overseas experiences, and still keep books of matches from Chinese restaurants as a sign of their deep commitment to inter-racial understanding. Others, whose family doctors were less influential during the early Forties than the family doctors of the previous incumbents, had the distinction of serving their country in foreign parts. Their memories of Changi airport, for example, have very little to do with the exciting range of duty-free shopping now available, while their personal experience of French diplomacy owes more to memories of whistling shrapnel than to a wide reading of the life of Talleyrand. In one or two cases, a lot of trouble could be avoided by making a few inquiries about the wartime occupations of other members of their families before letting them anywhere near the mid-western American States . . . or Harlem. Most of the danger, however, comes from those who have spent many years in committees absorbing travel brochures or popular paperbacks more than six centimetres thick, and who are regular watchers of *Sixty Minutes.* It is for these seriously misinformed and absurdly optimistic junketeers that the following briefing has been prepared.

But first, one or two general points:

DE FACTOS: In spite of the recent decision to allow de facto spouses to accompany members abroad at our expense, members should be reminded firmly that this is restricted to one each.

CLOTHING: Hong Kong seems to contain more facts than any other stopover. Also legendary tailoring. The PM wants it understood that an entire government bench in polished blue cotton is going to play hell with the lighting when he sells the TV serial rights to an unnamed network owned by Earl Murdoch. He advises all members with leftover travellers' cheques to proceed instead to Poon's House Of A Thousand Blessings and ask to see some New Territories.

Some of the Old Guard Left still insist on having their suits run up in Iron Curtain countries as a gesture of solidarity. The PM says that if they want to wander around looking like dun sacks of assorted groceries or the rear end of a pantomime rhino, that's fine by him. However, Customs has been alerted to the fact that "natural fibres" in Bulgaria refers to hair shaved from the backs of the People's Secret Police and that the People's Four Piece Leisure Ensemble is liable to a three-year period of quarantine.

DISEASES: Anything above the neck, especially around the mouth, and it's a retirement to spend more time with the family. Alternatively, you may be left alone with a revolver in the billiards room.

GOODS AND PURCHASES: Declare absolutely everything. Very few exotically carved *objets d'art,* and practically no color television sets, can at the time of writing be comfortably concealed in the anus.

POSTERS: Some members feel it necessary to announce their travels by decorating their offices. Bayreuth Opera Festivals are fine. Bullfighting posters are passable for backbenchers. Posters advertising "Hot Sex On Stage Starring . . ." with the member's name are punishable by seven years on environmental committees.

And so to specifics:

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY PATRICK COOK

COOK'S GUIDE

UNITED KINGDOM

HISTORY IN RESPECT OF AUSTRALIA: Australia was an early participant in British slum clearance programs. Tables now turned somewhat with the export to the UK of Earl Murdoch, Bee Gees, R. Harris etc. Australia was once a large supplier of cannon fodder, primary products; now principally supplies journalists.
POPULATION: Malcontents, small-time thieves, unemployed.
GOVERNMENT: Dictatorship.
LIKELY REASON FOR VISIT: Grovelling to titled persons; being patronised; photographing Shakespeare's birthplace from flyover.
ATTRACTIONS: Leaving.
CUSTOMS TO WATCH OUT FOR: Overcharging, complaining, coughing.
THINGS TO BUY: Taiwanese ashtrays with Tower of London on them; fish.
WHAT TO TELL THE MEDIA: Homage to Westminster system; bonds between our two countries never stronger.

FRANCE

HISTORY: French expressed gratitude for Australian sacrifices in WW I by double-crossing us in WW II. French currently making up for it by preparing to meet the Russian menace with weapons tested where we can see the results. What do you expect from a country that loves Jerry Lewis? Recent Australian retaliation includes the Australian Embassy in Paris and vigorous participation at the Cannes festival.
POPULATION: Collaborators, bureaucrats, riot police.
GOVERNMENT: None.
LIKELY REASON FOR VISIT: To protest about the relative qualities of cheeses; to be photographed with Jack Thompson at Cannes; to assert socialist solidarity with MPs who are authors of structuralist analyses of surrealism in the films of Jerry Lewis and who regard Australians as rock apes; to complain about the French providing incandescent sunsets.
ATTRACTIONS: Real champagne; real bread; a keen appreciation of surrealism in *Alvin Purple* films.
CUSTOMS TO WATCH OUT FOR: Overcharging; sneering; cheating referees; toilets that fight back. Do not — repeat, do not — drink from the little bubbler in the bathroom.
THINGS TO BUY: Taiwanese Eiffel Tower cruet sets.
WHAT TO TELL THE MEDIA: They'll be too hungover to notice.

ITALY

HISTORY: The old country (see Greece).
POPULATION: Priests, lovers, wankers, waiters, historically famous dead people.
GOVERNMENT: Pope, mafia (see New York).
LIKELY REASON FOR VISIT: Nothing really. If you do manage to see your opposite number in the government remember that:
(a) The government's date stamp expires next Friday.
(b) Nothing he or she says will be paid the slightest bit of notice. Relax. Have lunch. Take in a ruin.
ATTRACTIONS: What's your fancy? A wonderful place for all activities except Baptist revivals.
CUSTOMS TO WATCH OUT FOR: Overcharging, but since the currency has devalued 50 percent since you got your bill, why worry? Killing people by driving over them; killing road accident victims by taking them to hospital.
THINGS TO BUY: Exquisite shirts that fall apart when you put them on; exquisite sports jackets with sockets to fit over the shoulders; hormone-scented brilliantine. Re-experience the thrills of your lost youth by purchasing contraceptives on the black market.
WHAT TO TELL THE MEDIA: Shrug. Their flight's been diverted to Trieste, anyway; their cameras have been stolen at customs and their stories will disappear into the mail system — never to be seen again.

> "Many members of this government still regard the party conference in Hobart as the high point of their overseas experiences"

WEST GERMANY

HISTORY: For most of this century their history has been our history. The rest of German history (for the last few thousand years) has consisted of butchering the neighbors, inflicting very small scars on each other's faces, putting on weight and withdrawing the Volkswagen from sale just when everyone wanted one.
GOVERNMENT: Trying to forget.
LIKELY REASON FOR VISIT: Beer.
ATTRACTIONS: Beer; seeing what a wonderful job they've done on the old place since you went to the trouble of knocking it flat; buying parts for the tanks.
CUSTOMS TO WATCH OUT FOR: Saluting; hitting you with rifle butts. Julius Caesar observed that the Germans were either at your throat or at your knees — nowadays they're more likely to be into your pockets or, in many parts of Berlin, into your pants. Overcharging.
THINGS TO BUY: Mercedes; tanks; Taiwanese models of the V2; jigsaw puzzles of Europe.
WHAT TO TELL THE MEDIA: JFK told the media: "Ich bin ein Berliner." A berliner is, in fact, a doughnut. This amused the Germans, but could cost you votes. The media will be drunk, in any case, and George Negus will be far too busy posing against the Wall in a silly hat.

EAST GERMANY

HISTORY: The same as West Germany except that they've had more opportunities to overrun parts of Europe lately. Much distress has been caused to Australian swimmers by East German athletes (vast rippling anthropoids with exposed wiring who are capable of passing any number of sex tests simultaneously).
POPULATION: Robots; party officials; profoundly dishonest sporting officials; highly suspicious customs officials; spies; mercenaries; hand puppets.
GOVERNMENT: Prussians in civvies.
LIKELY REASON FOR VISIT: Spying; masochism; declaring solidarity with politicians who regard social democrats as capitalist running dog scum.
ATTRACTIONS: Never being alone; traffic free streets.
CUSTOMS TO WATCH OUT FOR: Disappearing suddenly.
THINGS TO BUY: Nil. You can, however, turn a tidy profit on any old jeans you have with you, old Bee Gees records, etc.
WHAT TO TELL THE MEDIA: Keep your mouth shut until you're well clear. All their photographs will be confiscated anyway, and George Negus will be far too busy posing against the Wall in that wretched hat.

USSR

HISTORY: Increasingly widespread; morose.
POPULATION: Large, drunk and often wearing up to 10 overcoats at a time.
GOVERNMENT: Dead, but heavily armed.
LIKELY REASON FOR VISIT: It's remarkable just how often the enemies of everything we stand for turn out to be among our largest trading partners. It's also fascinating to watch appalled as the tanks run all over Afghanistan and then queue up for tickets to the Red Army choir. Nevertheless, the bonds between our two countries have never been stronger (see: WHAT TO TELL THE MEDIA). It is very important that while you are finalising cultural or wheat deals you are never seen in the vicinity of (much less talking to) a Russian. If the Russians aren't setting you up to be framed, blackmailed or ruined by one of these exchanges, ASIO is. Another attraction is seeing how much caviar you can gobble down. You've seen it in the movies; it *is* very expensive, and don't let the fact that it comes from the People's Extruded Plastics and Fish Products Collective, or the fact that the Caspian Sea is a dumping ground for radioactive industrial waste, put you off. Get into it. You'll hate yourself in the morning (see Bangkok).
ATTRACTIONS: Genuine cold; queueing.
CUSTOMS TO WATCH OUT FOR: Being asked by an ASIO agent to spy on the way in. He will turn out to be a KGB provocateur. You will then be blackmailed into spying for the KGB on the way out, by an ASIO provocateur. Falling drunk into the snow and being hauled away as fuel in the morning.
THINGS TO BUY: Anything — they won't let you reconvert your currency. There is nothing to buy except little dolls that fit inside one another. These will be seized by ASIO agents on your return and broken by the fools while they try to figure out how to unscrew them.
WHAT TO TELL THE MEDIA: The bonds between our two countries have never been stronger. You'll have to type this out and give it to Negus later. He'll be too busy posing in front of the Kremlin.

THE MIDDLE EAST

HISTORY: Violent and repetitive. On occasions, Australians have participated (see United Kingdom; cannon fodder, export of to) and sensibly got the hell out.
POPULATION: Heavily armed and deeply religious maniacs.
GOVERNMENT: Last one standing.
LIKELY REASON FOR VISIT: None, except for foreign ministers in search of telegenic shuttling.
ATTRACTIONS: None.
CUSTOMS TO WATCH OUT FOR: Sudden death — usually inflicted for standing up suddenly, or asking to be shown to the bar.
THINGS TO BUY: Your life, if you're lucky.
WHAT TO TELL THE MEDIA: Your visit represents a very real step towards peace in the region.

USA

HISTORY: As not seen on television. Decided to use Australia as a parking lot in 1941 and eventually purchased the premises wholesale.
POPULATION: Gangsters; cowboys; heavily armed churchgoers; drug addicts; loathsome children; joggers; Cher.
GOVERNMENT: Gangsters, cowboys.
LIKELY REASON FOR VISIT: Grovelling, oral sex.
ATTRACTIONS: Seeing American television live; commercial availability of oral sex.
CUSTOMS TO WATCH OUT FOR: Americans talking; being mugged; herpes; AIDS; being shot; lack of edible foodstuffs.
THINGS TO BUY: Oral sex.
WHAT TO TELL THE MEDIA: "Sure, there have been a few ill-informed criticisms, but this is still the greatest force for moral good in the world. Why, as the President was saying to me only this morning etc . . . " Negus will be too busy wearing his Stetson and sitting in a jacuzzi, listening to some Hollywood dalek quack on about her analysis.

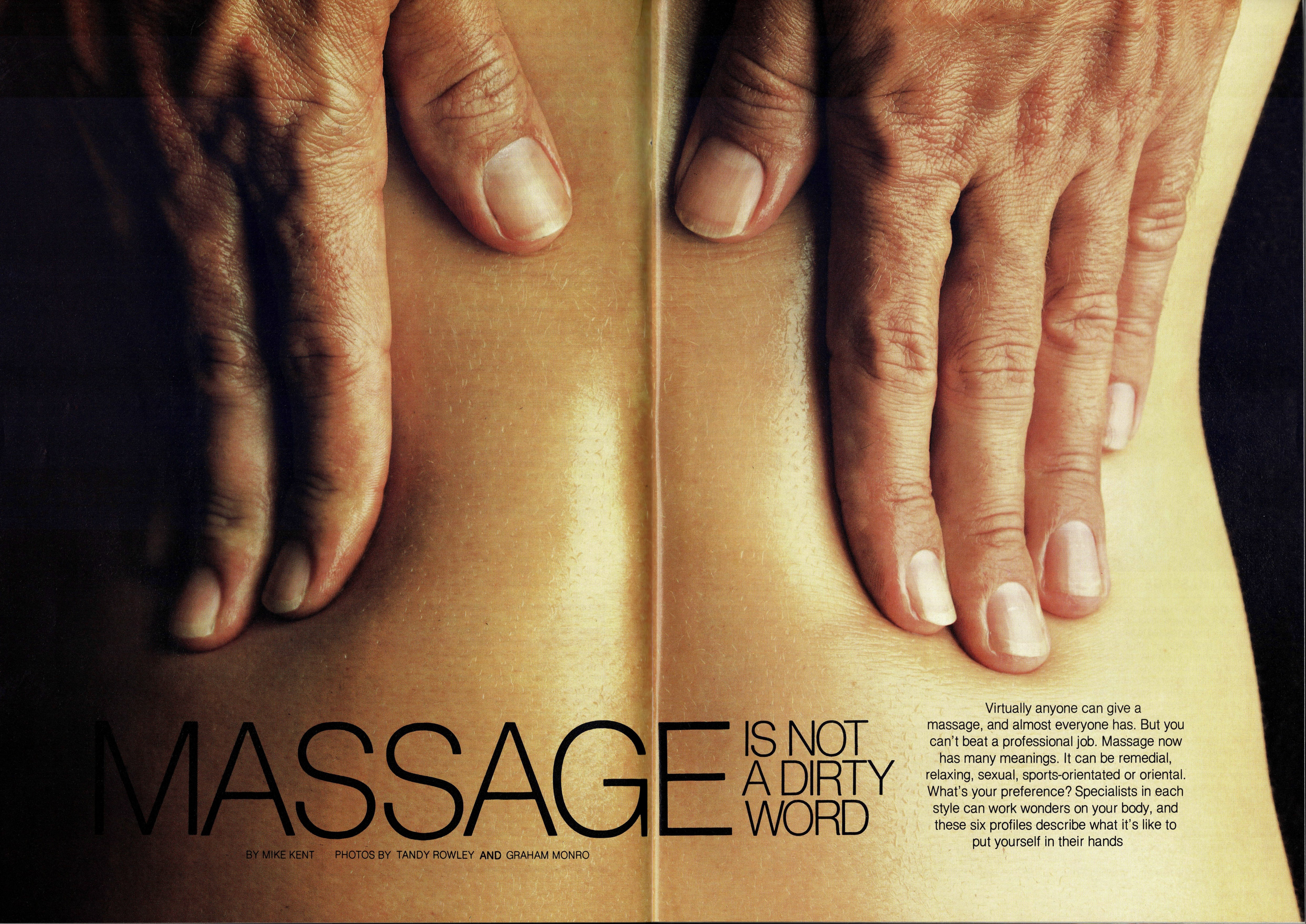
CHINA

HISTORY: Ridiculously complicated right up to the time when it became dangerously simple. Australia has traditionally regarded China as a regional menace, handy for elections. This no longer applies. They have rather better memories.
POPULATION: Everywhere you go.
GOVERNMENT: Six to a car; the car.
LIKELY REASON FOR VISIT: Making friendly noises and making ineffectual efforts to sell them things, while forgetting that they are much, much better at it than we are.
ATTRACTIONS: Great food; many bicycles.
CUSTOMS TO WATCH OUT FOR: Hinting that you are honored guests for lunch, and then giving you the bill as you leave the country. Destroying your illusions by showing you that the Great Wall is only about 500 metres long.
THINGS TO BUY: Carpets; bicycle pumps.
WHAT TO TELL THE MEDIA: A massive market for something or other which the Chinese have practically guaranteed to you. The moment you've left they're promising it to the French or the Poles, but it's good front page for the Sundays. Negus will be posing on the Great Wall rabbiting on about the land of a thousand contrasts.

JAPAN

HISTORY: The Japanese are very sensitive to discourtesy, so we don't talk about it.
POPULATION: Five foot nothing; hysterical.
GOVERNMENT: Board of directors.
LIKELY REASON FOR VISIT: Do you have to ask? This is the big one, turkey. Just smile and nod and bow and shake hands and *don't blow it.* If you must complain about the fact that Japan could relegate us to the Second Eleven of the Third World by punching a couple of cancellations into the computer, do it very, very quietly and offer them some animals as hostages afterwards. Don't ask what they plan to do with them. Don't forget that the Japanese military code of honor, bushido, involves not taking prisoners and pushing sharp objects through their temples when they do. Their commercial code of honor, bullshido, is pretty much the same. It is a great discourtesy to turn your back on a Japanese, and very, very unwise.
ATTRACTIONS: Not feeling insecure about your height, sexism, emotional stability, sudden cravings to eat the private parts of poisonous fish.
CUSTOMS TO WATCH OUT FOR: Trying to stand up inside your hotel room; trying to stand up after drinking Japanese whisky; saying "Yes"; saying "No"; not bowing from the waist to an officer; eating the private parts of poisonous fish.
THINGS TO BUY: Wait till you get back. You won't have so far to carry them.
WHAT TO TELL THE MEDIA: There have been one or two disagreements over trade in the past, but the Japanese have given you every assurance that they are profoundly conscious of Australia's employment problems. What they have actually told you is: "All prisoners work."

"There goes Sunday afternoons."



MASSAGE IS NOT A DIRTY WORD

BY MIKE KENT PHOTOS BY TANDY ROWLEY **AND** GRAHAM MONRO

Virtually anyone can give a massage, and almost everyone has. But you can't beat a professional job. Massage now has many meanings. It can be remedial, relaxing, sexual, sports-orientated or oriental. What's your preference? Specialists in each style can work wonders on your body, and these six profiles describe what it's like to put yourself in their hands

REMEDIAL MASSAGE

1 Massage has enjoyed a radical change of image over the last decade. The term used to have connotations of illicit sex — of brothels established behind a shonky massage parlor front. In the Eighties it is now accepted as a legitimate form of therapy, a change which is largely a result of the alternative medicine boom.

Catherine McEwan, a highly regarded masseuse and the proprietor of Naturecare, a busy alternative healing centre in the Sydney suburb of Chatswood, was frequently confronted with the problem of ambiguous expectations when she first started massaging male patients in the early Seventies. "There were a lot of men coming through the clinic and I could always tell when there was an obvious sexual intent." McEwan laughs: "For instance, things started to pop up all over the place.

"I have learned to cope with these situations. I have never walked out on a patient. A lot of girls have. I usually just start to laugh and tell them they've come to the wrong place. But those situations rarely happen anymore. We no longer suffer from that sort of confusion."

McEwan's interest in alternative healing developed when she underwent a remarkable recovery from a degenerative bone disease at the hands of an osteopath, after she had tried every avenue of conventional medicine. She studied a wide range of disciplines but kept coming back to massage. "No matter how hard I tried to get away from it, it was what I did best. Massage is my most effective medium.

Everything else I studied, like acupuncture and osteopathy, has consolidated my skills in massage."

It is the intimate and personal aspects of massage which McEwan finds most attractive. "The intent of the masseur who is working on you, his attitude toward his patient and his ability to be positive and sympathetic towards you can be just as important as the actual techniques being employed," she says.

McEwan's vibrant personality and infectious good humor complement her assured and perceptive physical techniques. She charges $20 for a treatment which will take at least an hour, using coconut oil as her preferred lubricant.

She is eager to emphasise the healing aspects of massage. "It is the oldest form of healing known to mankind. It is such an obvious and basic form of therapy that it has often been overlooked by Australian medical authorities who have always come down hard on other alternative therapists."

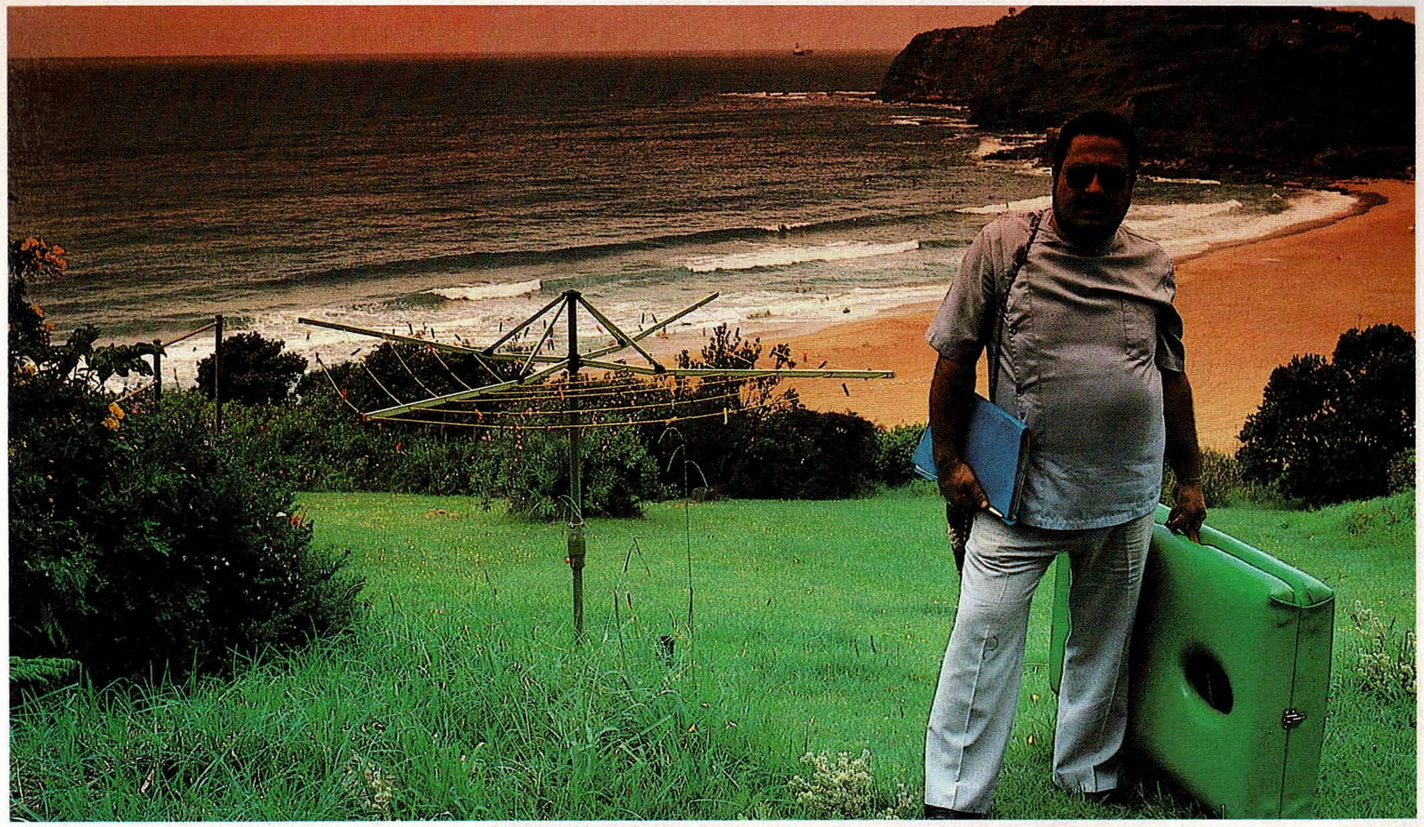
Her procedure prior to massage typically involves an analysis of the patient's posture. McEwan is able to discern a variety of imbalances from these observations and continues her diagnosis as she starts to work on her patient. Her calm, confident and occasionally comical manner rapidly induce a tranquil, receptive state.

McEwan's diagnostic ability is extraordinary. A childhood car smash left me with a slightly twisted pelvis which resulted in an almost indiscernible lack of symmetry through my shoulders. When I visited her for treatment I was interested to see whether she was going to notice the imbalance, and was impressed when she remarked upon it after only a cursory glance.

Her massage skills include Swedish techniques characterised by long, deep, flowing strokes and incorporating Shiatsu pressure points and a lot of ligament and tendon stretching. A remedial treatment's immediate effect is to loosen tight muscles and increase blood flow. McEwan then concentrates on the problem areas — often indirectly — emphasising the point that muscles have a great deal of control over bone structure. So the masseur can have a major impact on the body, merely by re-educating muscle movement.

It is impossible to give a qualified opinion of the benefits of remedial massage after the single treatment I received from Catherine. However, her accurate diagnosis of my complaint and the efficiency with which she concentrated upon the affected area left me feeling particularly receptive to the potential for relief which McEwan's style of treatment offers.

Catherine says she is so busy running her clinic and teaching facilities these days that she does not have enough time to devote to her patients, a situation which she regrets. However, much of her time is spent training students of massage, hundreds of whom have qualified under her instruction since Naturecare was established, thus helping to ensure the evolution of the most basic healing art.



MOBILE MASSAGE

2 Anything which promotes relaxation — but particularly a soporific without side-effects — is a valuable commodity these days. One of Chris Catts' first proclamations, upon walking through my front door with a folding massage table in one hand and an appointment book in the other, was that he prefers to collect his fee before he goes to work on his clients because they often fall asleep by the time he's finished.

"Not in my case, mate," I thought to myself. "It'll take more than a rub-down to relax me. I'm hyperactive. I can drop two Serapax and still be toey."

Housecalls are Catts' speciality. He's been doing his rounds for more than five years, believing that your own home is the most beneficial environment for taking advantage of the potential for complete relaxation which massage offers. "It's obvious that you're more likely to be relaxed in your home than in a clinic," Chris asserts. "And after your massage you don't have to climb into your car and fight the traffic."

After joining the workforce in the field of accountancy, followed by a brief and trying spell giving driving lessons to nervous teenagers, Catts took instruction in massage, found it a satisfying business and was soon getting more work than he could handle in gyms, sauna clubs, squash clubs and osteopathic clinics. In his 10 years in the trade he's handled the full range of physiques from body builders to ballet dancers.

Catts has also taken on the unusual task of training prostitutes in the art of massage. "My first job as a masseur was in Kings Cross. It was difficult working as a straight masseur in an area full of brothels. My clientele in those days consisted mainly of detectives and working girls.

"It was inevitable that I should start training them. I actually ended up working in the straight massage facility which was established beside one of Sydney's most exclusive brothels. We had 15 masseuses working 24 hours a day in there doing legitimate body work on a host of VIPs."

When asked to nominate the best body he's ever worked on, Catts selects Rudolph Nureyev. "He was a flawless human specimen. His strength, flexibility and muscle tone were perfect, and that was when he was 42 years of age." Catts has no particular preferences as far as his clients are concerned. He says extremely hairy bodies can be hard. "Your hands just don't glide as freely. That's why women and Asians are the easiest to work on. Fat is fine; so is a reasonable amount of muscle. But weightlifters, whose bodies are sometimes too taut, can be hard work."

At a minimum rate of $25 for a solid hour session, Catts does up to six or seven house calls a day. After unfolding his table he starts a cassette tape recording of some mellow music, takes out a bottle of Goanna oil and gets to work.

While he claims his massage gives therapeutic relief to a range of minor ailments, including headaches, sciatica, back pain and arthritis, Catts' main aim is to relax you. Through the use of techniques which would be categorised under the Swedish tag "friction, pressure and percussion," he gives a soothing and particularly strong full body treatment.

Catts is emphatic about the benefits of massage. "This is one of the few forms of therapy where the patient receives obvious and instant relief. In the spectrum of alternative medicine, massage offers the most immediate remedy. All the others — osteopathy, herbal treatments and acupuncture — are slow healing processes. That's the reason why I have stuck with massage for 10 years."

Apart from those benefits, the bottom line is — it feels good. And sometimes it hurts. "Pain is an essential part of massage," Catts contends. "There is an old Chinese saying: 'Let pain be your guide. Through pain you will heal.' It's as simple as that."

An hour under the influence of Chris Catts' hands left me feeling light-headed and serene. He displays a highly refined tactile sense, concentrating most of his energy on the back, and in particular the spinal area and neck. He also puts a lot of work into his patients' feet. "The masseur is often working on an instinctive level. His hands see. His fingers are his eyes. For the patient, treatment can become addictive. Massage is like a drug."

I'll vouch for that statement. I was surprised by the effect of Catts' massage. It transformed my mood from a nervous to a deeply relaxed state. When he left I felt I could have floated out the door behind him. Instead I thought I'd just lie down for a minute, and fell asleep for two hours.

Does the travelling masseur have trouble establishing regular clientele? "My book is always full. Word of mouth works fine. I have never had to advertise. My hands are my best advertisement."

SHIATSU MASSAGE

3 Most ancient cultures which engaged in athletic pursuits incorporated some form of massage into these activities. For the Greeks, massage was a method of making muscles more supple before tests of strength. It was also offered to gladiators after their sport to relieve pain and bruising, as well as to reinvigorate the body and to hasten convalescence. The techniques developed by these cultures invariably evolved from simple instinctive motions — applying a soothing hand to a sore spot, rubbing cold skin or tapping a numb limb.

The exception is Shiatsu, the Japanese style of massage which, although often practised in an instinctive and intuitive manner, is based on the principles of acupuncture. The energy meridians which the acupuncturist works on are also the focus of the Shiatsu practitioner. So Shiatsu has a strong theoretical framework behind its practice.

This form of massage was relatively insignificant in Australia until American Daniel Weber founded the East West centre, located in Sydney's Haymarket, seven years ago. It is now a thriving clinic and training centre which offers a wide range of treatments apart from Shiatsu.

One of the most experienced therapists at the centre, Masako, a delightful, diminutive lady in her mid-forties, has been giving Shiatsu treatment for more than 20 years. Her traditional Japanese upbringing results in a particularly authentic style of treatment.

Shiatsu literally means "finger pressure", although the thumbs, because of their strength, are the masseur's most common tool. Masako's creative techniques go beyond that narrow definition. She incorporates the use of every limb and appendage, from her toes to the top of her head. My appointment with Masako proved to be the most intimate and intense massage treatment I experienced.

One quality which differentiates Shiatsu from other forms of massage is that it is concerned with altering energy levels rather than with unknotting a specific muscle or increasing blood circulation in a particular area. Traditional Japanese medicine approaches the body as energy rather than matter, and Shiatsu's aim is to regulate the body's energy flow in order to achieve a state of balance and health. Its practitioners claim that it has a preventative function as well as a curative one, not just restoring balance but maintaining it.

Masako doesn't use oils or other lubricants. They are considered to be energy insulators, inhibiting the flow which the masseur is working on. After showing me into a room furnished only with a thin cotton mattress and a small table holding moxibustion equipment — implements used for burning herbs on the skin in order to adjust energy levels — Masako instructed me to undress and don a kimino.

The unique nature of the Shaitsu treatment became evident as soon as Masako began working on me. I had expected a massage based on finger pressure to be a comparatively disjointed, piecemeal practice which would not have the deep, flowing movements which other styles offer and which result in such pleasantly relaxed states of mind and body. However, the combination of Masako's soft, singsong accent and her subtle but firm touch soon induced a state of tranquility. She works with a smooth, slow, soothing tempo, her hands revealing an instinctive understanding of the body's symmetry as she uses the palms of her hands to stretch back muscles, her elbows when she needs to exert extra pressure, and even her knees when she wants to get really deep.

Shiatsu treatment is not merely aimed at specific illnesses, but when asked to be definitive about its benefits, Masako cites its success in the treatment of arthritic complaints and the relief of stress as examples. The energy redistribution which Shiatsu aims at is particularly effective in the latter area. Masako says her own countrymen are in particular need of stress relief. "Japanese businessmen work under great pressure," she says. "They haven't got time to get sick; they just die."

She considered that I was a particularly stressed individual, emphasising the fact that "You must learn to relax." She was also quick to pick up on my drinking habits. When I expressed discomfort when she began to exert pressure around my eyes, Masako commented that I must be having trouble with my liver . . . and I thought that was a secret between me and the barmaid at The Arms.

Masako proved to be much more than a mere technician of Shiatsu. Of the masseurs I encountered during my research, she more than any other displayed the talents of a true healer.

SPORTS MASSAGE

4 It happened towards the end of a weekly game of squash. Down 6-8 in a deciding set and determined not to let the game get away, I stretched right out for a low ball and felt something tear at the back of my neck. It hurt but I didn't think about it, finishing the game.

My neck was really stiff that night and the next morning I couldn't turn my head to the left without a great deal of pain. My regular drive home from work takes me past a shopping centre, where one store window carries a sign saying "PHYSIOTHERAPY — Sports Injury Clinic." The neck was so painful the next evening I decided to call in and see what they could do for me.

Physiotherapist Gary Eastburn ushered me into his clinic and while he worked on the injury he gave me the medical perspective on massage. Eastburn is an articulate proponent of manual therapies with a highly technical knowledge of the mechanics of the human body — the result of his diverse studies. He originally trained as a masseur after studying science at university. He then took a course in osteopathy, found that discipline's point of view limited and decided on a career in physiotherapy. That broad range of bodywork has given him an open-minded viewpoint on manual therapy techniques.

He is particularly enthusiastic about the benefits of massage, claiming it should be taught to school children. Apart from the therapeutic angle, he asserts that a basic knowledge of massage results in an understanding of your own body's mechanics which can only help to promote good health.

Massage plays a significant part in physiotherapeutic treatment. However, its practitioners tend not to use the term too much — a hangover from the days when the word suffered from non-therapeutic connotations. Physios have a variety of euphemistic descriptions for massage treatment, translating the three basic actions — kneeding, friction and stroking — into terms like soft tissue techniques, connective tissue techniques and specific mobilisation.

In the case of my neck injury, physiotherapeutic massage was first used in an exploratory function. According to Eastburn, a light massage of the injured area helps to relax the patient as well as introducing the physiotherapist to his body. In my case, after a lengthy diagnosis which included getting me to extend and rotate my neck and shoulders in a variety of positions, he found I was suffering from a strained neck and shoulder muscle, compounded by structural assymetry in the shoulder and neck, the result of adaptation to an old injury (obviously the motor vehicle accident which remedial masseuse Catherine McEwan had also diagnosed).

"This sort of injury is very common," Eastburn said. "This area is a particularly mobile part of the body and one which is frequently strained during sport." Sportsmen make up a large part of Eastburn's clientele. "Athletes usually make good patients," he says. "They can be characterised as dynamic, high-need achievers. They come to see me because their function has been limited and they are frustrated as a result of that.

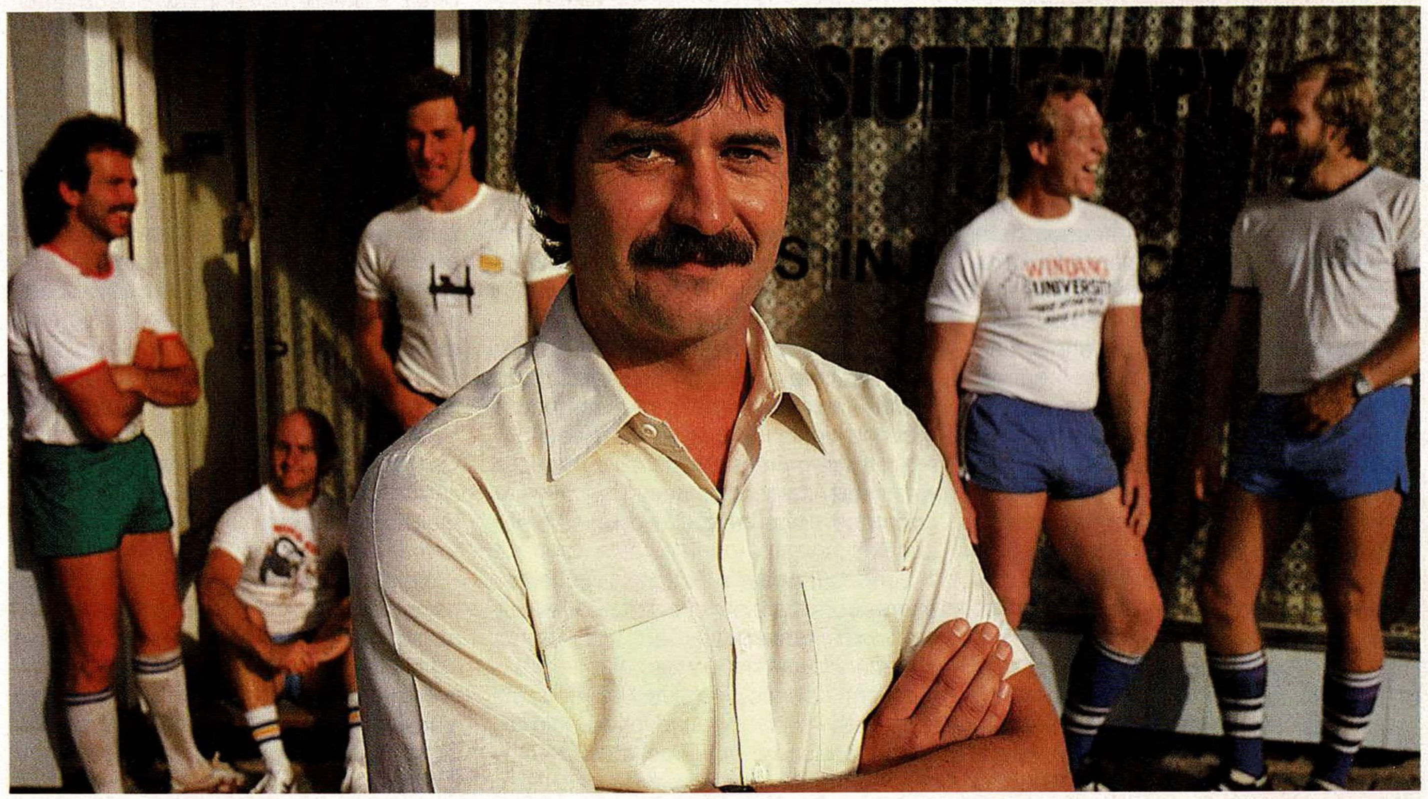
"Footballers regularly hobble in here with serious injuries, wanting to know if they can go to training on Thursday, and it is part of my job to separate those who can from those who shouldn't."

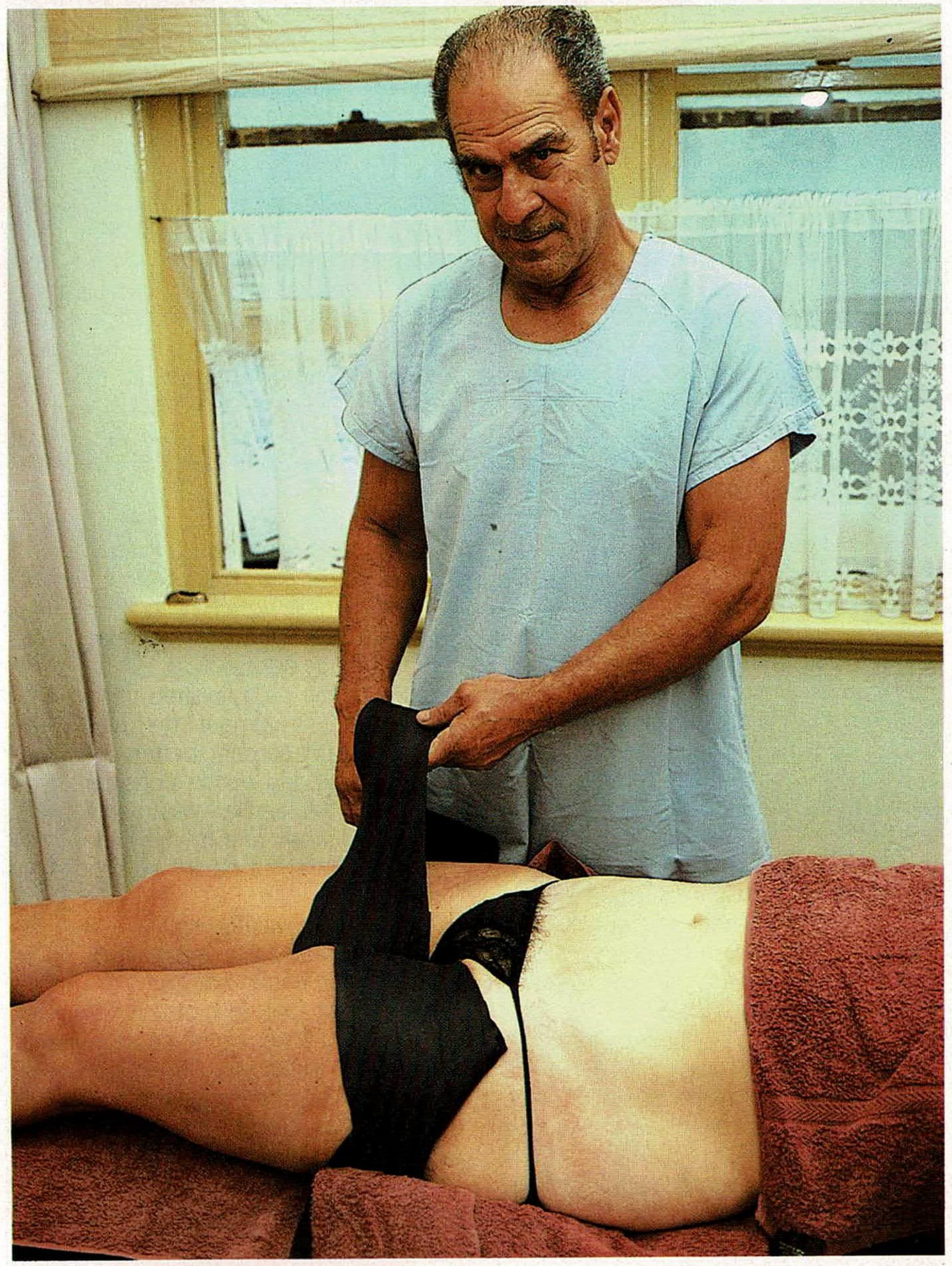
While age-old manual therapies play a part in his techniques, Eastburn also makes use of modern technology. In my case one of his first moves, after his initial assessment, was to heat my neck with a short wave diatherm — electrical pads which transfer heat to the area, reducing muscle spasms, relaxing the sore spot and increasing blood supply to the area. He then applied the steel head of an ultrasound machine to the spot, to reduce muscle soreness and swelling.

The treatment included the stretching of the injured area, along with specific massage. It all felt good. Eastburn showed me a variety of exercises which I was to do at home to help speed my recovery, and finally he used an interferential machine to further reduce the pain.

By the time he'd finished this lengthy and diligent treatment my neck was feeling a 100 percent better. The pain and stiffness had eased considerably. I went back for similar treatments twice in the next week and by the end of that period the strained neck had recovered completely.

I found the physiotherapists' attitude to massage particularly impressive. Their thoroughly scientific point of view, complemented by the use of 20th Century technology, results in a complete and competent treatment. Their scientific massage style, offering the most effective and immediate relief from injury, is obviously particularly applicable to the modern sportsman.





JOHNNY'S MASSAGE

5 Big John Guttenbeil makes grown men cry. When this jovial, slow-talking bear of a man has finished with you, you know you've had a massage. Johnny's technique is vigorous but smooth; strong, deep and effective. If the human body can be compared to a machine, then John is the most expert of mechanics. His patients say they are firing on all cylinders after one of John's tune-ups.

John, 61, learned his unique style of massage more than 40 years ago from an old man on the Tongan island of Vavau, where he grew up. For the last three years he has been working from his home in Bondi, treating more than 80 people a week — injured athletes, arthritic pensioners, stressed businessmen and ladies trying to lose weight.

Beside his massage table is a book full of unsolicited written testimonials from satisfied clients. Peter Marteene is one of John's regulars. A jackhammer worker on demolition sites, Marteene suffered a severe spinal injury when he was hit by a falling piece of corrugated iron. He says he was virtually crippled. The pain was so severe he couldn't work and couldn't sleep without tranquillisers.

"I had been off work for 18 months and had visited a variety of doctors and received all sorts of specialist treatment such as manipulation under anaesthetic. The doctors' last resort was to put the knife into me. I thought there had to be another answer. A friend of mine recommended John, so I tried his treatment. After three months of intensive therapy I was nearly as good as new. The pain was gone and I was able to work and sleep again."

John Guttenbeil's patients' vociferous expression of praise for his methods is exceptional. Matthew Carr, a former physical education teacher, is one of his most enthusiastic disciples. He was so impressed with the cure worked on him by John that he apprenticed himself to Guttenbeil and now has his own remedial and therapeutic massage practice up the road in Paddington.

Carr says Guttenbeil's massage works much deeper than the common Swedish techniques, and has something in common with a modern massage style called "Rolphing" which, apart from its physical impact, is claimed by its proponents to have a dramatic cathartic effect. "John can adjust and balance the body's tensions," says Carr, "and at the same time he can actually alter the shape of the body over a period of time."

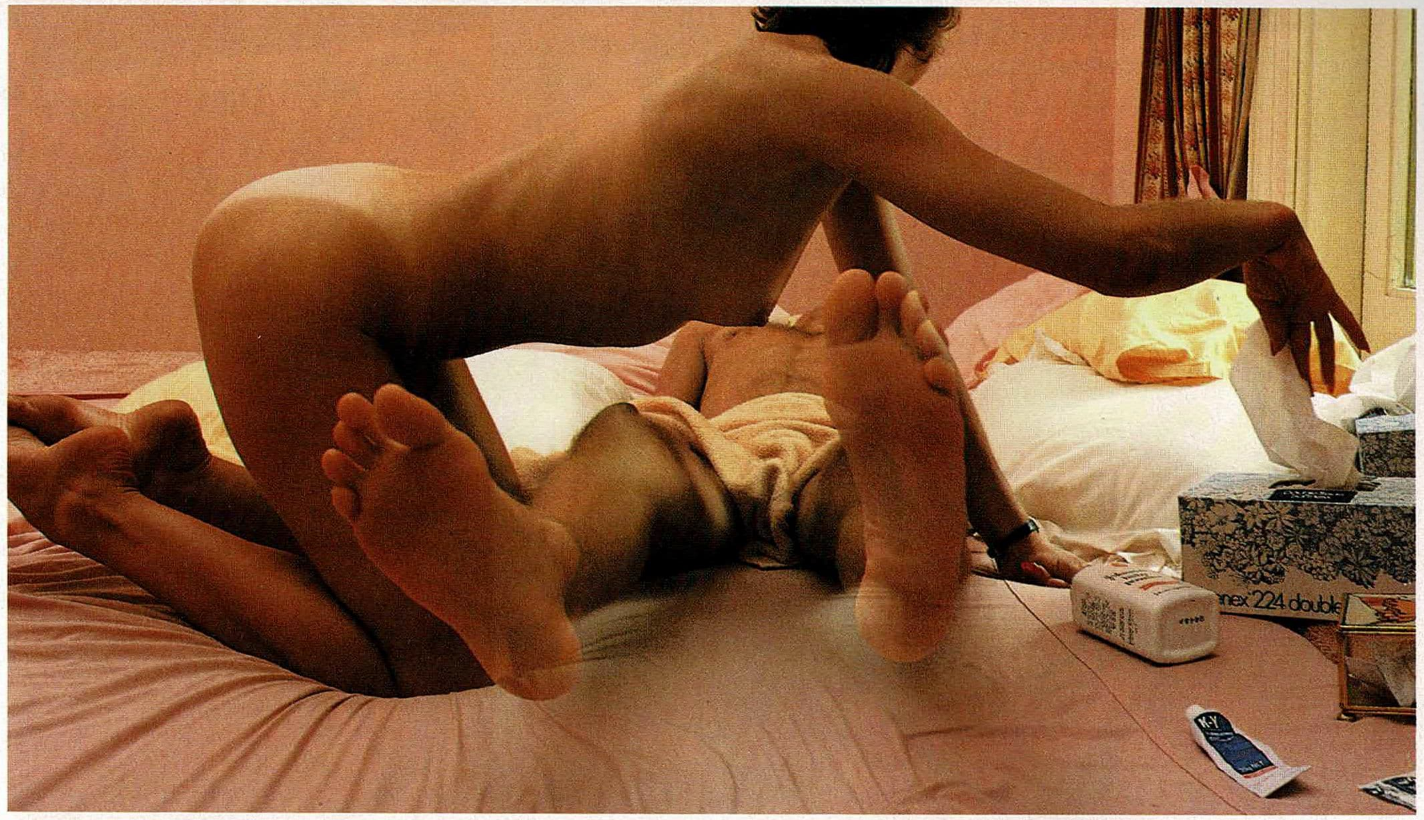
It is John's unusual fat reduction techniques which have made him so popular with his female clients. They involve the use of broad strips of inner-tube rubber applied to the body like a tornique in combination with heat and manual pressure. Over a six to 12-month period, and in combination with a strenuous exercise program devised by John, both Carr and Guttenbeil claim the practice produces a remarkable change in physique.

John says his method is particularly applicable to women with excessive fat around their hips, thighs or ankles. "Lots of women are just born lazy," he says. "They don't want to look after their bodies; they eat too much and they let themselves go. But if they work hard with these techniques they can reduce their weight." John contends that the human body can be trained to grow like a plant. "If you want to make it grow in a particular direction, then you train the muscles to do so, and when they are injured you repair them. This is the job of the masseur."

John's massage procedure involves the initial application of hot, wet towels to the back to warm and loosen the muscles. He then applies liberal quantities of oil and adds warm water during the massage in order to keep his hands well lubricated. His massage concentrates on the calves and the feet as well as the spinal column and neck. Apart from working some remarkable cures with muscle complaints, John claims a high success rate with migraine headache relief: "I don't care what anyone else says, I have been treating migraines for 40 years and they are invariably the direct result of tension and tight, stiff muscles in the upper back and neck. Massage can make a migraine disappear."

John's enthusiasm for his techniques is infectious. "Athletes, runners, footballers — they all come here for treatment. If I wanted to work 12 hours a day, seven days a week, I could. Everyone should be massaged and everyone should learn how to massage," he contends.

Being so scrawny that I considered becoming a jockey before turning to journalism there wasn't much point in trying John's weight reduction scheme. However, I can vouch for the effect of his massage. It was exquisitely painful, leaving me feeling light, loose and convinced that massage is a marvellous tonic.



RELIEF MASSAGE

6 By the time I'd reached the end of this investigation of massage techniques I was feeling as loose as a goose, having been worked over comprehensively by a variety of experts throughout what could be described as a lengthy massage crawl. Every muscle in my body had been massaged many times; every muscle, that is, but one.

Now, let's get real. Massage was about sex long before it was about healing, therapy or weight loss. The most accomplished ladies of the night have always been well versed in the art of sensual massage.

Carmen, a girl from a Sydney establishment which for legal reasons we'll have to call The Black Stag in Victoria Street, Kings Cross, explains why massage is so compatible with coitus: "Ostensibly, people come to a place like this for sex. But there are often more complex motives involved. Relaxation and communication are also a part of the experience. Our girls are conscious of this. They know how to make a client feel special, and they know how to make him relax. One of their methods is massage. A massage is a perfect prelude to sex."

Carmen has been in the game for seven years, working in a variety of houses before branching out on her own. She has high ideals. "This establishment is different for a number of reasons," she contends.

"For a start, there are no men behind the scenes. This place is run by women who know their business. We try to be friendly and open with our clients rather than cool and professional, getting to know them on a first name basis and getting to know their preferences. That may sound a bit idealistic, but we do have a standard of excellence.

"We make an effort to ensure that our clients feel special. I say to the girls: 'Treat this guy as if he's your boyfriend. Don't act like a stopwatch. If you go a few minutes over time, it doesn't matter.' A lot of people in this industry end up becoming smug. Their standards start to slip. Some of them may as well be selling fast food for all the effort they put into it. You can end up turning into a machine — a well-oiled machine. — and we try to avoid that."

Carmen rejects the typical image of the prostitute. She says the most commonly observed members of her profession, the street girls, can give the wrong impression. "The public image of them is that they're junkies, on the beat for a pimp, desperados without any options. That is often not the case. It certainly isn't here."

One of The Black Stag's girls, Yvonne, makes the interesting observation that more than 80 percent of the working girls she knows in the Cross have had a Roman Catholic upbringing and education. Blonde and demure, Yvonne is a former convent girl herself. She would have made the nuns proud had she achieved similar success in any other profession; she's invested most of her lucrative earnings in real estate and has travelled extensively, having just returned from New York.

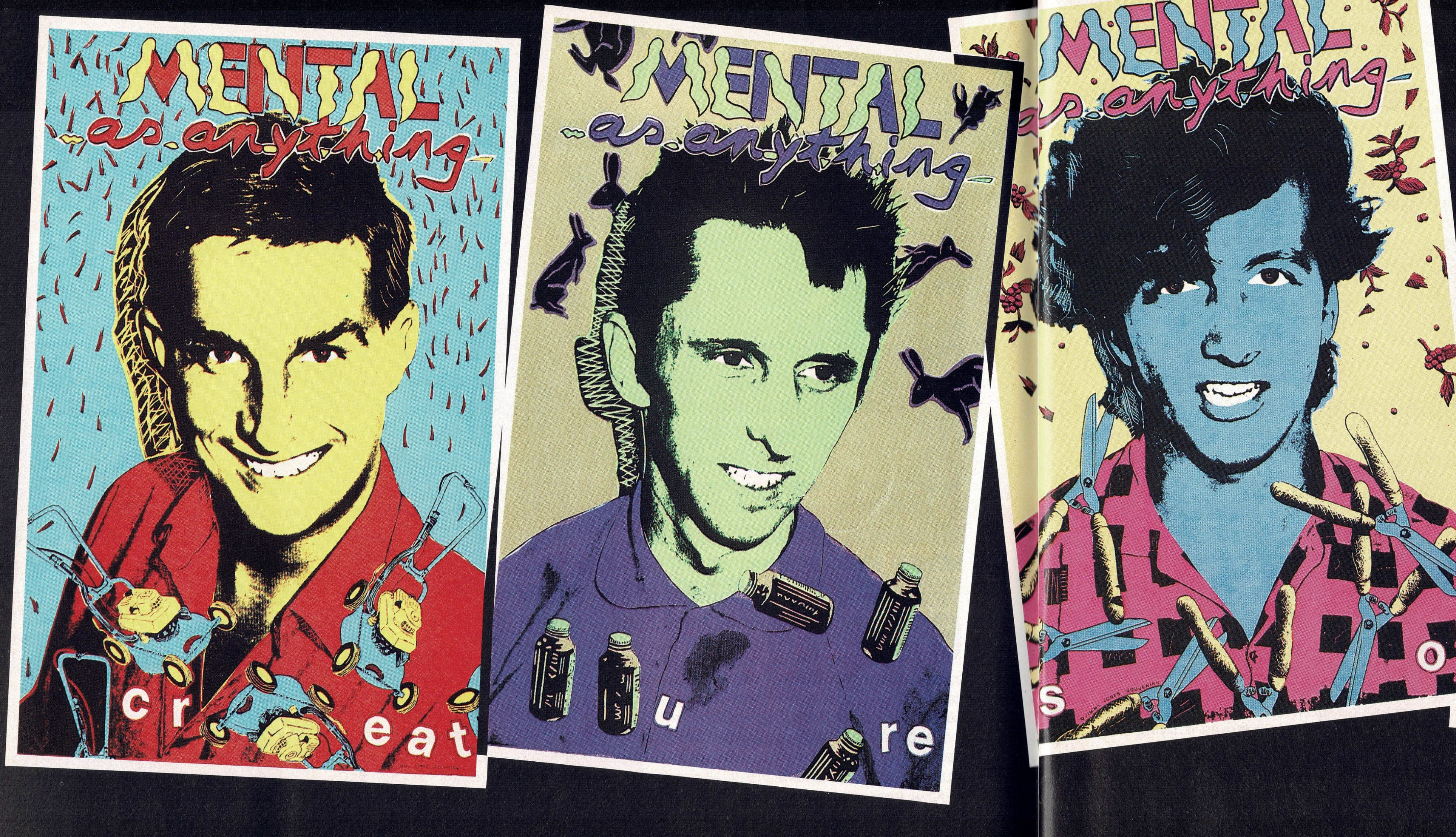
As she led me upstairs, Yvonne explained that her relationship with most of her regular clients had developed to a point where the hour they usually paid for her was spent engaged in acts which would come naturally to lovers. It wasn't just cold, clinical sex. And what part did massage play in this? "Usually, they end up massaging me," she replied.

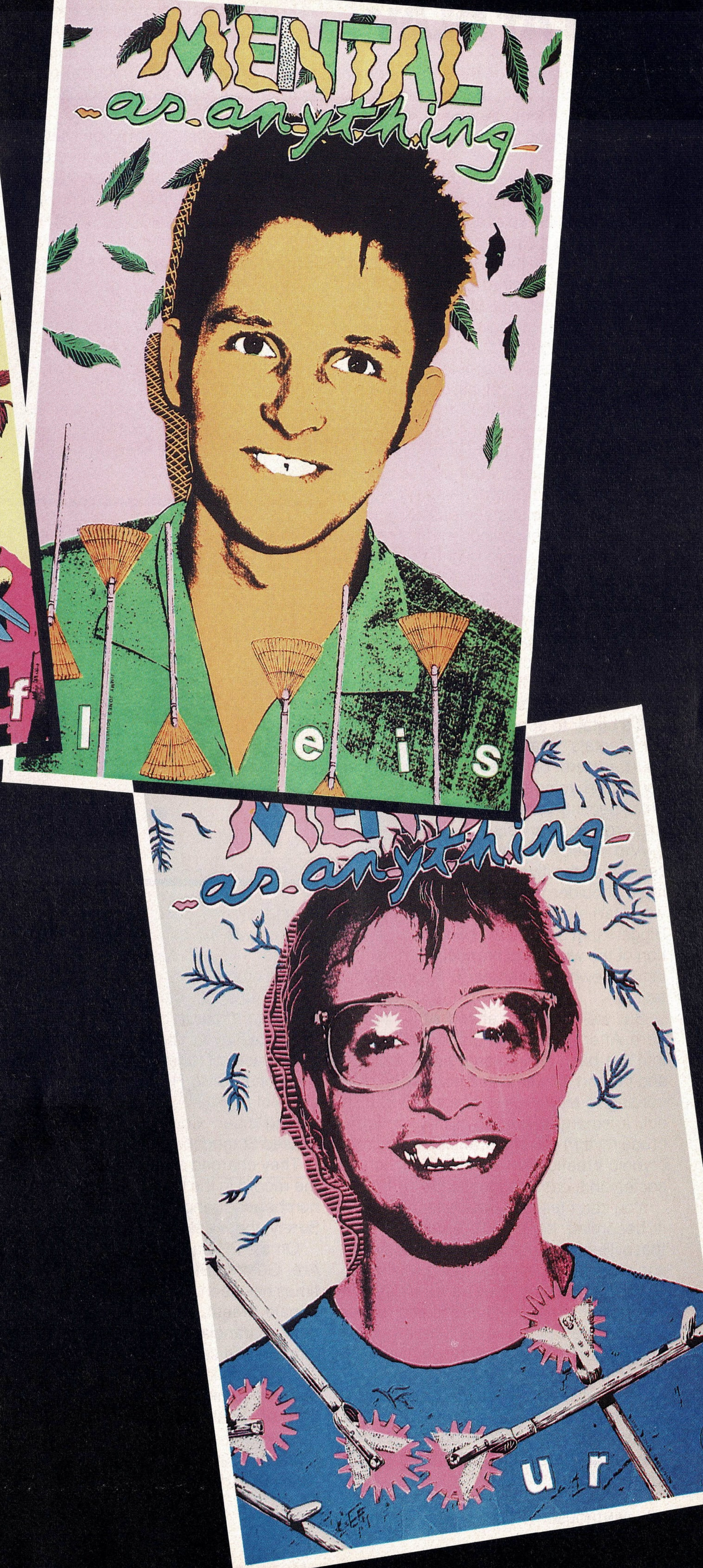
Yvonne is an expert in the art of seduction. Her conversation is reserved and relaxed. Subtle flattery was her main intent as she began to rub oil over my back, occasionally allowing her fingers to explore regions which had been *verboten* during my previous massages. As she rubbed me down, Yvonne frequently allowed her breasts to fall over my back, brushing her nipples across my shoulder blades.

As I rolled over she expressed surprise at the sight of an erection. "It's so hard!" she exclaimed softly, revealing a talent for a form of massage which I had never considered until this point. She continued on the same theme by making further complimentary remarks about my meagre physical assets.

In the interest of an investigation into massage, our original contract was for manual relief — a hand job. But as Carmen says disdainfully, that's only for men who are afraid of catching a disease. In her generosity, Yvonne offered me more, continuing the massage with her mouth. She was strong but compliant, stretching back and offering herself to me. As I climaxed inside her she shuddered and whimpered like a child.

It may have been a recorded response delivered right on cue, but it hit the spot, presenting conclusive proof that this lady's special talents lie in the art of massaging egos. Time with Yvonne was money well spent. The ego massage was magic.





Mental As Anything have turned eccentricity into a popular art form

MEN AT PLAY

BY ROGER CROSTHWAITE

To hear Greedy Smith talk you'd think there was nothing to this rock band lark.

Greedy, the organ player, sometime singer and harmonica whiz, and ebullient master of ceremonies of Australia's Mental As Anything, approaches rock stardom with the same casual aplomb with which Greg Norman lines up a simple two-foot putt.

Speaking of the early days of the band, he says without a trace of irony: "I don't mind admitting I was the least accomplished of the lot of us. But I was a useful distraction while the others were tuning up between songs."

From the daredevil early days when the band would play — perched precariously on the pool table — in Paddington's Unicorn Hotel, to their recent tour of the USA as a support to Men At Work, Mental As Anything have blazed a trail for an unsophisticated, *uncool* style of band while all the time creating some of the most sophisticated, ricky-tickiest pop/rock between Bondi and Boston. Along the way they helped spawn a record company — Regular Records — which in turn produced Icehouse, Austen Tayshus and Deckchairs Overboard, to name but a few.

In the quest for the eternal free drink and buffet supper, they have recorded four albums and over a dozen singles, and played everywhere from loungerooms to New York's ritzy Ritz Club.

What is it about art students? Why do they get all the breaks? And how did Andrew Smith, aka Greedy (and who secretly longs to be referred to as Nightingale) end up joining a rock band with the likes of Reg Mombassa, Wayne Delisle, Martin Plaza and Peter O'Doherty?

The five of them were tackling the niceties of creative brushwork at what is now the Sydney Technical College Art School, managing a furtive musical existence concurrently with their studies. Delisle, Plaza, Mombassa and O'Doherty were already a formidable lounge-room combo when Andrew (as he was still known then) ambled on to the scene.

"Wayne was the one who asked me along one day to somebody's house,"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY PAUL WORSTED

recalls Greedy, lighting the first of a chain of Marlboros. "I went along to play some harmonica and there they were, this scruffy lot, lying around listening to Cliff Carlisle records.

"I remember the first night I played with them . . . it was an art school dance at a hall in Surry Hills. I played harmonica a bit and then read the paper in between.

"I got paid for the first couple of jobs, but then they stopped paying me for a while — until I broke Martin's amplifier. Then they had to start paying me again so I could pay him back."

You can't deny the simple logic of that. But Greedy's musical career stretched back before the Mentals to a series of garage bands in which he developed his authentically gritty harmonica style. His singing and virtuoso work on the Farfisa organ came later, as did his earthy RSL prawn night style of stage patter.

Being the most obvious member of the band on stage, one might mistakenly assume that Greedy is the Mentals' token loony, a frontman for an otherwise straight-down-the-line rock group. That's anything but the case. Mental As Anything is a seemingly bottomless well of quirky musical tastes (Cliff Carlisle being one) and eccentric personalities.

It's unfair to apportion all the blame for the Mentals' image as Australian rock's court jesters on Greedy. A band that sprung recycled Monkeys' songs on an unsuspecting punk audience must bear that cross collectively.

And even Martin Plaza, the most serious of the five according to Greedy, must shoulder his share of the blame. It was Martin's song "The Nips Are Getting Bigger" that brought the band to the attention of the world and branded them as being somewhat eccentric in their musical tastes.

But we're getting ahead of ourselves here. After Greedy was officially absorbed into the band ("Everyone got to like him and he sort of weaselled his way in," according to Martin) they continued to dish out a smorgasbord of hillbilly country, crude rhythm and blues, and their own embryonic creations to the cross-section of society that gathered at the Unicorn.

You can't tell the Mentals story without it becoming hopelessly entangled with that of Regular Records, the company that scooped them up and made them the household name they are today. In amongst the mohawk hairdos and rubber shirts at the Unicorn were Martin Fabinyi and Cameron Allen, now respectively the general manager of Regular and a highly successful record producer. Of course, back then Fabinyi was a script-writer and Allan a soundtrack composer. Neither knew a rat's arse about starting a record company.

In a pub not far from the Woolloomooloo terrace house that Regular calls home Fabinyi mused about the auspicious mating of the Mentals' musical prowess and he and Allan's own peculiar talents and foresight.

"I was drawn to them when I saw them playing 'I'm A Believer' to a crowd of punks one night," is his excuse. "Cameron and I went to see them over about a year, and in that time had we solidified our desire to work together. In fact, the reason Regular got started was that we wanted to make a movie.

"We were going to make all our money in the record game, clean up, and use all the money to make a movie — which we'd already written. The script is still in the back files somewhere."

After settling on what seemed a foolproof scheme to turn Darlinghurst into the new Hollywood, the steely-eyed entrepreneurs slid into the Sydney night to track down their unsuspecting quarry.

> We've got love songs, drinking songs, mystical songs and heavily disguised drug songs. Plenty of variety there

That was the beginning of the Regular empire — and Mental As Anything's recording career.

The upshot was that the Mentals recorded a four track EP, titled *Mental As Anything Play At Your Party,* and switched their base of operations to the aforementioned Civic Hotel, within a beer-can throw of the salubrious Mandarin Club, the subterranean Chequers, and the sadly missed Stagedoor Tavern.

They charged a dollar to get in, flogged the record in the breaks and gloried in the number and range of free drinks on offer. Surely, this was it.

On the EP was Plaza's song "The Nips Are Getting Bigger," which at various times has been mistaken for an ode to the female breast, a resurgence of "Yellow Peril" paranoia, and a tamborine-beating temperance song.

What was in fact a droll, almost wistful, Mentals' drinking song came to the attention of Festival Records, who made Fabinyi and Allan an offer they couldn't refuse. Regular Records took a step closer to Hollywood, and "Nips" was distributed nationally to become the Mentals' first hit. They appeared on *Countdown* amidst stacks of broken down washing machines, recorded an album, and hit the road to the other capital cities.

"It was about then," says Plaza, "that we knew we were in a proper rock band."

Reg Mombassa is a startling looking man, whose natural ratbag looks are emphasised by his dress — sort of "sherry flagon couture."

Greedy Smith, when pressed for a description, withdrew into a toothy smile and said of him: "He's sort of an insect with a most perverse personality. The way he writes and the way he thinks and the way he paints just defy description.

"A lot of people have trouble talking to him; they're frightened of him I think. I don't know why, he's not very big."

Obviously, despite his fearsome looks, Mombassa's heart is in the right place. He also has a hell of a lot to do with the Sound of Mentals, has Reg. His stinging slide guitar and fascination for country music flavored a lot of their early music.

Reg rescued his brother from the Black Slacks jazz band, where he had been playing serious guitar and supplementing his earnings by pumping petrol and shoplifting (no chocolate bar was safe from Peter "The Shadow" O'Doherty).

On Peter's arrival in the Mentals he swapped to bass, and that's the way it's been ever since. On stage he lurches uncertainly from stage corner to stage corner, bobbing his head as if trying to shake a piece of pasta from his chin.

Reg paces on the spot, like an arthritic executive on an exercise machine. Both of them contribute regularly to the Mentals' repertoire, Reg penning some of the early classics like "Baby Jesus" and "Egypt," while Peter documented the heartbreak of Abba in his song "Berserk Warriors."

Reg is deliberately vague when it comes to pinning down just exactly what is Mentals' music.

"Apart from saying it sounds like us you couldn't really put it in any genre. The new stuff we're doing has some funk, some straight rock and roll, some hillbilly country," he says.

"We've got love songs, drinking songs, mystical songs and heavily disguised drug songs. Plenty of variety there."

And after a bit of probing, Reg reveals one major ambition.

"Total and unequivocable world domination."

When it comes to world domination, Mental As Anything are having their crack, along with a lot of other Australian rock bands. In just two trips to the US they have played about 80 shows, mostly supporting Men At Work — whose own world domination plans are coming along very nicely —

Continued on page 160

CHRIS

Thredbo Village
WELCOME
TO
REDBO VILLAGE

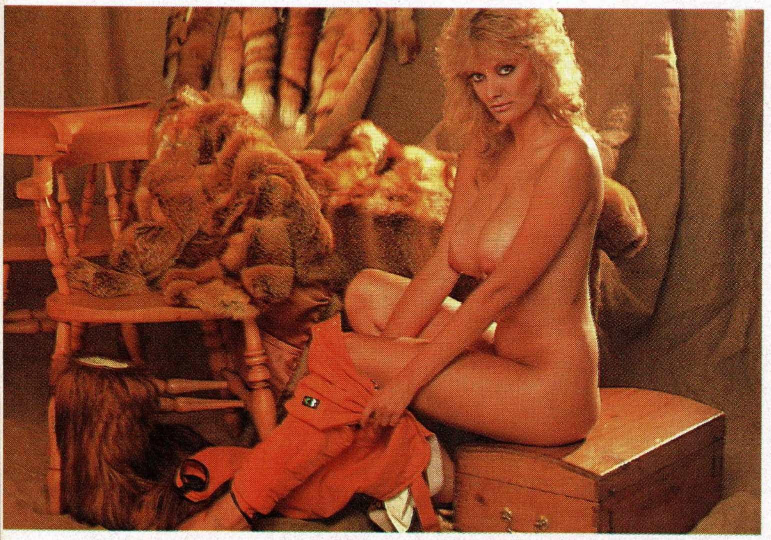
SNOWBALL

For 22-year-old Pet Of The Month Chris Heins the Australian ski fields don't excite the urge to schuss down crisp slopes, drinking the cold air as the wind whips her hair. Nor do they hold the promise and thrill of leaving the first indentations in glittering new-fallen powder on an untraversed slope. Not yet, anyway. Chris is a novice whose skiing tricks involve spending a lot of time with her legs going every which way, landing on her bottom and being buried, boobs down, laughing uncontrollably.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY WARWICK GIBSON
AND BOB WATSON

But when it comes to languishing before a roaring fire, sticking the odd scalding poker into cups of gluwein or dancing up a storm in a steamy disco as the snow floats down outside, nobody does it better than this Adelaide rager.

This skiing business, she admits,
is going to take a little brushing up.
She's only been on the snow twice,
and although she certainly looks the part
in sexy snow gear, it'll take a
lot of practice before she's any good.
She's been practising her nightlife
for about five years.



Chris says she loves having a wild time, and it seems evident in her manner. She's fun, quick with a joke or a laugh and very easy to feel relaxed with. She's the sort of girl who would make any joint jump, because she takes the wild times with her.

Our Pet works as a model and has done some television work, appearing in several commercials. She professes an ambition to be an actress and tells us she's working on it.

And no doubt Chris Heins will fulfil her high hopes. For, as well as being a determined and intelligent young woman, she says she's been a Cheech and Chong fan from way back. And as for hopes, their message has always been "the higher, the better."

MISS CHRIS HEINS/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

The high altitude climber's
first mistake is often his last

HIGH RISKS

High altitude mountaineering is unquestionably dangerous. The fatality rate for expeditions to the world's highest peaks is a frightening 12 percent — that is, one out of every eight who venture on to these Himalayan giants is likely to stay there forever.

Mountaineering has always been acknowledged as a dangerous sport. Ever since three of Edward Whymper's party died on the first ascent of the Matterhorn in 1865 there have been public outcries following mountain-climbing tragedies. But questions challenging the rights and sanity of mountaineers display a basic ignorance about the ethics and philosophy of the pursuit. Climbers seek out risk. They do not try to avoid danger; they enjoy activities that maintain a high level of uncertainty. This is a basic tenet of the sport.

High altitude climbing is a relative term but it usually pertains to attempts on mountains above 6000 metres. The special problems associated with such ascents are legion. Just getting to base camp can require many days' travel over difficult terrain, the logistics of which demand detailed planning. An army of porters is often required to carry the food and equipment as few of these regions are accessible by road. For high altitude climbs specialised clothing and survival gear are essential, together with carefully prepared rations. You wouldn't get very far with a few blankets and a swag full of cans.

The myriad of physiological problems high altitude climbers face compounds upon all the usual mountain risks. Adapting to the rarefied atmosphere, carrying very heavy loads, enduring freezing cold and burning sun and coping with wildly disoriented biorhythms are the major burdens on the body's systems.

However, the most significant physical dangers at high altitude are the potentially violent weather and the instability of the mountain's slopes. Climbers categorise the physical risks of mountaineering into objective and subjective dangers. Objective dangers (like rockfalls, avalanches, lightning strikes) cannot be overcome by a climber's skill, while subjective dangers result from the climber's own mistakes.

This arbitrary division glosses over the crucial role of human judgement. In the course of an ascent, the climber is continually making decisions — when to stop, when to push on, whether to go through an ice fall or around a crevasse field — and

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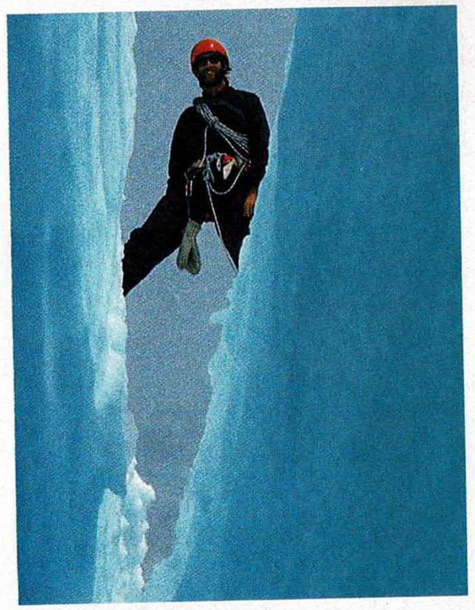
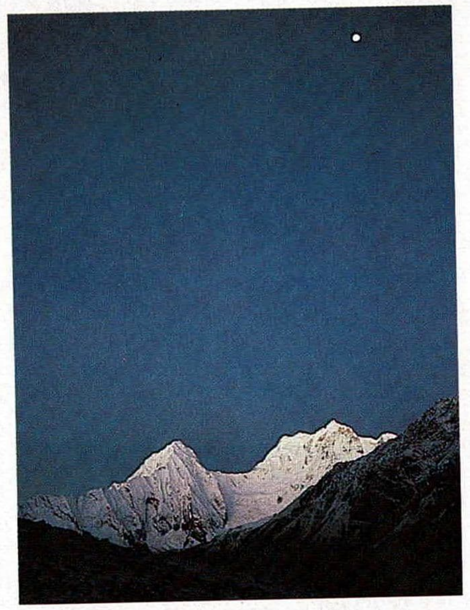
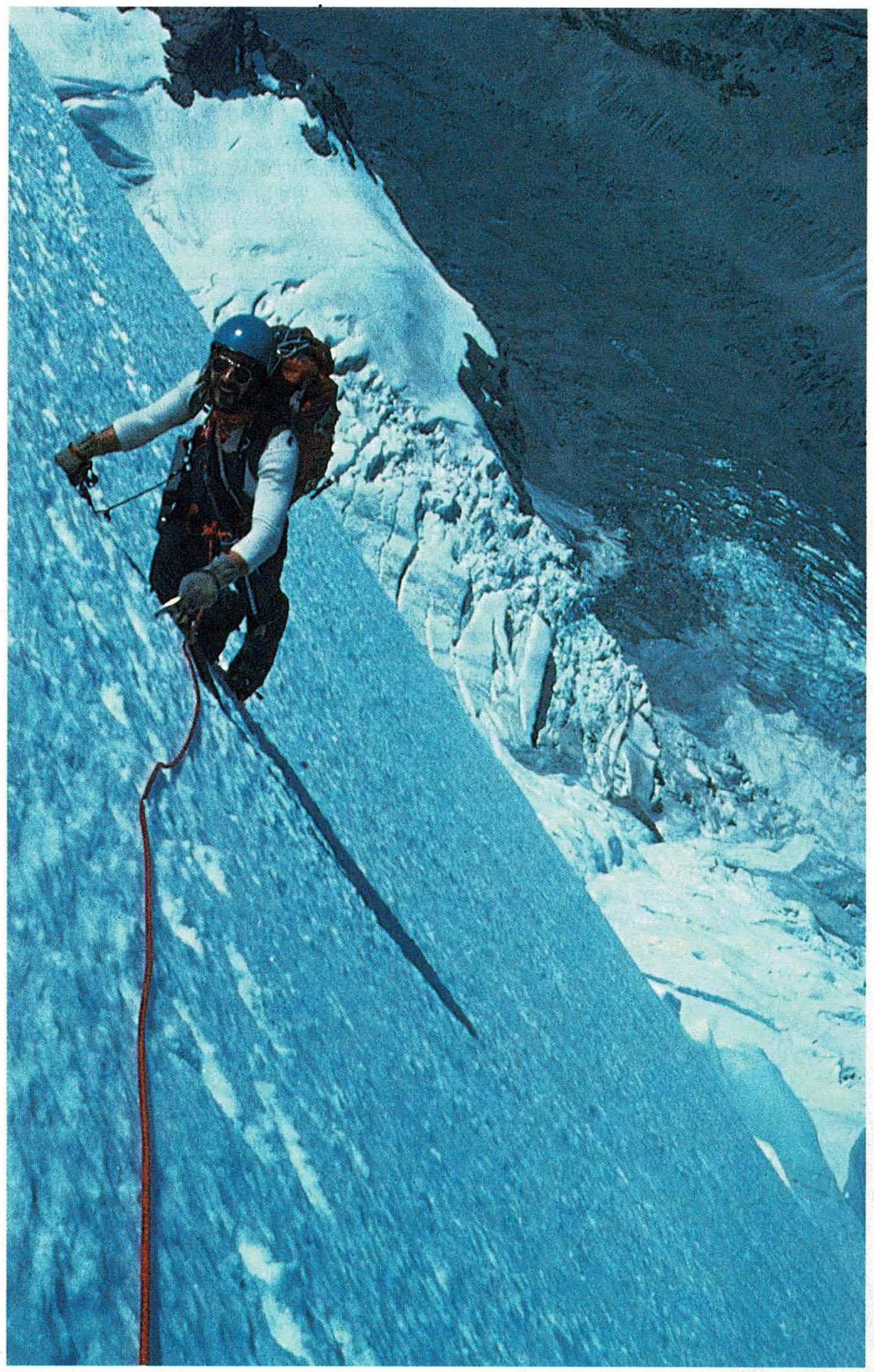
WORDS AND PHOTOS BY JONATHAN CHESTER







Previous page: Australian Annapurna III expedition member Steven Bunton abseils down a serac after successfully negotiating the south face. These pages from left: Bunton climbs the upper slopes of Annapurna. Behind him the lowland plains stretch into infinity. The author traverses the challenging Caroline face of New Zealand's Mount Cook, during the first successful Australian ascent.

HIGH RISKS

these ultimately have a bearing on the nature and degree of objective dangers the climber could face.

Decision-making is the intellectually challenging part of climbing. Choosing the right option is critical when your life may be endangered by a bad decision. Trying to predict the weather, judge snow conditions, assess your physical performance and select a safe route through hostile terrain can quickly become a mental overload for an inexperienced climber. In high altitude climbing, there are few second chances — the first mistake is often the last.

As a broad classification, climbers are obsessive, compulsive people. It's little wonder they are renowned for going to extremes. They seem compulsively attracted to the most inhospitable regions on earth — particularly the Himalayas. Ascending an 8000 metre peak is, to a mountaineer, what running a sub-four minute mile is to an athlete. The Himalayas have a monopoly on peaks of this scale. But why is altitude *per se* so prized? It seems that "the higher you go, the 'higher' you feel!" The experience is so potent that days condense into hours and hours into minutes. This degree of intensity is rare in the normal course of people's lives, yet more and more individuals are seeking such stimulation, and are prepared to gamble on the ultimate price.

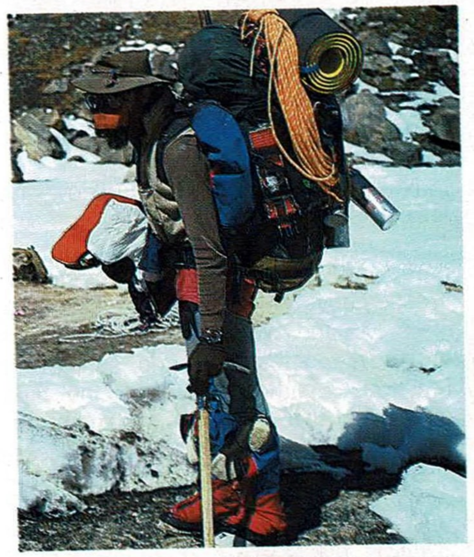
Since 1977, 16 Australian and eight New Zealand expeditions have attempted peaks in the Greater Himalayas. A total of 160 individuals were official members of these 24 expeditions — 116 being Aussies and 44 Kiwis. There have been eight recorded deaths directly resulting from the approach or climb on these full scale expeditions. The fatality rate for antipodean Himalayan mountaineers is five percent — notably lower than the 12 percent average of the expeditions, from all over the world, which attempt the highest peaks in Nepal. Only a fraction of the expeditions originating from "Down Under", however, attempt the world's highest mountains. There is, it seems, a direct correlation between the height of the mountain and the fatality rate. The higher you go, the greater is the chance of not coming home.

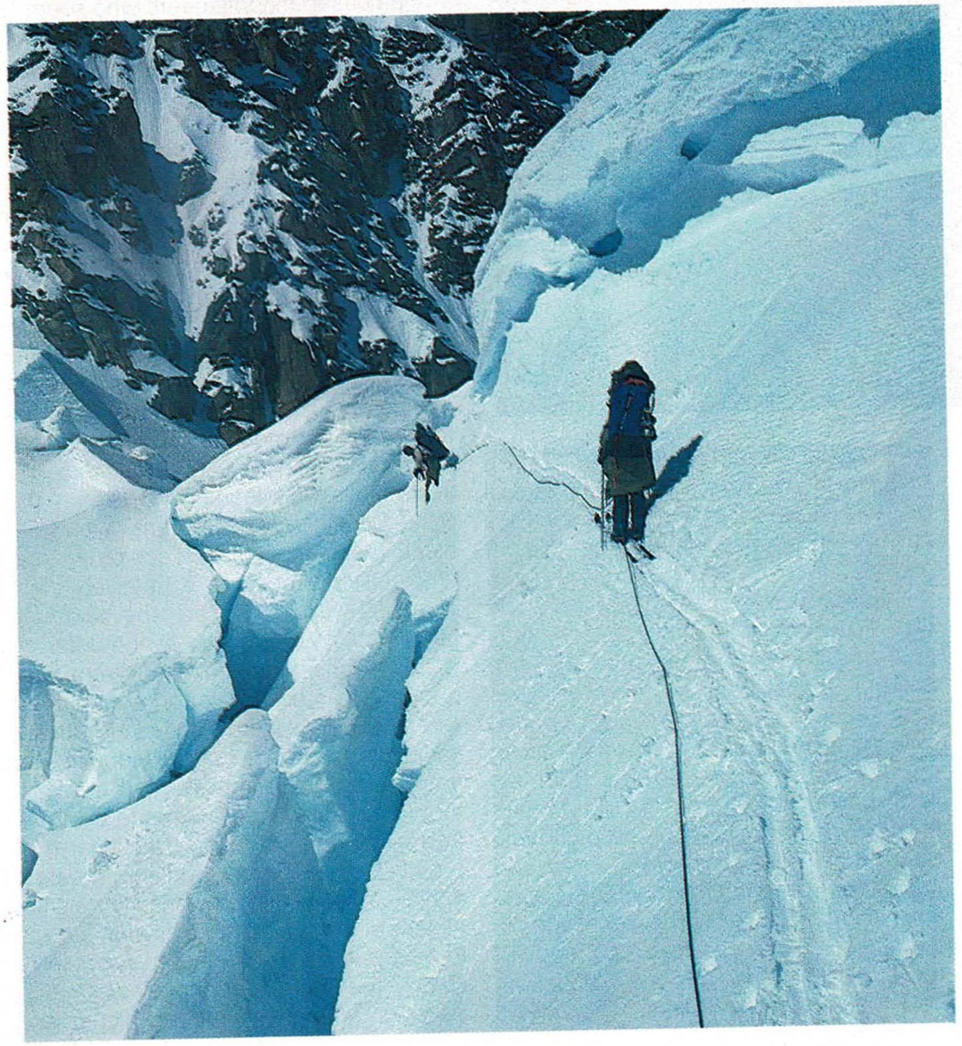
Of the eight fatalities related to mountaineering, six were due to avalanches and two resulted from falls. Two of the eight were New Zealanders and six were Australians, which may reflect the greater opportunities available to Kiwis to train regularly and develop the necessary "mountain sense" before tackling the world's giants. It is significant, however, that over the last six years there have been many more Australian Himalayan expeditions.

Not having any challenging snow and ice peaks on which to train within their own country, Australian mountaineers are particulary disadvantaged. The closest "respectable" mountains are those in New Zealand. While these peaks are technically demanding and subject to ferocious weather, they lack the high altitude which is one cause of so many fatalities in the Himalayas. Serious Aussie alpinists may as well go straight to the "big league" if they wish to gain high altitude experience. There are now dedicated Australian-based mountaineers who seem to manage at least one big expedition each year. Those climbers who have survived this tough initiation will hopefully provide other compatriots with a more reasoned introduction to nature's skyscrapers.

Experience, however, is no guarantee of being able to avoid the innumerable pitfalls that lurk in the Himalayas. To understand the risks of contemporary mountaineering it's useful to be aware of the tactics employed in climbing a big peak. The traditional style of ascent is best likened to a siege. A series of permanent camps are established at convenient intervals up the mountain. This enables a continuous supply line to be maintained to a lead climbing team, who extend the route. With this style of ascent, given sufficient time, manpower and equipment, the chances of success are relatively high. There is always some risk to the individual, but overall there is safety in numbers.

Chris Bonnington took this pyramid approach into a new realm on Annapurna I when he and his team climbed the difficult south face rather than ascending an easier ridge. This represented a breakthrough in standards and made climbers aware of an entirely new sphere of possibilities. Bonnington's greatest achievement, with the siege style, was the ascent of the daunting southwest face of Everest. In each of these successive climbs, the level of uncertainty was maintained by attempting harder, higher and





Left, top to bottom: Steve Bunton prepares to abseil on an Annapurna III glacier. On the descent double loads were carried by those who had escaped frostbite. The heavy packs made the climbers task particularly arduous. Crevasses are an ever-present danger in glaciated regions, especially in the Alaska Range where this photo was taken.

more dangerous mountains. For summit bids, supplementary oxygen was used by the lead climbers on these ascents.

An Italian alpinist, Reinhold Messner, has recently revolutionised Himalayan climbing (yet again) by making many ascents of 8000 metre peaks without supplementary oxygen and by adopting lightweight tactics. This latter approach, known as "alpine style", involves the climbers moving up the mountain in a single push, with only what they can carry on their backs. Fixed ropes are avoided wherever possible, and hence there is no continuous supply line stretching down the mountain. Doing away with this "umbilical cord" to base camp has enabled experienced climbers to attempt all the previously ascended peaks and routes in a completely new style. Alpine style ascents have long been the status quo on lower peaks but applying such tactics to the Himalayan giants was a major shift in approach. On these climbs the margin for error is very, very small. There is a high level of risk — despite better equipment and more experienced climbers.

The breakthrough to oxygen-free ascents was partly a result of climbers overcoming the longstanding, conventional maxim that it was not physiologically possible. Many of the highest mountains have now been ascended without supplementary oxygen, but only by a small cadre of experienced alpinists. A significant factor contributing to these bold undertakings has been the Olympian training routines that most of the leading climbers now undertake. They train as hard as any world class athletes, for little acclaim, despite the great risks.

Last year was one of exceptionally high losses in Nepal. Twenty foreign mountaineers were killed in the three-month post-monsoon season (August to October). Of the mountaineers killed, two were Australasians. They were both extremely talented alpinists, killed in separate accidents whilst attempting Makulu I (8481 metres) — the world's fifth highest peak.

Bill Denz (32) died on October 3, in an avalanche, as he was descending to camp two. At the time of his death he was hailed as New Zealand's foremost mountaineer, having climbed all over the world and having made many outstanding first ascents. With his wealth of experience it was ironic that he should have been killed when crossing a relatively minor snow slope. His own tracks set up a fracture line triggering a small slab avalanche which quickly overcame him. According to one of his surviving partners, had the party been wearing avalanche beacons — radio transmitting and receiving devices — then Bill Denz might have been dug out alive.

Mark Moorhead, an up-and-coming Australian alpinist, was the other fatality on the Makulu expedition. In the illustrious company of Peter Hillary — son of New Zealand's Sir Edmund Hillary, and Fred From, a legendary barefoot rock climber and talented alpinist from Queensland — Mark had continued with the attempt following Denz's accident. This small team were attempting the west ridge of Makulu that had only been climbed before by much larger expeditions. It was bold ambition. Had they succeeded it would have been hailed as the most significant Himalayan ascent by an antipodean team. Moorehead died when he slipped and fell decending between camps three and two. By all accounts he tripped when one of his crampons (spiked boot plates) caught on a bulky neoprene overboot.

Bill Denz and Mark Moorhead were among the cream of Australasian mountaineering, but both died, it seems, through simple mistakes — possibly just momentary lapses in concentration. The Himalayas, however, are quite unforgiving and climbing there is likened to playing Russian roulette. The scale of the peaks is so vast that the way the weather and slopes behave is quite different from anywhere else in the world. Snowfalls are extremely heavy (up to two metres in a single storm) and very dry. Under these circumstances even low angle slopes (between 10 and 15 degrees) have serious avalanche potential. In lesser mountain ranges, with much "higher moisture content" snow, slopes are only considered potential avalanche dangers when they are steeper than 30 degrees.

While the grand scale of the 8000 metre peaks is what makes this region so attractive to mountaineers, these same massive proportions can lead to the development of dangerous, chain reaction situations. A small slip of powder snow starting high on a steep face may trigger more and more material to slide until an entire mountainside is swept away by tonnes of ice and snow. Camps located at supposedly safe distances from the foot of steep faces are all too often buried by such maelstroms.

The 1981 Australian Army expedition to Ganesh IV (7102 metres) met with tragedy under these very circumstances. High on the mountain an ice cliff collapsed, unleashing millions of tonnes of ice and snow. This rushed downslope in a swathe two kilometres wide. The camp, thought to be impregnable, was devastated. When the juggernaut hit at midday the four occupants were lounging around their tents. Team-member David Slone was never seen again. Only sufficient gear could be found for one person, an injured Sherpa, to descend and report what had occurred. Jim Truscott and Dave Simpson were forced to bivouac in a crevasse without

AVALANCHE ON ANNAPURNA

Avalanches are the number one cause of fatalities amongst climbers in the Himalayas. Crossing avalanche-prone slopes is the most unnerving experience I know of, but occasionally circumstances dictate that you have to take a chance. The more experience I gain the more aware I become of how lethal even the most innocent of slopes can be in the wrong conditions. Anyone who ventures above the snow-line — even in Australia — should have a basic understanding of avalanches and their causes.

A good geography textbook will tell you an avalanche is the sliding away of surface material (especially snow) from a mountain with considerable volume and force. What such books don't clearly spell out is how to read a potentially dangerous slope, and how to cross an area that seems questionable. There are three main types of avalanche: wet snow, slab and powder. All are capable of killing — though some are decidedly more dangerous than others by virtue of their speed, size and power.

In 1980 whilst on an expedition to Annapurna III, I was buried by a powder snow avalanche, the story of which illustrates the circumstances that can lead to such an event. At first I though I was dreaming: the side of the tent had caved in. Then I felt around me — nothing but snow. What was this doing inside the tent? Richard's feet, which were at my head, were kicking frantically. I began to panic and struggle for breath, trying to make space for some air around my head by clawing my hand over my face. More snow fell down and I panicked again. Somehow I managed to regain control. As I continued to scratch upwards in search of air more snow drifted into my face, choking me. Suddenly my hand broke through — to life-giving oxygen. I gulped it by the lungful. I pushed up through the small hole that had been made and was soon standing. Once on top, the extent of the catastrophe was fully revealed. Our tent was completely buried, the tunnel tent was nowhere to be seen and only Stafford and Adrian's tent was still standing unscathed.

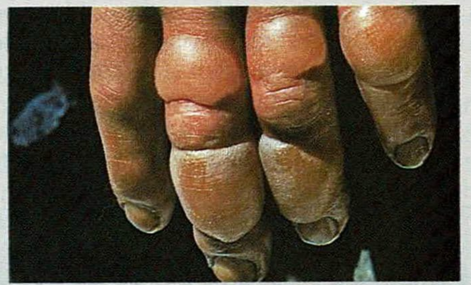
They were probing with ski stocks in search of the buried tent. When I emerged they turned their efforts to helping me dig out my tent mates. A muffled cry: " I can't breathe, I can't breathe," came from Geoff's direction. The weight of snow on the tent poles and fabric was crushing his chest. Stafford set about freeing him while I frantically dug for Richard. As soon as I uncovered his head, some moans and gasps told me he was still alive, and I turned to help extricate Geoff. With two of us burrowing and clawing at the snow and wreckage, he was soon free. Like a chorus girl coming out of a giant cake, Geoff burst from his grave. Richard was still prone, struggling to get up. I couldn't fathom what was restraining him. Then I saw a tent pole wedged across his throat. At first I feared he might have a broken neck. Charged with adrenalin, I lifted the pole that pinned him and he struggled to his feet. We embraced, sharing great relief and the profound joy of still being alive.

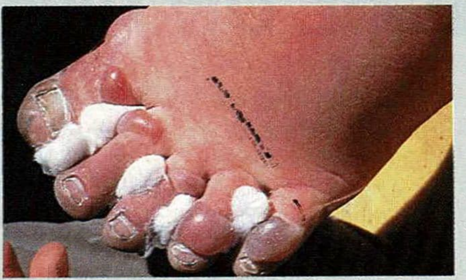
It was cold, dark, and still storming. The snow was falling at an unprecedented rated, burying the remains of our camp. Geoff and Richard, suffering shock from those minutes of being entombed, sought refuge in one tent that was still standing. Stafford, Adrian and I began to dig and probe for the third tent. It seemed that a powder snow avalanche had swept down, just catching the edge of our camp. The tent that had received the full brunt of the slide was nowhere to be seen. Not wishing to believe its occupants Ken and Nick were also gone, we kept digging frantically.

All of us were clad only in long thermal underwear, but my hands were bare and by this time had become senseless. Time seemed to stand still. The more I dug the less chance I felt we had of seeing our comrades alive. Some 30 minutes had elapsed since the camp was avalanched and now my hands began to demand attention. Frostbite was a distinct possibility, so I staggered back to the one upstanding tent in search of gloves and boots. Clad only in long johns and socks, adrenalin had been sufficient to keep me going in the freezing wind and snow. Slowly, the chilling reality of our catastrophe began to assert itself. We had been six and now we were four. Adrian was with me in the tent looking for boots; Richard and Geoff were snug in sleeping bags and Stafford was outside — still searching.

Several minutes later, shouts and screams from a distance challenged my train of thought. I hurried out of the tent. It was pitch dark downslope; a torch beam pierced the inky blackness and the sound of voices greeted my ears . . . several voices. I lurched downslope through thigh-deep snow. Could they still be alive? My heart thumped in anticipation. When Stafford cried out, "They're safe — it's okay," I couldn't believe my ears. It was hard ploughing through the drift, but the prospect of seeing Nick and Ken alive drove me on. My mind raced over the events of the last hour. Everything had been so sudden, so unexpected. That they should survive being swept downhill several hundred metres was simply incredible. Lost in thought, I somehow managed to about-face and was heading back uphill when a shout brought me to my senses. I turned again and there were Nick and Ken, both very much alive, with Stafford guiding the way.

THE WIND CHILL FACTOR





Extreme cold is a prevalent cause of medical problems at altitude. Very strong winds — the wind chill factor — can rapidly drain heat from a poorly-clothed mountaineer. Hypothermia, which results, is thought to be the root cause of many accidents. Frostbite is an all too common malady, while in the extreme, people freeze to death. Climbers are so utterly dependent on specialised clothing that a miscalculation on what to carry or wear, or the loss of one article such as a glove or hat, can have disastrous consequences.

Frostbite is in essence a cold burn. Like sunburn, with its gradual onset, it is insidious. It can come on so slowly that before you are conscious of any lack of sensation in the affected area it may already be too late. Toes are usually the first to suffer, then fingers, and occasionally the nose or ears.

Frostbite strikes when, through poor insulation or inactivity, sufficient heat is lost from the skin and underlying tissue for those parts of the body to freeze solid. On many alpine climbs I have lost feeling in my toes but by constantly moving every digit and vigorous bursts of stamping, jogging and kicking, I've always succeeded in rejuvenating the circulation and suffered no long-term damage. In extreme situations I have removed offending boot and restricting socks and been able to massage life back into numb toes. Most serious cases of frostbite are usually sustained when people are in dire straits and staying alive is the highest priority. Worrying about one's digits comes a poor second in these circumstances.

Once toes and fingers are seriously frozen they are best left that way until medical treatment is available. It is only after thawing that medical problems arise — not the least of which is excruciating pain. Frozen fingers are useful for limited tasks but once they thaw out they must be immobilised to prevent further damage.

Prolonged immersion in warm water is the recommended procedure for thawing frostbite but this is not always easy to arange. Massive blistering usually follows rewarming and this is the first sign of serious tissue damage. In some instances the tips of toes or fingers may turn completely black. This is the most serious degree of frostbite and indicates large portions of tissue could ultimately be lost.

On a recent expedition to the South Face of Annapurna III, I incurred frostbite on seven of my eight fingers — three of them to the degree of massive blisters. These blisters were so big they made the affected fingers look like pork sausages. Apart from the discomfort, the blisters were not a problem until they began to weep. At this stage the risk of infection develops. In the days before antibiotics, massive blood-poisoning and gangrene followed infection. Maurice Herzog's graphic account of his toes and fingers being amputated following frostbite incurred on the first ever ascent of an 8000 metre peak (Annapurna I in 1950) is legendary. Today, penicillin and the possibility of evacuation by helicopter has reduced the trauma of frostbite. Modern treatment of such injuries, apart from keeping wounds sterile, is essentially no treatment. On my return to Australia, with hands bandaged so they looked like boxing gloves, I went from hospital to doctor to hospital seeking someone familiar with the malady. I eventually resigned myself to the care of a plastic surgeon. My fingers have now almost fully recovered in the space of 10 weeks, and with no special treatment.

But how did this come about and could it have been prevented? As is often the case, a chain of untoward events led to what was very nearly a complete disaster. Escaping with just frostbite seems like very good luck. The story is picked up high on the mountain when the tables were turning against us.

The fate of the expedition was finally sealed by a hasty night-time evacuation of our highest camp, the account of which illustrates how quickly tables can turn in the Himalayas. After our harrowing bivouac without sleeping bags on the summit ridge (7200 metres), three of us — Adrian Teague, Steve McDowell and I were forced to descend. To stay at that altitude without a functioning stove and with winds so strong it was impossible to stand, would have been suicidal. We spent the rest of the day at top camp recuperating. We were all exhausted from the sleepless night and tortuous descent, while we were also dehydrated from lack of fluids for 20 hours. It had certainly been a "close call."

Steve Bunton, still at top camp, spent the afternoon cooking and plying us with drinks. We discussed our predicament at length. Adrian and I agreed to descend to base camp the following day to treat his numb foot and some of my fingers which had, through minor carelessness, become frost-nipped. The two Steves were, after a day's rest, to make another bid for the summit.

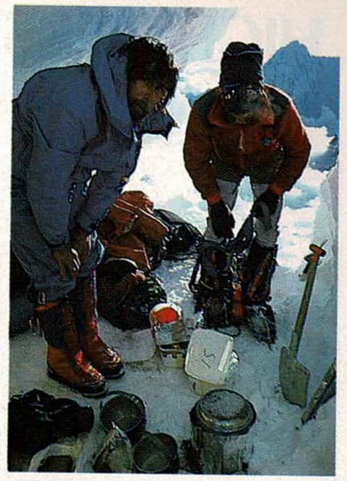
That evening, the clouds began to gather and we debated the likelihood of snow. Around 10 o'clock it began to storm and we all became very anxious. By midnight we were in trouble. Whilst the snowfall was not heavy, our camp was located in a crevasse at the foot of a steep gully. The fresh snow funnelled down and began to bury the tents. Decision time! It was soon obvious that we had to evacuate and we stuffed our bags with as much as we could. Before long, spindrift was cascading into our hollow faster than we could shovel it out. Because of the snow, the darkness, and the fact that several of us were affected by our medications, it was a tense and frightening time. We were forced to abandon one tent, much of our equipment and all of our rations.

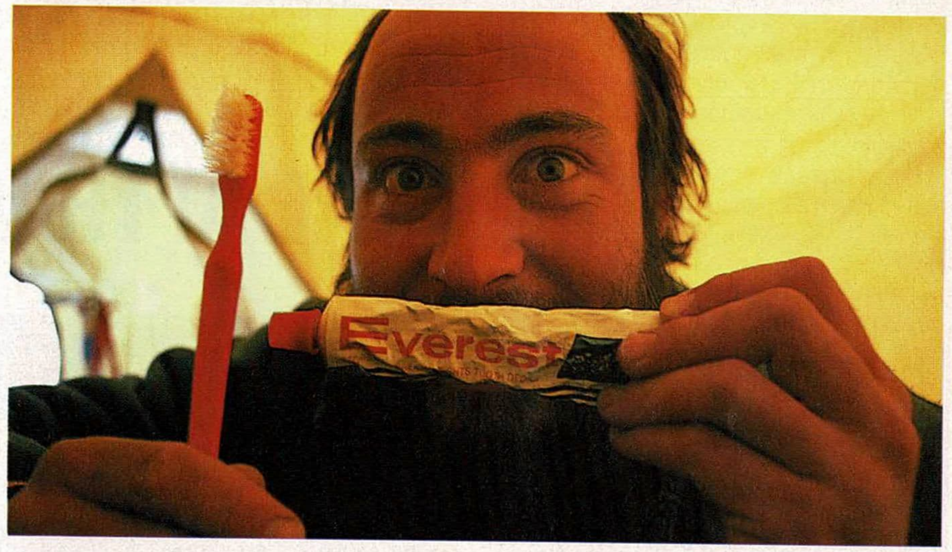
I led the way — by following the previously affixed ropes — across the face away from the worst of the avalanche danger. Then an abseil was rigged. All this time I could only wear thin gloves, needing the dexterity to tie knots and manipulate carabiners. The rest of the team followed across the ropes, then continued down-climbing the steep face. From here on we were unroped and unbelayed — any mistake would spell disaster. Snow was falling steadily and the wind chill quickly sapped the warmth from my poorly protected hands. In less than half an hour, and with barely any consciousness of what was happening, the fingers of my left hand went stiff with cold. I had been so concerned to ensure we all got off the face alive that I had overlooked the lack of sensitivity in my already frost-nipped digits. Now they were well and truly frozen. In stopping to don mittens and crampons, I became separated from the others. It was an anxious lone hour I spent descending to the next camp wondering if the others were still alive.

HIGH RISKS

sleeping bags until they could be rescued the following day.

AIII in 83
High Altitude
FOOD
Ration Pack
No 6
Vegetarian
No 6
Vegetarian
Toilet Paper
Potato Whip
Violet Crumble
DAIRY MILK





The 1979 New Zealand Expedition to Ama Dablam (6856 metres), led by Peter Hillary, met with a similar fate. In the company of Geoff Gabities, Merv English and Ken Hyslop, Hillary was attempting the then unclimbed west face of this inspiring peak, known as the "Matterhorn of the Himalayas." As they were climbing, a serac (tower of ice) high above them broke away, bombarding the party with chunks of rock-hard ice. Ken Hyslop was killed instantly; Peter Hillary suffered multiple fractures to his arm, foot and ribs, while the other pair were also badly injured. An epic two-day retreat ensued. The survivors owe their lives, in part, to a nearby Austrian expedition which assisted with their evacuation.

Both accidents — Ganesh IV and Ama Dablam — were caused by ice towers collapsing and the resultant avalanches. Snow that falls and does not melt is, through pressure and time, transformed into hard snow and ultimately to ice. The ice flows slowly downslope and eventually flows coalesce to form glaciers. Where a slope of ice comes to a steep or vertical drop, an ice cliff forms. These are wildly broken areas. The front of such a cliff line can be continuously active with blocks, ranging in size from footballs to houses, calving off day or night. The pressure of millions of tonnes of ice bearing downslope can cause seracs to topple, seemingly without reason. Such movements are not linked directly with weather patterns, and it's therefore difficult to determine when an ice cliff will next collapse. Many times the only way around such an obstacle is to "run the gauntlet."

Apart from those induced by collapsing seracs, most avalanches can be directly attributed to snowfalls and hence the weather. In the Greater Himalaya region the highest peaks are subject to frequent ferocious winds because they jut into the realm of the jet streams. Lower mountains are mostly subject to winds that are only generated by storms. On a seasonal basis, the strength and frequency of storms is predictable. The Himalayas are influenced by monsoons from May until September. In this period precipitation is extremely heavy and mountaineering is virtually impossible. The main climbing times are pre-monsoon (March to June) — when the weather is warmer, but there are usually local storms — and post-monsoon (September to November) — when the weather is colder and drier, but windier.

In the pre-monsoon season the unsettled weather can present problems for teams trying to advance on a climb if they are being continually held up by erratic snow conditions. One such storm was the direct cause of the most tragic of all accidents involving Australians in the Himalayas.

In March 1980 an expedition was attempting the north side of Annapurna III. Shortly after base camp was established, an unseasonal storm blanketed the mountain with more than a metre of snow. That night the newly erected camp one was flattened by the edge of a powder snow avalanche. Two of the camp's three tents were buried but miraculously all the occupants escaped unharmed. The following morning the seven survivors began a dangerous retreat to base camp. They had crossed all the most treacherous avalanche-prone ground and were in sight of their destination when disaster struck. Four of the party were crossing a small slope when it slab-avalanched. In a matter of seconds they were swept hundreds of metres downslope and buried. One of the four — Adrian Blake — was dug out unscathed. The other three, Nick Reeves, Stafford Morse and Richard Schmidt, died instantly. Their bodies were later recovered and buried on the mountain.

The cause of the tragedy was gradually established. Tracks made by an earlier ascending party across the minor snow gully had created a line of weakness on the surface of the shallow snow. The heavy fresh fall had loaded the slope to the point of instability, so that the path of the descending party cut the slope like a hot knife. A shallow but kilometre wide avalanche funnelled down to a narrow gap. By the time it was over, three of the team were buried by upwards of five metres of debris.

The expedition lost not only its strongest members but also tents and much equipment. The rout was so complete that the expedition had to be abandoned. However, there was still one further blow to complete the whole tragic episode. Faye Kerr, the only woman on the expedition — and Australia's most accomplished female mountaineer — contracted a stomach infection, quickly became very ill and died within a matter of days.

Just as Fay Kerr's death was not directly related to a climb — but still one of the ever-present risks facing mountaineers in Asia — so was Tim Hughes' untimely demise. He was part of an expedition to Changabang in the Nanda Devi region of India. Three members of this

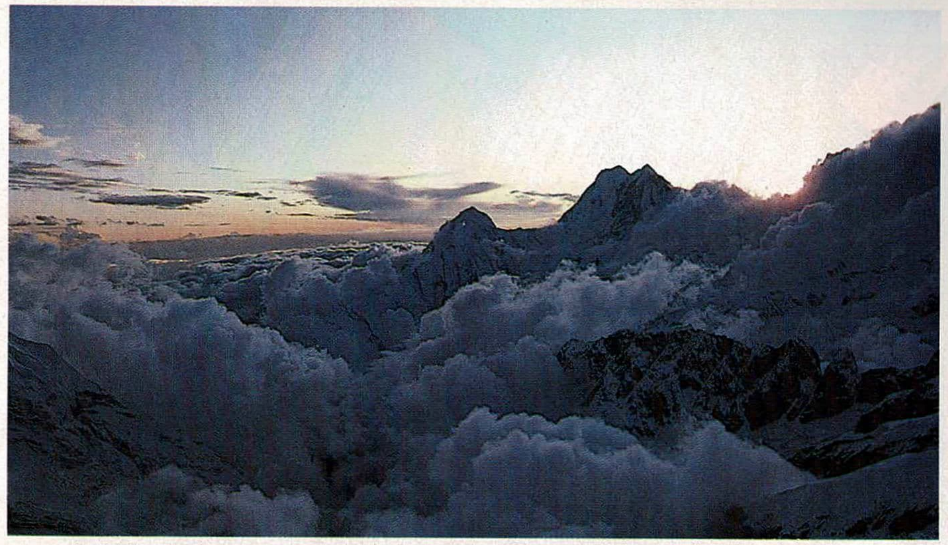
This page clockwise from top left: Food for the Annapurna expedition was donated and prepackaged in Australia. Cooking proved to be a constant trial, with cramped conditions compounding the problem of preparing proper meals. There are still fresh challenges for Australian mountaineers. Bunton considered Annapurna III as merely a stepping stone to higher achievements.

1980 Melbourne-based team of nine had made a successful ascent of the 6864 metre peak. The 1980 success was a bitter-sweet victory, for on the walkout an accident occurred. The descent trail wound through the notoriously precipitous Rishi Gorge. Tim Hughes slipped on some snow grass and plunged down a bank so steep that it was not even possible to recover his body. Tim had been dogged by illness and had never really acclimatised properly. His poor health could well have been the cause of a slight miscalculation and the fatal slip.

With the precarious nature of many tracks in the Himalayas it is surprising there have not been more fatalities. In the same region of India as Changabang, another Melbourne-based team attempting Nanda Devi (7817 metres) almost saw one of its members come to grief. Whilst taking a photograph of the crossing, Hugh Foxcroft slipped into the raging Trisuli River. Quite miraculously he managed to wedge himself between boulders and hang on until a rope could be thrown to him. This expedition was dogged by bad luck. At one stage their camp one was perched beneath an unstable rocky bluff. Two of the team woke one morning to find their tent companion unconscious and bleeding from a scalp wound. A falling shard had pierced the double-layered tent and struck Ed Neve whilst he was asleep. Severely concussed, it was some days before he could be taken down to base camp. Whilst resting before negotiating the remainder of the walkout another of the party went down with an epileptic fit. He had had no previous history of the complaint.

Medical problems experienced by high altitude mountaineers span the full gamut of possible human ailments: from piles to pulmonary oedema, from blisters and sunburn to diarrhoea. Of course, these are quite aside from the traumatic injuries that may be incurred whilst climbing — or even sleeping.

The remoteness of big mountains compounds the problem of accidents or illness. It is often many days, if not weeks, before full medical care can be administered to an injured mountaineer.



Ominous evening storm clouds encircle the Annapurna sanctuary.

Thus, climbers have to be prepared for all possible contingencies. The high altitude first aid kit usually contains enough prescription drugs to satisfy a junkie for several days, though abuse of such medications is extremely rare. The likelihood of needing the morphine for emergencies is sufficient to discourage its "recreational" use. The onset of sickness that can debilitate a climber or entire expedition is usually slow and preventive treatments can be applied. Accidents, however, strike when they are least expected. Tales of close shaves and miraculous escapes that emanate from Himalayan climbing expeditions could fill several volumes, although some outstanding accounts are legendary.

Greg Child, Australia's leading expatriate climber, was roped up to another Aussie alpinist, Rick White. They had just made a very difficult first ascent of the East Pillar of Shivling (6542 metres) in the company of the English Everest veteran, Doug Scott, and Georges Bettomberg, a French mountain guide. On the descent they were just about to unrope when Rick White fell. He, in turn, plucked off Greg Child, who was not securely belayed. The pair tumbled, cartwheeled and slid down some 200 metres of mountainside. Miraculously, they survived. On his next expedition Greg was not so lucky.

In 1983 he was the only Australian member of a strong, mostly British, team attempting peaks in the Karakoram region of the western Himalayas. After two successful acclimatisation ascents of lower peaks, he and Pete Thexton, the expedition's doctor, climbed to the summit ridge of Broad Peak (8047 metres). Just short of the apex of the mountain, Child was beset by hallucinations. He was still sufficiently lucid to convince his partner they had to descend. Not long after starting down, Pete Thexton developed pulmonary oedema — a serious form of altitude sickness. The pair were in dire straits. Thexton became progressively worse, forcing Child to drag and eventually carry him through a raging blizzard until they reached their tent at 2am. Pete Thexton died at 5am, despite all efforts to revive him.

Both Child and Thexton were suffering from the most insidious and common complaint that mountaineers face — altitude sickness. Nausea, headaches and dizziness are the first symptoms of the condition known as acute mountain sickness (AMS). This can rapidly progress to pulmonary and cerebral oedema. All such problems arise from going too high, too quickly.

Taken slowly, the human body can adjust to decreases in air pressure at altitude. A "rule of thumb" rate of ascent to avoid altitude-related problems is 300 metres per day, but travelling this slowly up a mountain is not always practical or possible. The siege style of ascent best accommodates proper acclimatisation. Travelling alpine style, it is very difficult to carry the necessary food and fuel for such a leisurely-paced ascent and still have reserves to guard against being caught in storms. Above 6000 metres a further drawback is that a person can no longer sustain himself properly. A malaise sets in and every bodily function becomes a trial. Eating and drinking become especially irksome — but the mountaineer has to force himself to keep up a high intake of food and fluids to counteract dehydration, muscle wasting and hypothermia.

All in all, it is not surprising that there are so many mountaineering accidents, given the number of things that can go wrong. Recent facts have come to light which point to new problems. Research now shows that it may be unacceptably dangerous to all but a few super-fit and genetically suited humans to attempt peaks above 8000 metres without supplementary oxygen. Low atmospheric pressure at altitude results in decreased oxygen concentration of the blood, which can lead to several potentially dangerous conditions. The air pressure at the top of Everest is about a third the pressure at sea level. It is therefore much more difficult for a climber, on top of the world, to fill his lungs with the oxygen necessary to give him the energy to fend off frostbite and hypothermia, and to prevent degeneration of particularly sensitive areas of the brain. This "brain scrambling", as mountaineers morbidly call it, could lead to the general community developing a similar view towards high altitude oxygen-free climbing as currently prevails on boxing. The incidence of brain damage from each activity may well prove to be on a par.

Controlled experiments now suggest that some people have a superior genetic makeup that enables them to better absorb into their systems the little oxygen that is available at very great heights. Dr Mike Ward, a specialist in high altitude medicine, contends that many mountaineers could be climbing towards certain death if they force their bodies beyond altitudes of 8000 metres. In a recent study, climbers' performance was assessed by measuring their oxygen uptake per minute against their body weight. In this test, Reinhold Messner scored 75, while Chris Bonnington only managed 50. By his own admission, Bonnington feels it would be impossible for him to safely climb above 8000 metres without supplementary oxygen. Ward maintains that a climber with a lower score on the test, at altitude, has to work much closer to the point of exhaustion to produce the same energy as, say, Messner with his score of 75. This leaves the climber with the less efficient oxygen absorption mechanism far more vulnerable to cold and fatigue, which can lead to poor decision-making and a higher accident rate. Thus, gradual acclimatisation is not the complete solution.

Are there still fresh challenges for mountaineers? A Polish team recently climbed Everest in the winter, enduring extreme cold and horrific winds. Ultimately, the great challenges of the future will be solo winter ascents of 8000 metre peaks by the most difficult routes. High altitude mountaineering will, however, always have a high fatality rate if the philosophy of increasing the difficulty of the climb to maintain a challenging level of risk remains in vogue.

Messner's own view on the dangers of high altitude climbing are sobering: "If a professional climber is going to spend his life doing hard things, quite on the limit, then the risk of him dying in the mountains is close to 50 percent. It's not that the good ones are surviving and the not so good ones dying; it's a matter of luck."

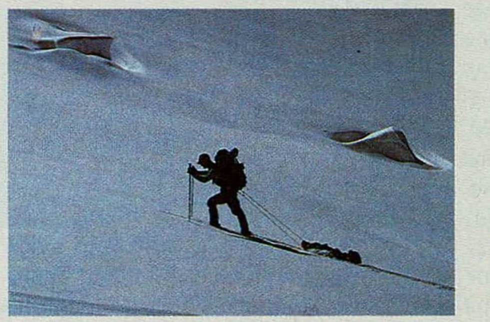
Luck! It may well be, but there is an apocryphal saying amongst climbers: "There are *old* mountaineers and *bold* mountaineers, but very few *old bold mountaineers*." The enthusiasm of mountaineers for alpine graves seems inexhaustible, but hardly surprising, for "as long as the remote silent majestic mountains tower into the heavens, there will be men who seek to climb them."

THE FATAL ATTRACTION

"Conquistadors of the useless," in the words of Lionel Terray, is the way most of the world views mountaineers. The non-climbing public is ever curious about the motivations of such people, but basic question such as "Why climb?" and "Why take such risks?" are seldom the topic of conversation among practitioners. Mountaineers are essentially "doers" and avoid introspection. Such subjects are assumed to be off-limits and understandably so, for who would want to admit that the risks involved in such climbing might be irrational or ill-considered. Further, there is a strong macho tradition that permeates the sport, keeping philosophising to a minimum. Tales of bravado and narrow escapes sell magazines and help keep the one-upmanship game alive, but seldom is there a serious exchange on the dangers of the sport among the converted.

People who go to such extremes in the name of pleasure, when questioned why, usually offer quixotic rationalisations such as "risk a little, live a lot." Such simplifications do no justice to the complex motivations at work.

Thrill seeking is the most commonly proffered reason for the dare-devil escapades of climbers, but it is also one of the more complex motives. Where's the thrill? The mountaineer takes risks he believes he has the skill and experience to overcome, even though there is often a very small margin between success and failure. Failure could mean death, while success provides an all-powerful physical and mental "kick." A heightened sense of awareness and a general euphoria — the intensity of which matches the perceived degree of risk — are also said to flow from such successes.



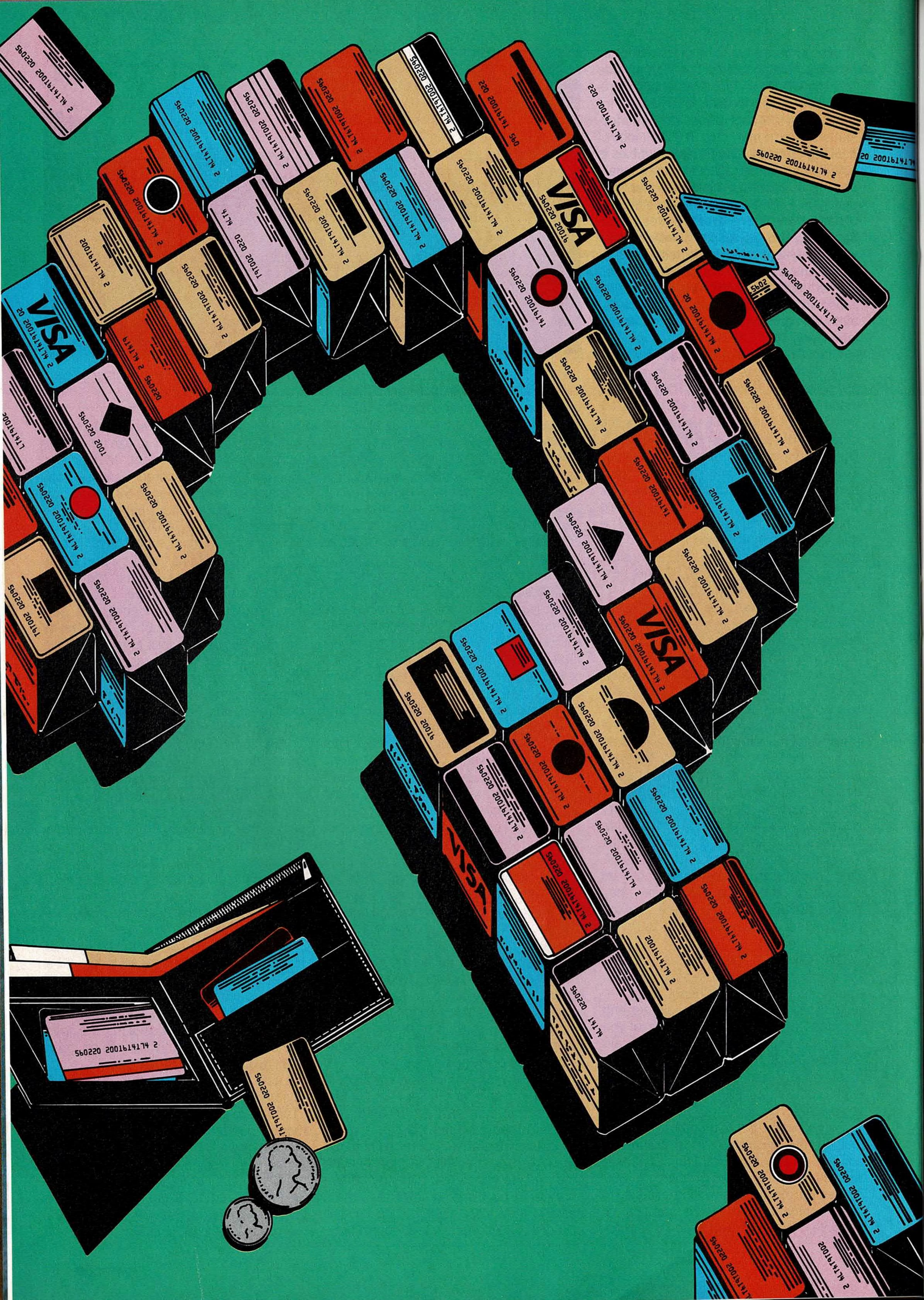
The "margin of uncertainty" is the key to understanding how climbers perceive the seriousness of particular ascents. This will vary from person to person depending on their level of technical skill and experience. The greatest personal rewards come when success is most uncertain and the climber has to draw on all his resources to stay alive. "The thrill of life" after having confronted death is the way many describe the emotion. Such a response is far more often referred to as an "adrenalin high." The adrenalin secretion is simply a flight or fight response that speeds up the body and delivers more energy. Climbers experience a profound sense of mental well-being that lives on long after the body's hormonal adrenalin secretions have returned to normal.

When evaluating a climb, mountaineers take into consideration the style of ascent in relation to the difficulty of the route. Their prime consideration is to maintain a satisfyingly high level of risk. This can be accomplished by attempting more difficult routes than the climber has previously experienced or by using fewer aids. Taken to extremes, the most challenging style of ascent is to go completely alone — solo. The purveyors of a certain soft drink try to benefit by associating with this ultimate macho image.

An essential component of a personally rewarding ascent is a feeling that the outcome was never a forgone conclusion. Climbers jokingly refer to this as giving the mountain a chance! Reaching a summit by helicopter in half an hour may achieve the same physical goal as an arduous five-day climb, but such an air-freight ascent offers little personal satisfaction. Mountaineering is very much about taking risks.

There are no rules or regulations governing the sport of mountaineering. An international body advises on standards of equipment but there are no codes or edicts relating to behavior. In climbing, what is acceptable is completely up to the individual.

Climbers judge their peers on the basis of their achievements. Making a first ascent of a difficult and dangerous mountain may bring high acclaim but failure on such a bold project usually just leads to criticisms of foolhardiness and irresponsibility. The rewards for breaking new ground in levels of technical difficulty, boldness or style of ascent are mostly intangible. No philanthropist offered a million or even a hundred dollars for the first person to climb Everest without oxygen, yet an equally esoteric goal such as the first man-powered flight across the English Channel carried with it a substantial financial reward. Perhaps climbers would not tolerate such commercialisation of their sport. The reason might well be that commercial adventurers see the risks of such mountaineering challenges as socially unacceptable. Whether this is the case or not, climbers have always taken enormous risks in pursuit of self-ordained goals. To outsiders, peer approval and personal satisfaction seem small carrots when so much can be at stake.



A competitive scramble has
left the plastic money market wide open. Which
credit card is right for you?

CARD SHARP

BY RICHARD ANDERSON

With the exception of a brief period a few years ago, there was never much question which credit card you took with you on an overseas trip. The choice was American Express, Diners Club or Carte Blanche. In due course Carte Blanche gave up the struggle against the entrenched strength of the other two, being eaten alive by Diners Club (technically, this process is known as a merger). The choice became even more clear-cut.

Terms and conditions of the two cards were similar, but American Express had a wider network and more exposure overseas. So a majority of people opted for the Amex green card, with a somewhat smaller group preferring the understated elegance of the Diners Club blue logo.

However, all that has been drastically altered, as from February, 1984. While the newspapers were running rehashes of George Orwell's classic, a mixed bag of Australian banks, building societies and credit unions were planning a competitive scramble into what had previously been the closed territory of Amex and Diners Club. The vehicles were the worldwide bank-linked cards, Visa and MasterCard.

As a result, by mid-1984 the man about town contemplating a comfortable stay at the Sheraton Waikiki has a bewildering choice of cards to take with him.

So the problem now is: which card is the best? And if travelling overseas, should you take more than one? A checklist for comparison should cover overseas acceptability, interest charges, front-end and annual charges, repayment periods, replacement facilities for lost or stolen cards, the availability of cash advances overseas, the time needed for merchants to validate cards, payment requirements while overseas, and charge-limits on the cards.

The first important point to realise is that you are looking at three different types of card. American Express and Diners Club are both charge cards, with the period of credit strictly limited to the time between charging items and receiving your monthly bill. You are expected to pay this immediately; the persistence of Amex credit controllers in pursuing even the very well-heeled is legendary.

Failure to pay promptly earns a curt instruction to cut your card in half with a pair of scissors or return it to the nearest office for cancellation. Amex and Diners Club both bill themselves as travel and entertainment cards, and are interested in people with assured and preferably ample cash flows. If your income is on the moderate side — or tends to fluctuate — this can lead to problems. Not charging interest, except on very overdue payments, they need to get their money back promptly. Their cut comes from the merchants, not from you.

The second group of cards are the bank-issued Visa and MasterCard lines. These are full credit cards, in the sense that you can run up a sizeable debt overseas and pay it off in instalments

ILLUSTRATION BY PETER SCHOFIELD

CARD SHARP

over several months when you get back home — at a quite hefty rate of interest.

The third group are the debit cards, which also carry the Visa logo. This can be confusing. With a debit card, you have to have the funds in your account before you can use the card. The Visa card is issued in this form by the Australian Bank and by a number of building societies. Building societies are not allowed to advance credit for day to day use, so their service has to be a debit card. In this form the debit card really serves as a small, plastic chequebook, with the advantage of widespread acceptability overseas, and the disadvantage that there is no credit attached. You can't kite a debit card, even for a day or so, the way you once could with a domestic cheque. With six-second electronic validation services operating worldwide, 24 hours a day, you really must have the money in your account.

A hybrid Visa card is offered by some credit unions. If you arrange for overdraft facilities before you go overseas, they will debit your account until the money is gone, and then offer you credit up to a preset limit, with interest charged on the amount you have actually borrowed.

The first question you need to assess is the relative acceptability of the cards overseas. In terms of numbers of outlets, Visa and MasterCard win hands down. According to Visa, its card is accepted by more than 3.6 million merchants around the world. MasterCard is less forthcoming, and is thought to be a little behind this. American Express claims 750,000 outlets worldwide, and Diners Club has 550,000 in 155 countries.

Amex and Diners Club are largely travel and entertainment cards, and so their business appeals mainly to traders in these areas who are looking for extra business from an affluent clientele. Other shops are less attracted to them, being reluctant to give the average 3.5 to 4.5 percent remittance demanded by American Express, for instance.

The next question is the cost. Amex and Diners Club are effectively interest-free, but you are hounded to pay promptly. The Visa and MasterCard facilities, when obtained from banks, have the same payment terms and interest charges as Bankcard, which means you do have a short interest-free period roughly equivalent to the time allowed to pay up on the Amex and Diners Club cards. After that, interest charges cut in.

American Express and Diners Club hit you up front when you get a card. Amex costs $40 to join and Diners club $35 with an annual fee of $35 on top of that. If you want a supplementary card for a family member, living companion or business associate it will cost another $25 a year.

With the big launches of Visa and MasterCard in February, the banks were planning to issue them free at first, as an introductory come-on, and slap a $25 issue fee on them a few months later. But these plans were put in some disarray with the news that the NSW and Victorian governments were going to block any front-end charge with new legislation.

The end result is likely to be that Amex and Diners Club, as interest-free charge cards, will continue to charge a front-end fee and fixed annual charge, while Visa and MasterCard will be issued free.

American Express is a company with a network of offices worldwide, offering credit cards, traveller's cheques and travel retailing. Diners Club had its inception in 1950 when a businessman paying for a restaurant meal reflected how convenient a charge card would be in that situation. Hence the name. These days the US operation is owned by Citicorp. The Australian branch is a franchise, with Citicorp holding 25 percent, Ansett holding 50 percent, and the family interests of Mr Harold Laski the rest.

> Amex and Diners Club both bill themselves as travel and entertainment cards, and are interested in people with assured and ample cash flows

In contrast, the Visa and MasterCard operations are controlled by consortiums of thousands of banks around the world. What they offer is a logo, a set of basic operating conditions and a worldwide network of electronic services. Within this framework, individual financial institutions can offer variants.

So, if you're contemplating getting a Visa card or MasterCard, it isn't simply a choice between them. You will also have to consider which institution you are going to approach. The ANZ is heavily promoting Visa, which is also available from the Australian Bank, several building societies and credit unions. Westpac, the Commonwealth Trading Bank and the National Australia Bank all opted to take the MasterCard service.

Amex has over 1000 offices around the world, all issuing the same green card. It claims that if your card is lost or stolen it can be replaced from local sources within two days, and usually within 24 hours, on production of satisfactory identification. Your liability is limited to $50 if someone else uses the card illegally, or nothing if you notify Amex before it is used. The $50 liability limit is common to all the cards.

There is an emergency cheque cashing facility, for a maximum of $1000, every seven days. But normally, you can't get an advance of cash from Amex, as it is a charge card, not a credit card. One big advantage, however, is that there is no preset limit on how much you can charge, on the theory that anyone who has passed the strict credit checks in the first place can manage their own cash flow. In contrast, Visa and MasterCard have preset individual limits on each card.

Your credit has to be pretty good to get an Amex card. Normally, you need an annual income of more than $15,000 and a reasonably clean record with the credit checking services. These record late repayments to other financial institutions, any court judgements and so on.

Suppose you are going to be overseas for more than a month; what happens to your Amex bill when it arrives in your letter box back home? Do you get time to pay? You can arrange to charge air tickets or complete American Express holidays over three, six, nine or 12 months at a "favorable" interest rate. It can be arranged at any American Express Travel Service Office and at most airline offices. You should ask what the "favorable" interest rate is, and just what is covered under a complete American Express holiday.

Otherwise, it's pay up monthly regardless. "There are several easy ways of keeping your account in order," offers the Amex brochure. "It's important you continue to do so as any lapse could mean unnecessary delays in authorisation of your overseas travel and other purchases." You can make an advance payment before you leave, or authorise an accountant, solicitor, family member or friend to open monthly accounts and pay them.

There are a number of ancillary services. If you book a travel ticket on the green card, your heirs get $100,000 if the plane crashes or the rail coach is derailed. You can also organise confirmed hotel reservations, at the risk of having to pay for the room if you don't turn up.

In many respects Diners Club is similar to Amex. If your card is lost or stolen, you report the loss to the local Diners Club office. The Australian office claims it will be replaced in 24 hours. Your liability is, as usual, limited to $50.

As with Amex, you can use the card to get an emergency $1000 advance every seven days while overseas. Before you join the Diners Club, you are checked on employment, salary levels, home ownership and credit record. Once you pass these stringent tests, there is no limit placed on the amounts you put on the card. But as with Amex, it is immediate payment on receipt of your monthly bill.

On ancillary services, if you book travel with a Diners Club card you get $100,000 in travel insurance free. You can buy Citicorp traveller's cheques free of the usual one percent charge at Diners World Travel Offices or "selected" ANZ bank branches. There is the monthly *Signature* magazine, catalogues of expensive gifts and directories of services, assured hotel bookings and travel services. Approved applicants can borrow from $1000 to $10,000 or more, usually within 24 hours, with up to six years to pay at "preferred" interest rates. This is basically another personal loan service, taking advantage of your already established credit rating.

Moving on from the worldwide charge cards, we come to Visa and MasterCard. As offered by the Australian banks, their features will be very similar. "It's a lookalike Bankcard that you can take overseas," is how Roger Cox, chief manager of Retail Banking for the Commonwealth Trading Bank, puts it.

The payment conditions and interest rates will be the same, and except for Westpac even the processing will be done at the same centre — Charge Card Services at Auburn — which is the Bankcard processing operation. Credit controls for Visa and MasterCard will be somewhat tighter than for Bankcard, basically because they are usable overseas.

If you're paying in instalments, you have the option of repaying at 5 percent of your credit limit, or 5 percent of the closing balance. Since you know what 5 percent of your credit limit is, you can arrange to pay that while you are overseas, without bothering about the size of the bill you are actually running up. Otherwise, you can choose from the same arrangements suggested for Amex and Diners Club.

You can apply for a Visa credit card at any branch of the ANZ. Each card will have a pre-set limit, depending on your credit standing, the minimum being $1000. If your card is lost or stolen overseas, a replacement card has to come from Australia. With 15,000 different issuing institutions each putting their own logo on Visa cards, it is impracticable for each area to stock all the logos available. In practice, this could mean an 11 to 14-day delay if you're overseas. In the meantime, says the ANZ, you can arrange some funds by telegraphic transfer to keep you going.

Processing of Visa transactions in Australia has been transferred to Charge Card Services, the Bankcard centre at Auburn, Sydney. This is open 24 hours a day. If an overseas outlet wants to check your card, it can be done through an international computer network. The ANZ has decided to counter the travel insurance ploy of the two international charge cards by offering $100,000 in travel insurance on its Visa card, provided you book the travel through the ANZ's travel service.

If you want to deal with one of the State banks, their basic approach will be similar to the ANZ. The Visa system, however, allows each member institution to vary its conditions, so individual State banks may make particular offerings during 1984. You can check with a branch of the bank in your state for exact details.

Conditions for use of MasterCard may also vary, depending on whether you get it from Westpac, the Commonwealth Trading Bank or the National Australia Bank. In each case you get the orange and ochre circles in the middle, and name of the issuing bank at the top.

If you lose your Westpac card overseas you report in to the nearest bank handling MasterCard. Westpac claims it has reciprocal arrangements for a card to be issued locally. The Commonwealth Trading Bank claims its system is comparable with Amex or Diners Club. Providing you have satisfactory identification, you should get either a new, locally-issued card or a cash advance to keep you going within two working days. The National Australia Bank is also looking to replacement in two working days, with a temporary card with a 30-day validity on it. The idea is that you turn it in for a proper replacement with your own Australian bank's logo on it when you get back.

> The best idea would be to have an American Express or Diners Club Card and also have a Visa or Mastercard from your bank

For validation, there are the usual worldwide computer links, with a big computer in St Louis, USA, handling a lot of the switching. If your purchase is over a merchant's floor limit, anywhere in the world, he or she phones a local service centre, where computers take over to query the relevant Australian computers, operating 24 hours a day. The entire validation process should take less than a minute — anywhere in the world.

All the bank-operated MasterCards will have a magnetic stripe on the card, to enable them to operate the respective automatic teller machines.

If you can't get bank credit, or prefer to deal with a building society or credit union, a select group of these have been chosen to issue Visa. The building societies can only offer debit cards, so it's a matter of finding which ones in your area have the facility, and opening an account.

With credit unions, you can have your account debited, with an overdraft facility if the credit union agrees. The interest rate on the actual overdraft balance is usually just below the Bankcard rate. On the top of the card will be a logo and the words "Australian Credit Unions," with the Visa logo below. The name of the individual credit union will be on the back, with the magnetic stripe.

If the card is lost overseas, you should advise a local Visa institution. Cash advances can be arranged, with adequate identification. The replacement mechanism envisaged is that a blank card will be sent from Australia (blank, because they don't want an embossed one floating around), with the numbers put on it locally by the institution you have contacted.

For authorisation of large transactions overseas, Visa's central San Mateo (USA) computer queries a computer service in Melbourne used jointly by the Australian credit unions. You need to check whether your credit union is in the scheme, and what its credit and other conditions are.

Having gone through the situation in detail, what are our recommendations? A few points stand out. Amex and Diners Club do not have limits on your spending, the credit is free (for the limited time it is available before they demand payment) and replacement of lost cards is prompt (provided you have adequate identification). The disadvantages are that that they do have charges up-front with annual fees, they don't cover as many outlets overseas as Visa and MasterCard, and you may have trouble getting a card if your credit record is not impeccable.

With a bank-issued Visa and MasterCard you do get the rolling credit facility, at an interest cost, and you can use them in many more outlets overseas. There is no charge for issue, at least in NSW and Victoria (in other States you should check). But there are overall limits on amounts, and in certain cases replacement of lost cards may take longer.

In practice, the best idea would probably be to have an American Express or Diners Club card (if you can get one) and also have a Visa or MasterCard from your bank, or your credit union or building society. That way you get the useful features of each, for the cost of the joining and annual fee charges on Amex or Diners Club. If it becomes imperative to pay an Amex or Diners Club account, you can use a cash advance from the bank-linked card.

A final tip is to note your card numbers and Personal Identification Number (PIN) in a secure place separate from the plastic cards themselves, together with your passport number, air ticket numbers and traveller's cheque numbers. And always carry your passport and air tickets separately from your credit cards.

The 10,000 kilometre Paris to Dakar rally is the ultimate test of man and machine

STORMING THE SAHARA

BY NOEL CHRISTENSEN

It's been called the toughest test of man and motorcycle yet.

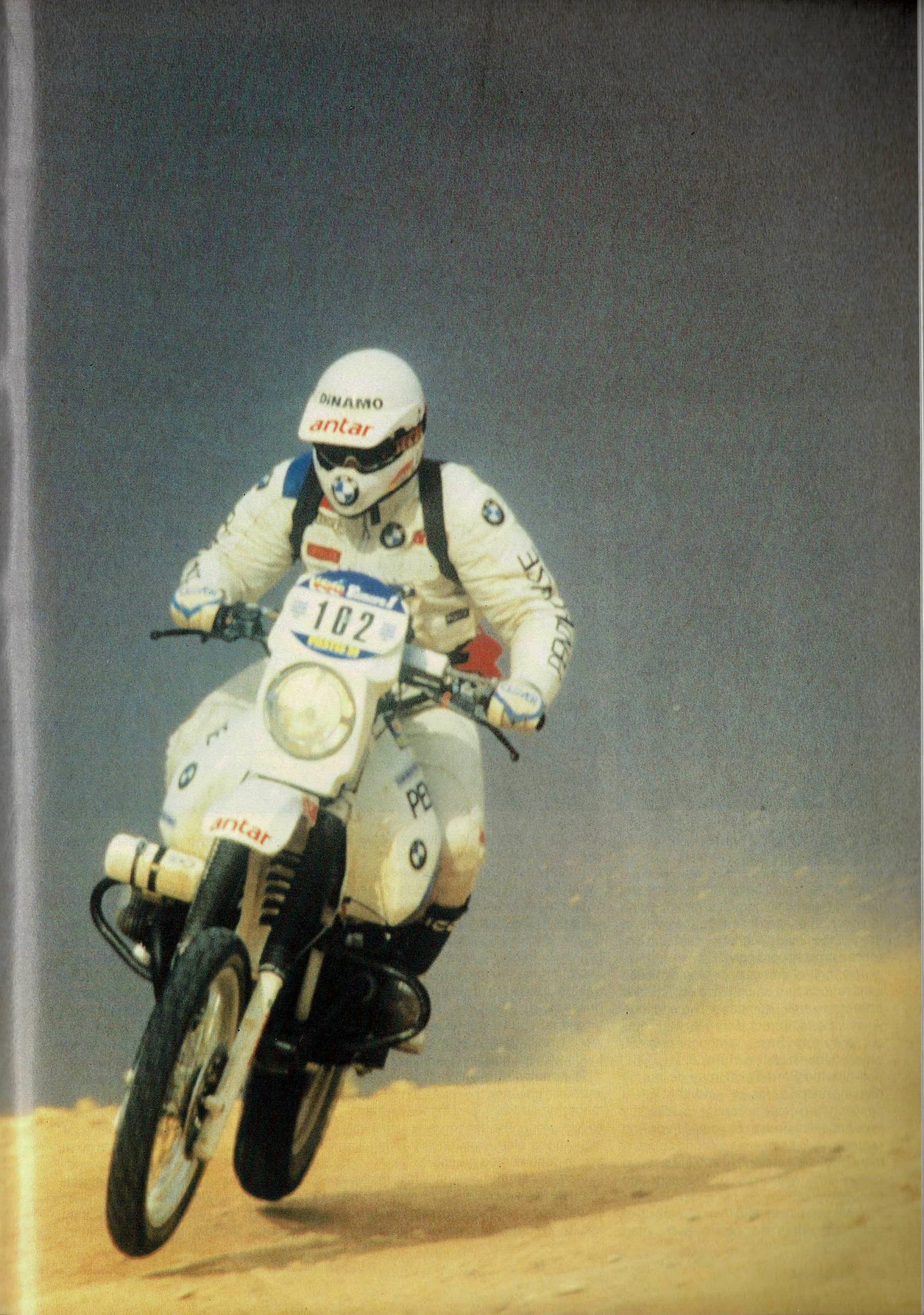
It was devised by the French seven years ago and includes a division for cars and another for four-wheel-drives and trucks.

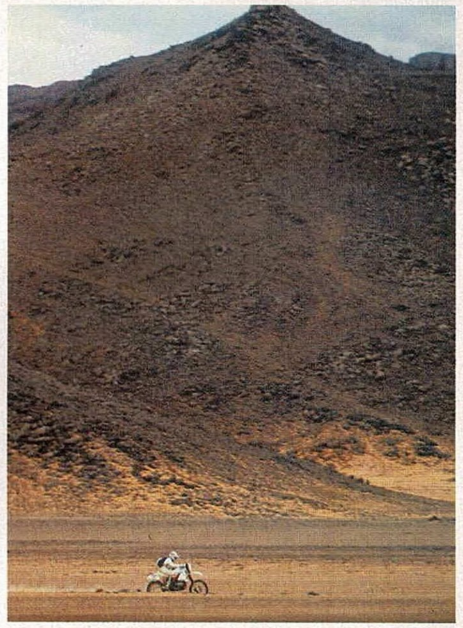
The 10,000km Paris to Dakar event — which translates into rally — is the world's longest fang across the world's most desolate lands. It leaves the Place de la Concorde in the French capital on the morning of New Year's Day and heads south, 900km to the coastal port of Sete. Competitors and their machinery are ferried across the water to Algiers, North Africa where, on January 3, the rally turns into a race.

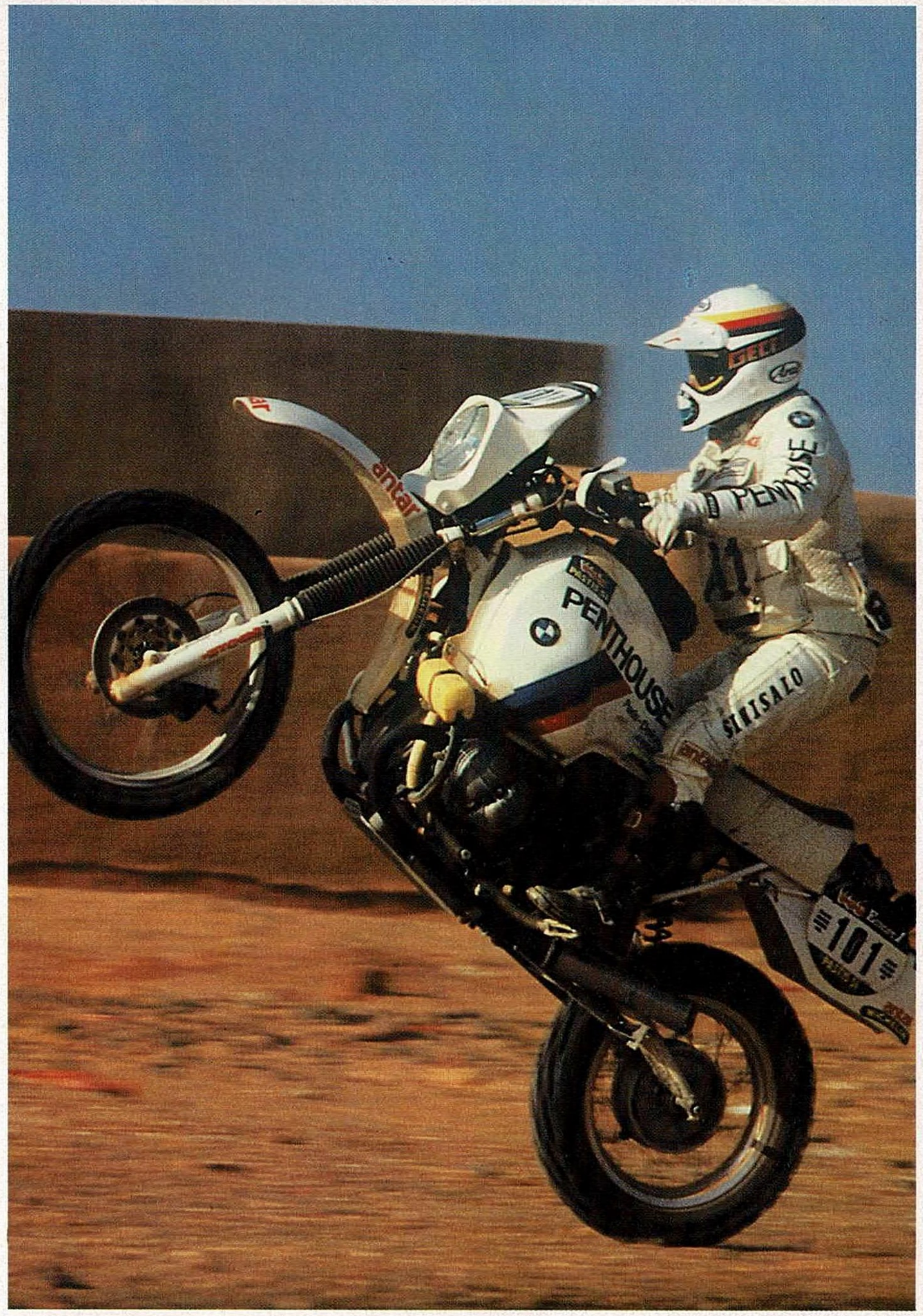
The route winds its way through the former colonial territories of Algeria, Nigeria, Upper Volta, Ghana, Ivory Coast and Sierra Leone in the shape of a gigantic inverted question mark, and finishes at the western-most point of Africa — Dakar, the capital of Senegal. The route, triple the distance from Sydney to Perth, is covered in 16 days of riding with only one rest day.

It crosses two deserts, the Tenere and the Sahara, and the initial long stretches of loneliness and desolation convert to jungle trails as the route swings into equatorial West Africa during the concluding stages. The longest stage is a two-day 1217km haul which can be broken with rest periods or done in one hit, depending on personal preferences and fitness at that stage of the race.

In the first half of the race through Algeria and Nigeria a day's riding clocks up an average 800km, about the same distance as the Sydney to Melbourne run.







STORMING

Later, as the route becomes more clearly defined than just a compass needle pointing over an ocean of sand to the horizon, the riding is over tougher terrain and distances drop accordingly.

The thrill of riding, or driving, for such long periods over ancient and exotic lands attracts no small number of two and four-wheeled adventurers. This year 130 bikes set out from Paris, although only 50 crossed the finish-line in Dakar.

While the Paris-Dakar may be no big deal in Australia, the UK and the USA, it almost runs a close second to Bastille Day in its appeal to French national fervor. And remember, France is a motoring country, pioneer of the automobile and still a world leader with the likes of Renault and Peugeot.

What you can expect then is a roll up of European riders competing each year, and a three-way battle between Yamaha, Honda and BMW to shoo home the winner. Japanese riders too are taken by the event, but none of them is yet to come up to scratch in the riding department.

Paris to Dakar got its biggest coverage Down Under in January, 1982, when British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher's son, Mark, went missing in the Sahara for six days with his female co-driver and mechanic. He eventually turned up in an Algerian oasis saying he wasn't really lost, but he couldn't get in touch with anyone to reveal his position.

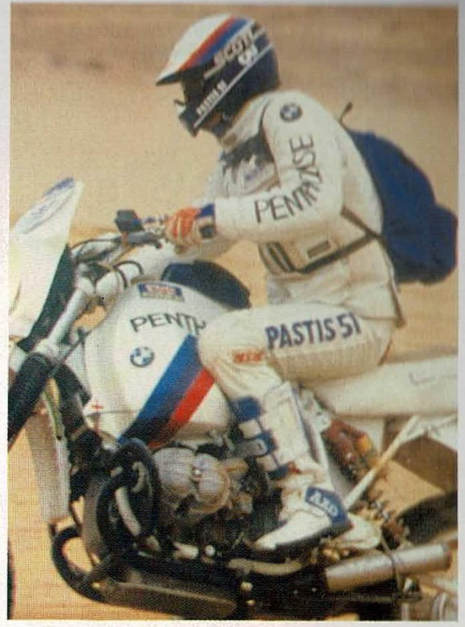
The deaths of a Dutch motorcyclist, a journalist covering the race for the French magazine *Le Point,* and a spectator served to highlight the dangers involved in this high speed blast over largely unfamiliar and undocumented ground.

Increasingly, the Japanese bike makers Honda and Yamaha are spending big yen in the hope of monopolising the race results. To date, their expenditure hasn't been justified. They go all out each year to get home first, but three times in the past four Paris to Dakars, BMW has beaten them into the winner's circle.

Undoubted hero of the French is 190cm Parisian Hubert Auriol, 1981 and 1983 winner on BMW. The 32-year-old son of a French Somali Railway director, he was born in the Ethiopian capital Addis Ababa and has spent 17 years in Africa. Among admirers he is known as the Desert Fox.

He was joined in the BMW *Penthouse* team by three times world 125cc motocross champion, Gaston Rahier, of Belgium and a *gendarme,* Raymond Liozeaux.

While the Japanese rely on production 600cc trail bikes as a starting point for their Sahara-stormers, the Germans go to the limit of their range and begin with 1000cc flat twins. The orientals think lightness of machine is a benefit to the rider over a long period, even though they sacrifice top speed in the flat out sections.



The gruelling Paris to Daker rally takes 16 days, with only one rest day, and covers a distance triple that between Sydney and Perth. As these pictures show, the event is held in some of the most lonely and hostile terrain on the planet. The Penthouse *BMW team took the quinella this year. The win was a personal triumph for the diminutive team rider Rahier who battled a serious injury to come back and take the title.*

On the other hand, the Desert Fox is a cubes man, preferring the 180km/h top speed of the BMW to 150km/h of the Japanese singles.

The bikes are heavily worked over in frame and suspension to withstand the pounding of rock and sand and, in the case of the BMWs, a huge Kevlar tank holding 56 litres of fuel is added, giving the bikes the appearance of pregnant white cows. Such voluminous tanks are required for long desert stretches where the nearest petrol is still in its natural state — way underground.

French darling Auriol only made a so-so start this year and then, while making up for time lost to early leaders Patrick Drobecq (Honda XR 630) and motocrosser Jacky Vimond (Team Yamaha Gauloises), he too uncharacteristically went missing, but only for an hour. He was never able to recover from this setback and although he screamed past Honda and Yamaha riders over the concluding stages, he failed to catch 35-year-old Rahier by 20 minutes at the finish. Still, the BMW *Penthouse* team captured the winning quinella, while policeman Loizeaux was fifth, ahead of the first Yamaha home.

The win was a personal triumph for tiny, moustachioed Rahier, 1975-77 125cc world motocross champion. He's also lucky to be alive. As he began to emerge as a world champion in his native Belgium — where world champions such as Joel Robert, Sylvain Geboers, Marcel Weirtz and Roger de Coster abound — Gaston burst a kidney in a crash. His life hung in the balance and his career looked washed up.

Last year, after beginning a whole-hearted comeback he made the BMW team, and after running with the leaders he unselfishly surrendered his front wheel to Auriol in order that his team-mate could win.

Rahier has struggled his way back into motocross — via the Paris to Dakar — in search of personal honors, and to resume that world championship-chasing career.

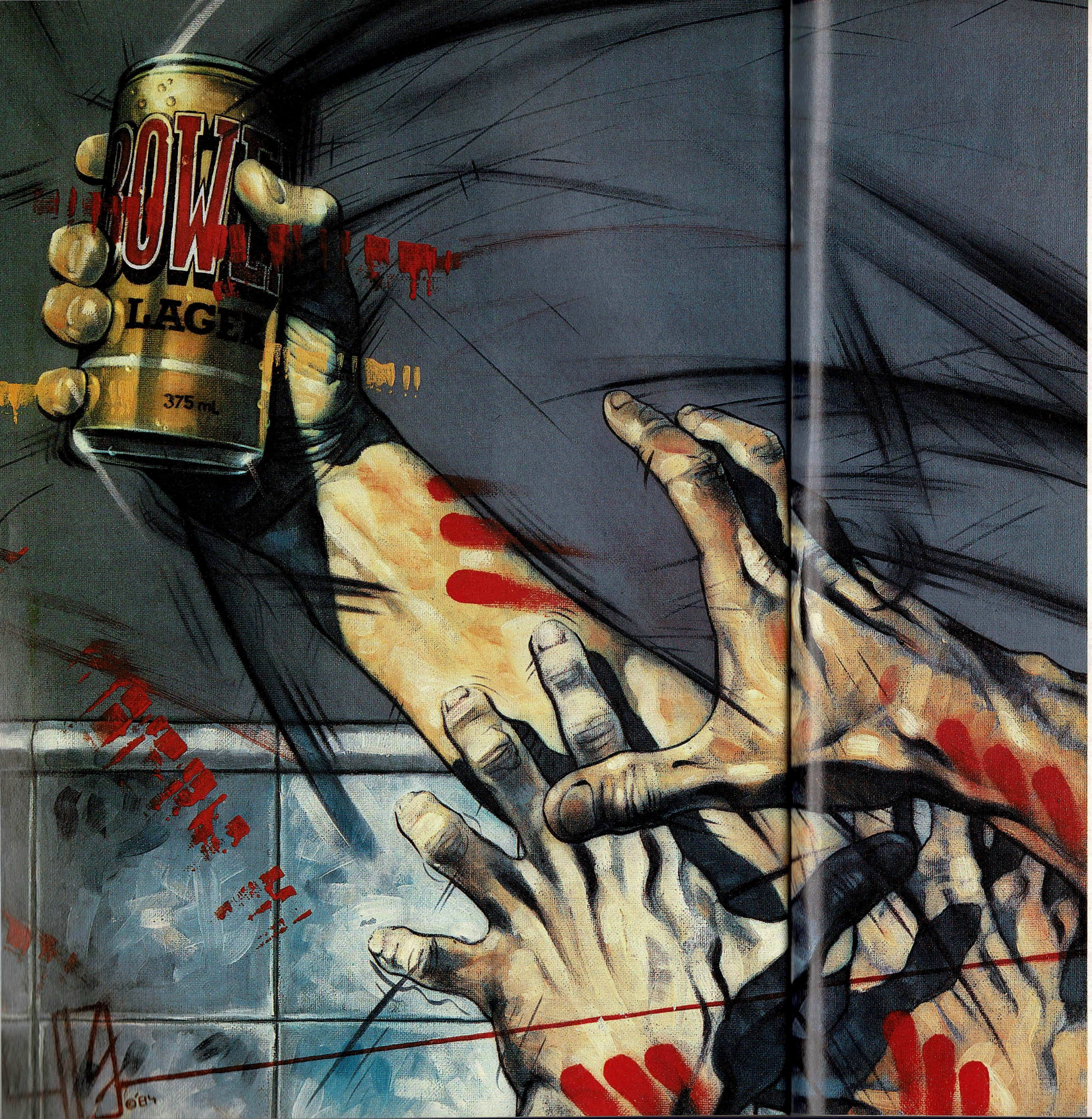
Hubert Auriol will never be that lucky. His first love was of Formula 1 cars, but an insistent upper class father packed his son off to university for an education before giving him permission to race cars. The dream of a sports career on four wheels was shattered, although the challenge of two wheels was still there. As a 21-year-old he borrowed money for a 250cc trail bike, and in a couple of years was French trials and enduro champion.

He entered his first Paris to Dakar in 1979 after hocking off his sound equipment and enlisting the help of friends as support crew. BMW talent scouts eyed the potential of the lanky rider and he was given a factory ride in 1981, resulting in a win by three hours.

Auriol knows the Sahara as a "sea without fish", navigating its waves on a compass course, sighting distant peaks and staying close to old tracks. On 170kg of motorcycle he stands on the pegs and shifts his body mass over the back wheel, lightening the front end. By bouncing and shifting his weight from side to side, the big Frenchman is able to control the direction of the BMW at speeds up to 180km/h.

The nearest thing in Australia to the Paris to Dakar is the one-day Finke desert race over terrain resembling the vast North African wastelands. That event will take place this month with Auriol some sort of chance of being in the line-up.

The hard part in having him here will be getting him to stop after only a day.



It's the beer worth fighting for

BOWEN LAGER

FICTION BY ROBERT BARRETT

"Well, that's the last of them." Billy Dunne turned to Les Norton and nodded as the last few gamblers shuffled out of the Kelly Club and drifted off into what was left of the night. He slammed the heavy steel door, slipped the bolts and turned the two deadlocks. "Not too bad," he said, checking his watch. "Just on 10 to four. Let's go up and have a couple of drinks."

"Reckon," said Les as they started walking up the stairs.

"It's your weekend off next week, too," said Billy, giving Les a friendly punch.

"My oath."

"S'pose you're lookin' forward to it?"

"Wouldn't you be?"

They were still talking when they got to the top of the stairs and started walking through the blue cigarette haze of the casino towards Price's office. Once inside the office Les and Billy sat drinking and talking quietly while Price and the casino manager George Brennan got the money counted, nearly giving themselves hernias trying to jam it in the safe.

"Why can't they open the bloody banks on Sunday," cursed Price as he finally got the safe door closed and gave the combination tumbler a spin. "Lazy pen pushin' bastards. They don't want to do any work at all."

"You can't work on the Sabbath," said Les. "You're Catholic Price, you should know that."

Price stood up and gave Norton a filthy look. "You've got an answer for everything Les, haven't you? You bloody big Queensland hillbilly." He winked at George, then got them all another drink. "Good health lads," he said, raising his glass.

They sat around drinking and joking until about 4.30, when they decided to call it a day. Les and Billy waited out front while Price locked up. When he was satisfied it was all secure they walked him to his car, where they said their goodnight. Saturday night at the Kelly Club was over for another week.

The following Monday morning Les was relaxing in his backyard in Bondi. He'd bought the house about a year ago. It was almost a steal the way he got it, and though the payments were low and Norton wasn't short of a dollar, he shared the house for next to nothing with a bloke named Warren Edwards.

Warren, who looked like a young fair-haired David Niven,

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANTS KANTOR

BOWEN LAGER

worked in an advertising agency where he seemed to know more good sorts than Bob Guccione, so every now and again he'd throw Les a bone. And though Warren was a diminutive sort of bloke with a bubbling personality, whereas Norton could be classed as a taciturn 15-stone brute, they got on quite well together.

The warming rays of the mid-morning sun were just starting to fill Norton's backyard as he sat there on his banana chair reading the paper and sipping his third mug of tea. How good's this? he thought. No work till Thursday week. What a ripper. Unexpectedly the phone rang. Who the bloody hell's this? he thought as he reluctantly heaved himself off the banana chair and went into the lounge.

"Hello," he barked gruffly into the receiver.

"Hello, Les. It's Warren. What are you doing?"

"Well, I was sitting in the backyard relaxing. Why?"

"Listen. You got next weekend off, haven't you?"

"Yeah," replied Norton cautiously.

"How would you like to do a TV commercial?"

"A TV commercial? Don't give me the shits."

"It's a hundred percenter."

"A what?"

"You've got to talk in it. You've only got to say half a dozen words. Jesus, even a Queensland hillbilly like you could string six words together."

"Keep that sort of talk up and I might string six of your vertebrae together, you skinny little prick."

Warren laughed on the end of the line. "It's a beer commercial."

"Yeah? What sort of beer?"

"Bowen Lager."

"Bowen Lager? Never heard of it."

"It's a new one they're putting on the market. It's worth 3000 bucks if you get it."

"Three grand!" The cash register inside Norton's mind suddenly rang up that amount. "What do I have to do?"

Warren explained to Les how his agency was looking for a big red-headed bloke to play the part of Bluey Riley, a Queensland cane cutter. All Bluey had to do was walk into the pub with his mates, look thirsty and mean, say a few words about Bowen Lager and drink a couple of beers. The ad was being shot in Brisbane; they'd fly him up and back in first class, put him up in a top hotel and give him an expense account. He'd leave late Saturday afternoon, shoot the ad Sunday and be back in Sydney Monday morning. The cheque would arrive about a week later.

The idea certainly appealed to Les. Three grand, free piss and a chance to stand on Queensland soil and breathe Queensland air again. "All right. I'll have a go," he said. Warren gave Les the address of the agency and told him to be there no later than 1.30pm for the casting.

The lift doors opened and Les walked out into a large, green-carpeted room with a small marble fountain in the middle. There were a few people seated haphazardly against the walls. A long corridor ran off in one direction and a bored-looking peroxide blonde sat tapping away at a typewriter.

"G'day," said Les, approaching her. "My name's Les Norton. I'm here about some booze ad in Queensland."

She looked up unsmiling and checked a piece of paper behind the desk. "Mr Edwards sent you. Is that right?"

Les nodded. "Yeah."

"Just take a seat. They'll call you shortly."

Before long an overweight guy stepped out of the corridor with a clip-board in his hand. "Les Norton?" he lisped, glancing round the room.

> "You'd better send up a bottle of Taylor's white burgundy and a dozen cans of Fourex." Les smiled to himself: James Bond, eat your heart out

"Yeah, mate."

"Follow me please."

Norton stepped into a bright room with posters all over the walls. Seated on a long velvet Ottoman lounge next to a television set were three middle-aged men and a middle-aged woman. The men all wore trendy clothes, trendy hairstyles and trendy glasses; the woman looked like a barracuda in an expensive pants suit. Les hadn't got in the door and already she was giving him the same look that Zeke Wolf gave the three little pigs.

The trendy closest to Les introduced himself as Maurice McMichael, the director. On his right was Mitchell Buchanan, the writer; the other two remained silent.

"All right Les," said Maurice McMichael as Norton sat down, "this is the story. We are promoting an exciting new brand of beer — Bowen Lager. Basically what we want you to do is this." He stared intensely at Norton, emphasising every word with his hands.

"Imagine, Les, you're in a bar drinking with the boys. You've got a beer in your hand." He handed Norton an empty glass. "Now, how would you say: 'Bowen Lager. It's the beer my friends and I enjoy the most'?"

Norton looked at him incredulously. He could just imagine himself standing in a Queensland bar full of meatworkers, shearers and canecutters and coming out with a line like that. With a cheeky grin on his face, he lifted up the empty glass. "Bowen Lager," he said. "It's the beer me 'n' me mates love to drink." What a load of shit, he thought; I've wasted my time coming here. These dills wouldn't have a clue.

There was complete silence for a moment. "Would you say that again," said the director.

"Bowen Lager. It's the beer me 'n' me mates love to drink."

"Great! Fantastic!" said the director.

"Absolutely amazing," said the writer. "We'll change the concept of the whole campaign."

"Incredible," shrilled the third trendy. "It's just so . . . so Oz."

The barracuda was speechless. She just fell back on the lounge, coughing.

"Stand up, Les, and hold the glass near your face," said the writer. "I want to take a Polaroid."

Les got up bewildered, but still grinning.

The director and the writer escorted him to the door. "We'll be in touch with your agent."

"Yeah, righto," said Norton. They shook hands once more, and Les left the building still absolutely mystified as to what was going on. He was still mystified when the phone rang while he was at home at 5.30 that afternoon.

"Hello."

"Hello, Les. It's Warren. You got the ad."

"Fair dinkum."

"They loved you."

"Well that's good. See, I keep telling you Woz — I'm not just a pretty face."

"No. You're an ugly one. But don't ever forget who discovered you. I'll be home in an hour and I'll tell you all about it then."

"Now for Christ's sake behave yourself up there," said Warren as he drove Norton to the airport the following Saturday afternoon. "Don't get too pissed, and for God's sake don't go belting anyone."

Warren was still lecturing Les as they walked into the domestic flight terminal, where Mitchell Buchanan was waiting to greet them.

"Do like it says on the garbage tins, Les," said Warren, shaking Norton's hand as they paused at the departure gate. "Do the right thing."

"Jesus, you worry Woz," said Norton, slapping him on the shoulder. "What could go wrong? I'll see you when I get back."

Les and Mitchell didn't say a great deal on the flight up, but when they landed at Eagle Farm there wasn't a drop of Fourex

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left on the plane, and Norton was in a pretty good mood.

As soon as they stepped out of the hatch about four gallons of adrenalin surged through Les's body. "Ah, smell that Queensland air, Mitchell," he said, stopping half-way down the steps. "You can bloody near taste it."

As they left Eagle Farm and cruised through the darkened suburbs towards downtown Brisbane, signs flashed past that engulfed Norton with nostalgia. "Cairns Draught." "Fourex on Tap." "*The Courier Mail* Sold Here." "4BK: Number One On Your Dial." When they pulled up at the Crest, Norton was misty-eyed. He was true to the old saying: You can get the boy out of Queensland, but you can't get Queensland out of the boy.

This is all right, thought Les as he threw his bag on the bed of his $100 a night room and stepped out on to the balcony to view the Brisbane skyline. Not too bad at all.

He unpacked his clothes, then picked up the phone.

"Hello. Room service? This is Mr Norton in 704. Could I have two mud crabs, chips, and a large side salad, please? And a bowl of strawberries and cream?" A small bar fridge caught his eye. "You'd better send up a bottle of Taylor's White Burgundy and a dozen cans of Fourex, too. Thank you." He smiled to himself: James Bond, eat your heart out.

By the time Les had shaved and showered the food arrived. He gave the room waiter a tip, then tore into the two crabs, the first bite nearly bringing tears to his eyes. By 9.45 all that remained were the gleaming shells; the Taylor's was gone and Norton was starting on his second can of Fourex. He finished that and went to collect Mitchell Buchanan. He was feeling terrific.

"Do you want to go to the Brisbane Underground?" asked Mitchell. They walked out the front and caught a cab.

The Bianca Jagger lookalike on the door of The Underground nearly had a stroke when she saw Les. "I'm sorry," she sniffed, "but it's members only." Being a trendy on the door of a half-baked exclusive nightspot, she was determined to let only trendy types in. However, she was as impressionable as all would-be glamors; as soon as Mitchell mentioned the names of the advertising agency and a film company she started gushing, batting her eyelids and arranging for them to be escorted to one of the best tables in the place. Norton hardly had his bum on the seat when some money changed hands and a waiter returned with an ice bucket and two chilled bottles of Veuve Cliquot.

"This is a bit more like it," said Les. He glugged one bottle of champers down straight away. Then he noticed that Mitchell seemed to be staring behind him, an apprehensive look on his face. Norton was about to say something when he felt himself being grabbed under the armpits and hauled roughly to his feet, champagne spilling down the front of his shirt. "Righto, on your feet, you bastard," he heard someone bark.

Norton's eyebrows were bristling as he angrily spun around, fists clenched, ready to fill the Brisbane Underground with left hooks and uppercuts. When he saw who it was he dropped his hands and let out a roar of laughter that shook the glasses on the surrounding tables.

"Well I'll be fucked," he bellowed. "You pair of dills. What are you up to?" It was two of his old mates from Dirranbandi, Lawrie Walters and Joey Lynch.

"So what are you pair doin' here, anyway?" asked Les.

"Well, you know that magnificent thoroughbred of ours?" said Lawrie.

"You don't mean that refugee from a glue factory, Flash Dirrin, do you?" asked Les. "Christ, that thing should've gone into a carton of Pal years ago."

> "Here you are, girls," he said, a triumphant grin on his face. "All the way from downtown Dirranbandi. Prickly pear wine."

"Hey, don't knock him. We got him up today."

"It didn't win a race, did it?"

"My oath," said Joey. "Sixty-six to one."

Norton was astounded.

"And how much do you think these two little old country boys had on it?"

Norton shook his head.

"Ten thousand. Anyway Les, old son," said Joey, "we brought old Flash down for the meeting and we've left all the bookies at Doomben with faces longer than a milk run and now we're out celebratin'. Why don't you and your mate join us? We've got a couple of sheilas at our table and we can soon get some more."

Mitchell looked at the three of them and realised there was going to be a bit of a night on, so it was as good a cue as any for him to leave. He turned to Norton. "Les, I don't want to sound like a wet blanket but I might leave you and your mates to it. I'm just about knackered."

Norton picked up the remaining bottle of champagne and followed the boys over to a large table where two attractive but street-wise blondes were sitting surrounded by more ice buckets full of champagne.

"Hello," said Norton to Joey. "Where'd you find the two lovelies?"

"Escort agency. They're not bad scouts either. You want us to get you one?"

"Fuckin' oath. Why not?"

They sat down and Lawrie made the introductions. "Les here reckons you're two of the best sorts he's ever seen," said Joey, "and he wants to know if you can get a girlfriend for him."

"Sure Les," said Terri, smiling at him. "Anything in particular you'd like?"

"Yeah. A redhead with big tits," replied Norton, a cheeky grin plastered across his face.

"Sounds like Renee," Jill said to Terri without changing the expression on her face. "Is she available tonight?"

Lawrie pulled out his wallet, which was thick enough to choke a hippopotamus.

"She's available," said Terri. "I'll go and ring her." Five minutes later she was back. "She'll be here in 20 minutes." She turned to Norton and smiled. "You're going to love Renee, Les."

"If she's just half as nice as you, Terri, she'll do me," said Norton, raising his glass.

They sat there drinking and carrying on, stopping only to let a waiter, with the scent of a rather large tip set firmly in his nostrils, take away the empties. Suddenly Jill looked up and started waving across the room; Norton glanced in that direction and his jaw nearly hit the floor. Walking towards them, wearing a blue, backless, almost frontless dress, with a huge split up the side, was a tall, leggy redhead with the biggest pair of tits Norton had ever seen. Every eye in the place was on her and, escort or not, she was the biggest spunk to walk through the door that night.

"Christ, Les," said Lawrie. "How would you like them for speakers in your house? You'd have to have them 50 feet apart."

She arrived at their table with a big smile and plenty of confidence written all over her face; she'd knocked everyone out and she knew it. Les rose from the table and got her a seat. As she sat down next to him, Jill introduced her around.

"Much doing tonight is there?" Jill asked her.

"No, it's been pretty quiet actually," replied Renee. She had a slow, deep voice that both fascinated and appealed to Les.

"Well there's plenty doing here," said Terri, her eyes spinning from all the French champagne. "So hold on to your girdle love, 'cause I think it's gonna be a big one." She wasn't far wrong. They were giving the shampoo an awful nudge.

Norton couldn't believe it. Coming to Brisbane to do the ad was a buzz in itself, but bumping into two of his best mates when they're half a million dollars in front was something else.

"Well this ain't too bad," said Lawrie when they took a breather from the dancefloor and tore into some more champagne. "But we got a little something better back at the hotel. Haven't we, Joey?"

Joey gave a sly grin. "We sure have," he replied.

Norton looked at them, stroked his chin thoughtfully, and smiled. He had a bit of an idea what they were on about.

"Well, what do you reckon girls?" said Lawrie. "You want to take the party back to our hotel? We might just have a little surprise for you."

"What ever suits you suits us," said Renee, her hand on Norton's knee.

"Okay. We'll finish these and 'Harold Holt'."

When they pulled up outside the Hilton they were making more noise than a horde of marauding English soccer fans, but the doorman welcomed them with open arms. His palm had obviously been well greased beforehand.

"Not a bad spot you've got here," said Norton. The suite was about three times as big as Les's, and beautifully appointed with its own bar and stereo.

"For 300 a night you'd want something decent," replied Joey.

Lawrie rummaged around looking for some glasses and Les knocked the tops off two bottles of bubbly. As they were doing this Terri produced a small, thin package wrapped in alfoil and a packet of cigarette papers from her handbag. "Anybody fancy a smoke?" she asked, looking around the room.

"You can put your pot away, love," said Joey, groping under the bed for his suitcase. "I've got something a bit better than that."

Norton threw back his big red head and laughed. "You haven't got what I think you've got, have you?"

"Some nose candy?" said Jill, her eyes lighting up in expectation.

Joey ignored her and stood up, holding two bottles full of a pinkish liquid. "Here you are, girls," he said, a triumphant grin on his face. "All the way from downtown Dirranbandi. Prickly pear wine."

"Prickly pear wine?" chorused the girls.

"My fuckin' oath," said Joey. "Dirranbandi Drambuie."

Norton looked at him, a suspicious smile on his face. "You didn't give any of that to the horse did you?"

Joey flashed Norton a villainous grin. "Only gave him two cups and old Flash thought he was Phar Lap. Won by 10 lengths."

Norton threw back his head, slapped his thigh and roared laughing. His thoughts drifted back to the first time he drank prickly pear wine. He was about 20. Two mates of his father's, a couple of old opal miners from Lightning Ridge, brought a flagon up when they stayed with the family one weekend. They were a couple of funny old dudes, with long hair and earrings, and he remembered them and his father laughing their heads off as they poured Les and his brothers a large glass each. Nothing happened at first but about 20 minutes later Les didn't know what hit him. He went outside and the moon looked like a huge shimmering silver plate that seemed to take up the whole sky. Stars and comets were literally dancing through the heavens and the night was so clear and soft he felt as if he'd dissolved into it. Strange thoughts raced through his mind as the trees changed into the shapes of animals and he could distinctly hear them talking to each other. Music, coming from a radio on the verandah, seemed to envelope him in a vibrating fog and he could see the notes as they jumped from the radio. The trip only lasted a couple of hours and though it was a little frightening at first, Norton thought it was one of the most beautiful experiences of his life.

He couldn't figure out what did it, but a couple of weeks later one of his brothers handed him a copy of *National Geographic* with an article in it about Mexico, and how these natives in the hills extracted mescaline from the peyote cactus for religious ceremonies. They put two and two together, and after asking a mate of theirs, a chemist with the Department of Agriculture, it turned out that prickly pear is full of mescaline — and that's what caused the trip.

Norton was still laughing as he watched Lawrie fill six glasses with the almost honey-thick liquid; strands of wine wisped between the bottle and the glasses like glistening cobwebs. "Okay girls," said Lawrie. "Bottoms up."

"Oh, it's funny stuff," said Renee, wrinkling her nose as she drained her glass. "It's almost tasteless. What's it supposed to do?"

"You'll find out soon enough," said Les. "Here, wash the bitterness away with some more shampoo." He reached around and topped up everybody's glass.

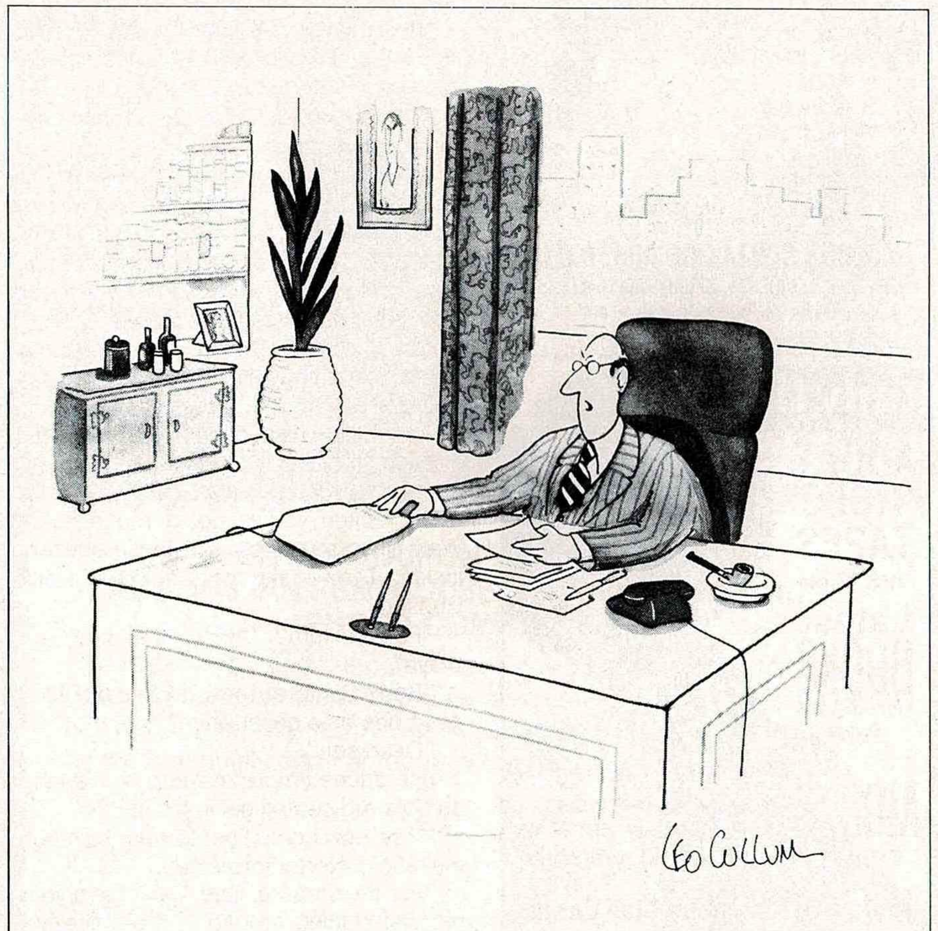
They sat there talking and laughing; after about 15 minutes the first tingle went up Norton's spine. He looked at Renee and she was sitting there wide-eyed, just staring at her hand. She caught his eye and started to laugh; Les laughed, and as he looked around he noticed all six of them were starting to crack up.

Lawrie struggled to his feet, turned up the stereo and killed the main lights, leaving just the soft glow from the bed lamps. The next thing everyone was down to their underwear.

"What do you think of the old Dirranbandi Drambuie, Renee?" said Les, hooking his thumb under her bra strap.

"Mmmhh. You can't get it in 44 gallon drums, can you?" she replied, slipping her hot moist tongue in his ear.

Les took her by the hand and led her into the closest bedroom, where he eased her on to the bed, removing her knickers at the



"Margaret, I told you I'm not available to anyone who claims I met them at Club Med. . . ."

same time. Renee lay her head back on the pillow, closed her eyes, and smiled. She threw her arms around Norton's neck, wrapped her gorgeous long legs around his waist and got into it with him. There's got to be worse ways than this of earning a dollar, she thought.

The first rays of sunrise stabbing painfully into his eyes woke Norton at about 6am, filling his mind with confusion. But when he saw Renee's head on the pillow next to him, and heard Lawrie's snoring coming from the next room, he realised where he was. The memories of the night's events flooded into his fog-bound brain. Christ, he thought, I'd better get moving. Mitchell will be banging on my door at 10 o'clock.

The last thing he remembered was them all running around naked, drinking champagne from the bottle and singing the Mickey Mouse Club song with the girls' bras over their heads. He clicked the door softly behind him and caught the lift to the foyer.

The night porter was still on duty. "Good morning sir," he said pleasantly. "Looks like being a beautiful day."

"You ought to see it from my side, mate," replied Norton groggily.

He caught a taxi back to his hotel, stopping once for a packet of Vincent's Powders and a large bottle of soda water. Back in his room he dumped three APCs in a large glass and topped it up with soda water. Then, closing his eyes, he downed the whole bubbling, frothy pink mess in one go. After gagging for a few seconds, he let go a belch that rattled the chandelier in his room and made his eyes water, then crashed out on the bed.

Right on 10 the phone rang. "Hello, Les. How are you feeling?"

"G'day, Mitchell," he croaked into the receiver. "How are you?"

"Real good. Listen. I've got to go now, but a driver will call for you at 11.30. Can you be ready by then?"

"Yeah. Easy."

"Okay. I'll see you at the pub."

The hotel was a typical Queensland pub, build up off the ground with a green corrugated iron roof. A verandah ran around the entire building facing on to a large, neat beer garden full of native trees. The driver whisked him straight round the back where the makeup lady was waiting for him. She was a blue-eyed English blonde.

"Hello," she said pleasantly, guiding Norton into a chair and draping a nylon cape around his shoulders. "You must be Les. My name's Annabelle. Looking forward to the ad, are you?"

"Dunno. I've never done one before."

She laughed. "Well, you're going to love this one. There's about 200 people in there to keep you company."

"Two hundred? Shit, they must have hired some blokes."

"They didn't hire anyone. These are all locals. You and two girls are the only ones getting paid. The rest are just here for the free piss." She started trimming the hair around Norton's neck. "And they've been into it for two hours," she added.

Christ, thought Norton, I've got to do this fuckin' thing with 200 drunks. This is going to be nice.

Annabelle finished his hair and started daubing makeup on his face with a soft brush. "I'll tell you what, Les," she said. "You reckon you've got a rough head. Wait till you see some of these geezers inside. They make you look like Rock Hudson."

"Fair dinkum? They're that bad, are they?"

"Bad? Some of these blokes wouldn't get a ride on a ghost train."

"Dead set."

She daubed more makeup on his face and started putting gel in his hair.

"Hey, how come I get to wear so much makeup?" Norton protested.

"For the camera, love. Can't have your big dial shining around in there like the Portsmouth Lighthouse."

She pulled the cape from round his shoulders and Les stood up and checked himself out in the mirror. He nearly died. She'd slicked his hair down with pink gel and he had pale brown pancake makeup plastered all over his face; he knew what he could expect from the locals when he went inside. The butterflies in his stomach suddenly turned into screaming wedge-tailed eagles as he reluctantly let Annabelle lead him into the bar. Inside, it was pandemonium.

Annabelle said there were 200 in there; it looked like at least twice that number to Les and they were of every race, creed, color, shape and size imaginable. There was a bunch of bushy-headed Thursday Islanders and a mob of Chinese. A sullen gang of bikies, the Marauders, and their mammas were crammed up against the bar screaming for more beer and itching for trouble. Around them was a pushing, heaving mob of sweaty, barrel-chested, pot-bellied blue collar workers, all wallowing in the free beer.

Annabelle led him straight up to the film crew, where Les recognised Mitchell and the director Maurice McMichael. The mob quietened when they realised the star of the show, Bluey Riley, had arrived. Standing there in his hair gel and makeup, Norton could sense that every eye in the place was on him; he knew that one thought was flashing through all their minds as soon as they saw him: "Poofter."

"Okay, Les," said the director taking him by the arm. "We'd better get straight into this before the mob gets too out of hand. Here's what I want you to do."

They then started taking shots of Les swaggering towards the bar, pretending to acknowledge some old friends amongst the crowd. The director picked out half a dozen of the roughest-looking locals and made them Bluey's offsiders. Les had to burst through the door with his mob behind him, look mean, hit the bar and order beers all round for the boys. Then when they all had a beer, Les had to look into the camera, smile, wink and come out with his line: "Bowen Lager. It's the beer me 'n' me mates love to drink."

Still a bit on the seedy side, Norton didn't really feel like drinking at all and being a Fourex man he wasn't too keen on the taste of Bowen Lager. It was too sweet. But after about 10 pots of the stuff he started to get a bit of a glow and it started to taste more palatable.

After getting off to an uneasy start, Norton was beginning to handle his film star role okay. They still needed some wide shots and the director wasn't completely satisfied with Norton's delivery of his line about Bowen Lager. But they had plenty of time and everything seemed to be going well. Even though the crowd was convinced Les was a poofter, they had accepted him. All except the bikies, still jammed up against the bar.

"This fuckin' Bluey Riley, the so-called cane cutter, is startin' to give me the shits," the leader of the Marauders, a tall,

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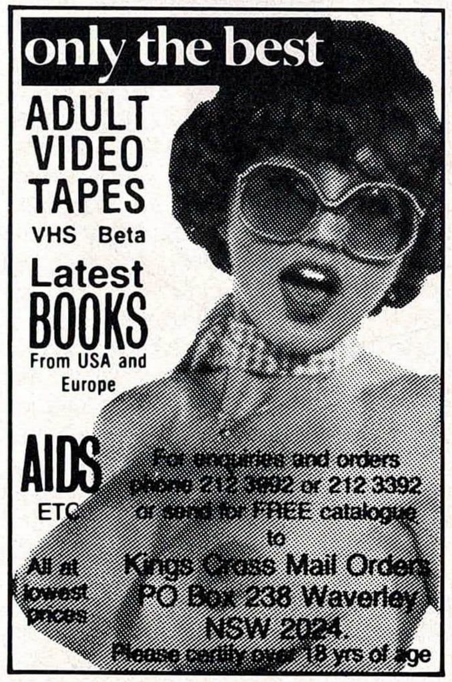

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CONDITIONS OF ENTRY

Your entry must be accompanied by the official entry form, which can be found only in *Australian Penthouse* Magazine. No facsimiles will be accepted.

The prizes are not transferable or redeemable for cash. Entry and participation in the competition is completely free and open to both amateur and professional Australian photographers currently residing in Australia, other than employees of *Australian Penthouse*, Alfa Romeo Australia and Canon Australia.

The competition coupon will be published in June, July and August *Penthouse*. Six monthly winners will be chosen by the editor of *Australian Penthouse*. A selection of winning entries will be published in the magazine and the six monthly winners will each receive a Canon AF 35 camera.

A panel of judges comprising representatives from Alfa Romeo, Canon and *Penthouse* will select the final winning entry. The winner of the car's name will be published in the October '84 edition of *Australian Penthouse*. The winner will also receive a collection of Canon photographic equipment, valued at over $1000.

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On all questions, disputes or matters arising in relation to the contest, the judges' decision will be final. No correspondence will be entered into and entry in the competition indicates acceptance of all rules and conditions.

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heavily-built bikie, sneered to his lieutenant.

"The whole thing's startin' to give me the shits," replied the lieutenant. He was equally big and dirty, and had a thick bushy beard which he'd tinged with green dye.

"I reckon I might go over and liven the big poofter and his artsy-fartsy mates up. What d'yer reckon?"

"Why not? I'll tell the boys."

The head bikie sauntered over to where Les was rehearsing a scene and stood next to him. As Les turned around he gave him an elbow in the ribs and spilt his beer on him.

"Take it easy, old mate," said Norton, giving a grunt of discomfort.

The bikie scowled and looked Les up and down. "You're a big enough cane cutter, aren't you?" he sneered. "You should be able to take it."

Norton's eyebrows bristled slightly as he gave the bikie a bleak smile. "Yeah," he grunted and turned away. As he did the bikie gave him another elbow in the ribs — a little harder this time.

Norton's nerves were on edge as it was. He was not in the mood for being stuffed around. The Bowen Lager wasn't going down all that well; he was still feeling hungover, and he was starting to get a bit pissed. He turned around slowly to face the leering bikie, a half-smile on his face. Reaching across, he took the leader of the Marauders by his shirt, pulled him forward and head-butted him across the bridge of his nose — not hard enough to knock him out but enough to give him the idea to drop off — and then pushed him aside.

The enraged bikie's eyes watered and he snorted out a stream of blood on to the back of his tattooed hand. If he'd had any brains he would have let it go at that, but instead he let out a roar and viciously punched Les in the back of the head — propelling him into the bar. The two acting barmaids let out a scream. As Les spun around the big bikie hit him with a roundhouse left, catching him on the eye.

Norton's face twisted into a scowl and all the gallons of adrenalin in him surged through his body. He bunched his massive right fist, set his feet and belted the bikie under the chin with an uppercut that lifted him almost a foot off the floor, smashing every tooth in his head and completely shattering his jaw. The bikie slumped forward, straight into a left hook that squashed his nose like an over-ripe fig. He dropped to the floor and didn't move.

Norton was hoping that that might have been the end of it, but as it is with bikie gangs, you fight one and you have to fight the lot. Like sharks in a feeding frenzy the rest of the Marauders charged through the crowd to get at Les. Norton dropped the first two pretty smartly, but the rest pinned him up against the bar, crawling over each other in an effort to get at him. Norton was butting, punching, kneeing, elbowing, gouging and biting and was giving almost as good as he was getting. But the odds were stacked heavily against him. However, just as Les was starting to go down under the sheer weight of numbers, the cavalry arrived in the form of "Bluey Riley's offsiders."

Now it was the bikies' turn to take some punishment. Now that he could get a fair go at them there was no stopping Norton. All the pent-up rage and tension poured out of him and he started belting bikies left, right and centre. And he was loving every minute of it.

However, in the melee one of the Thursday Islanders got a smack in the mouth, so he belted the nearest whitey. The next thing you knew, all the Thursday Islanders were going at it hammer and tongs as part of the mob turned on them. What had started out as a beer commercial had turned into a gigantic brawl that looked more like a scene from a Mel Brooks movie. Standing in the middle, a wild grin on his face, was a blood-spattered Norton, trying to turn every bikie into fillet steak.

As soon as they could see that things were getting completely out of hand the film crew picked up what gear they could and retreated to a corner at the end of the bar to watch an entire day's filming go down the drain in a welter of punches, kicks and blood. As far as they were concerned, the cause of it all was the big new discovery that had been sent to them, Les Norton.

"Some bastard's going to pay for this," the director screamed at Mitchell. "Someone is going to pay. I swear to God."

The soundman kept recording at first but as soon as he realised it was turning into a riot he switched everything off, grabbed most of his equipment and got down behind the bar. The cameraman was fairly safe perched up on the bar with his camera resting on a big pile of sand-filled bags, like a soldier in a gun emplacement. And being half full of drink and a bit of a wag, he filmed the lot.

Leaning on the bar next to the director was the bleary-eyed publican. He was so drunk he could hardly stand up. He put his hand on Maurice's shoulder, as much to steady himself as to attract his attention. "I suppose I'd better do something," he hiccuped. "I'll call the cops." Just as he said that, eight of the biggest Queensland wallopers you'd ever wish to see burst through the doors. "Jesus, that was quick," he said, blinking his eyes in amazement. They were all members of the Brisbane Police Rugby League team and each one of them was built like a council dump truck. They happened to be training at a nearby oval, and hearing about the commercial, thought they might drop in and see what was going on. And maybe have a free drink.

As soon as they saw what was happening they charged straight in, belting and collaring everyone they could get their hands on. At the sight of the police uniforms an immediate change came over the scene, and within seconds there was a stampede for the door, with the Thursday Islanders leading the way. They knew that if there were going to be any arrests, they'd be the first to go.

Body upon unconscious body, mostly bikies, lay scattered haphazardly across the floor. Shattered chairs, upturned tables, broken bottles, smashed glasses and other debris seemed to be floating on the beer-sodden floor. Every window was broken. Now and again, one of the bodies would try to rise, only to give a moan of pain and collapse again.

"Well. What do you reckon Maurice, old fella?" asked Les, standing in front of the astonished director. "Was that scene convincing enough, or did it look a little too rehearsed?" He threw back his head and roared laughing; somehow the director failed to see the joke.

Norton stood there for a moment, picking some hair and pieces of flesh out of his teeth when he noticed the grinning cameraman up on the bar. The soundman was standing next to him.

"Hey, is that stuff still working?" he said to the two of them.

The cameraman looked to see if there was any film left and nodded. The soundman checked the boom mike, put his headphones on, twiddled a couple of dials on his Nagra-Kudelski and nodded as well. "All right then," said Les. "We won't fartarse around. We'll make this a . . . what do you call it? A take." He turned to one of the girls behind the bar. "Righto. Give me a beer."

With the beer in his hand he turned back to the cameraman. "Righto. Roll camera," he said.

"Camera rolling," was the reply.

Norton clutched his beer firmly, looked directly into the lens, and with a big cheesy grin on his blood-spattered face said: "Bowen Lager. It's the beer worth fightin' for." Then with a wink from his one good eye, he threw the lot down in one go.

"Better do another one for safety," chuckled the half-pissed cameraman.

Norton got another beer and repeated the performance. A ripple of laughter ran through the film crew. Even Mitchell Buchanan couldn't help but raise a smile. The director just stood there. "Get the idiot out of here," was all he said. Then he covered his face with his hands.

The only thing that really annoyed Les, apart from the looks of the other passengers on the plane back to Sydney, was the thought he'd probably done the $3000. He had no trouble getting a taxi at the airport and by 12.30 he was back in his banana chair in the backyard having a mug of tea, when the phone rang.

"Hello, Les. It's Warren." He didn't sound very happy.

"G'day Woz. How are you?"

"Jesus Christ, Les. What the hell happened up there?"

"Nothin' much. There was a bit of a stink . . . that's all."

"A bit of a stink. The pub got wrecked. The whole shoot was ruined. The agency is absolutely screaming and I look like losing my bloody job."

When Warren got home that evening his David Nivenish face looked more like Jed Clampett's dog. When he saw the condition of Les's melon his jaw dropped even further.

"All right, Les," he said, "what happened?"

Les eased himself back from the kitchen table and folded his arms across his chest. "Like I said Warren, there was a bit of a stink . . . that's all." He went on to explain how everything was going along famously till the Marauders started the fight, how it got a bit out of hand and finally how the police arrived. "And that's fair dinkum, Woz. Everything would have been sweet only for this big mug belting me."

Norton could sense that every eye in the place was on him; he knew that one thought was flashing through all their minds: "Poofter."

"Yes. But they reckon you just carried on and on, trying to massacre these blokes."

"Well, damn." Les's voice was starting to rise. "What would you do if a dozen dirty big galahs in leather jackets started kickin' the shit out of you? You'd want a bit of a square-up too, wouldn't you? Jesus Christ."

Early on Friday afternoon Norton was in the kitchen sipping from a can of Fourex and making an Irish stew. He was about to throw in some spuds when he heard the front door open. Hello, he thought. Happy Warren's home early from work. They've probably given him the arse. As he heard him come down the hall he turned slowly around to grunt hello, expecting to see Warren's mournful face in the kitchen door. Instead, Warren was standing there holding a bottle of champagne, a grin on his face like a split in a watermelon. He looked as if he'd had a few sherberts, too.

"Hey, Les my old mate," he cried, before running across the kitchen and punching Les around the arms and chest. Norton had been kicked harder by butterflies.

"What's the matter with you?" Les said, more than a little bewildered.

"What's the matter with me?" said Warren. His eyes were a bit glassy, and he was obviously in a state of great excitement. "Nothing's the matter with me. It's you that's the matter. You star, you."

Norton looked at him and shook his head. "What are you talking about?

"What am I talking about? The ad's what I'm talking about."

"What? That Bowen Lager thing?"

"Yeah. That. They love it."

"What? I don't understand you." He took another suck on his Fourex and gave the stew a stir.

"The advertising manager for the brewery loves it. The film company dudded up the ad. They picked out parts of the fight, put in some honkytonk piano music and built it around a big pub brawl. They've changed the whole concept of the ad to coincide with that line you used: "Bowen Lager. It's the beer worth fighting for." Warren was laughing fit to bust.

"Are you fair dinkum?" asked Norton incredulously.

"Yes of course I'm fair dinkum. The film company showed the brewery the rushes on Wednesday and they were knocked out. They said it was the best makeup job and special effects they'd ever seen. All the advertising heavies are convinced Bowen Lager's going to be the biggest selling beer in Australia."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah. The brewery's already booked another half million dollars worth of advertising. I've got a raise. And here — this is for you." Warren grinned and handed Les a cheque.

"Four thousand bucks," yelled Norton. "Well I'll be blowed."

"So there you go. Everything's worked out for the best. And Les, I'm sorry I've been a bit moody all week, but Jesus I was worried, you know."

"Oh, that's all right Woz," said Les pocketing the cheque. "I understand, mate."

"All's well that ends well."

"Yeah. Something like that."

Warren threw back his head and roared laughing. He was ecstatic. Les was still standing there impassively, sipping his can of beer and giving the stew a stir now and again. Warren let out another roar of laughter, looked at Les and shaped up as if to fight him. "Bowen Lager, eh," he chortled. "It's the beer worth fighting for." He dropped his hands and fell against the fridge, doubled up with laughter.

"Oh, I don't know," said Norton draining his can of Fourex and nonchalantly tossing the empty in the kitchen tidy. "It's a cunt of a drop if you ask me."

JOE'S BAR
JOE'S BAR

"See what I mean? Every day they're gaining more equality."

SPELLBOUND

Hot Latin blood adds to the sizzling aura around brunette beauty Marcia Ruks. Her ancestral background has also colored her temperament, which is as warm and inviting as a Mediterranean summer, an aspect of this 19-year-old which tends to melt hearts and all but melt the snow on the ski slopes she loves to frequent.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEPHEN HICKS

Marcia says she's happiest living as a snow bunny, chasing the best snow conditions in resorts around the world. She's been perfecting her style since she was seven years old and now gives lessons.

Needless to say, when her students
hesitantly slip and slide up to their
classes, they're instantly spellbound. "For
beginners," she says with a smile, "they
sure make a lot of advances . . ."

Marcia says she once broke a leg on a ski jump and spent three weeks in hospital, entertaining the ward by offering a kiss for every autograph signed on her cast.

This racy downhill racer says she ended up with a leg that looked like a newspaper and a pair of very chapped lips. A quick once-over of Marcia as she appears here confirms the fact that they have both healed perfectly.

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Heroes or villians?
Whichever side of the law you
see them from, it's obvious that the Highway
Patrol hasn't got it easy.

ON THE BEAT

BY PETER McKAY

Locked in battle for the popularity wooden spoon with the taxation department and noisy garbage collectors, the Highway Patrol is not a much-loved group. Scores of motorists have Highway Patrol stories to tell: terrible tales of aggravation and victimisation, blatant revenue-grabbing and Gestapo tactics.

It's as if Jack The Ripper is handling police PR. But talk to your regular pursuit patrolmen and the story is very different. They squarely lay the blame for much of the force's tattered image and low morale on those masters of sleight of hand, the politicians. The cops can't fight back. Officially at least, they can't say it like it is. The police are sitting ducks, scapegoats for the bungling bureaucrats and parliamentarians. Not all of the time, but lots of the time. You've heard the old lines. Those patrol guys will cop a sling, either in hard cash or — if a female is involved — in kind. They're all on a quota system. They'll pinch you if you exceed the speed limit by two km/h. They're cowboys on wheels who put other road-users at risk with breakneck chases for minor infringements. And so on . . .

Then there's the view of the men behind the badge. Yes, there are the occasional bad eggs. But, under often difficult circumstances, the majority play the game to the rules. They're undermanned, under-equipped, under pressure, underpaid, and overloaded. They have problems making friends outside the force; few now even bother. Because of their profession they're ostracised to a point where most now agree it's social suicide to acknowledge their occupation beyond working hours. "Mention you're a cop at a party and there'll always be someone there wanting to fight you."

There are the myths to debunk, like the one that Highway Patrolmen are forever being propositioned by female motorists. One long-service bike and car man says he has been offered pussy only twice in 12 years on the job. "One time I pulled over a female traffic offender who responded by hauling her skirt up around her waist and playing with herself. I managed to stay in control and told myself it had to be police internal affairs setting me up."

Several months ago the NSW Highway Patrol was again embroiled in controversy after a sickening road accident in Sydney's northern suburbs. It was the familiar scenario triggered by the sighting of a suspect driving a stolen car. Blue lights flashing,

PHOTOS BY GRAHAM MONRO

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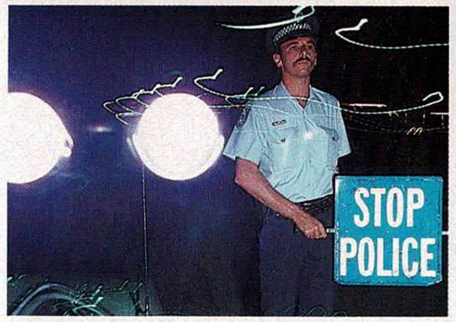
2 4
HIGHWAY PATROL
COMMODORE SL
MPK 706



POLICE
POLICE

THE BEAT

sirens wailing, the lawmen give chase. The lawbreaker, fired up on heroin, takes to the wrong side of the road to avoid capture and his stolen Commodore ploughs into a Corona travelling in the opposite direction. Result: one innocent person dead, another badly injured, as well as serious injuries to the suspect.

An official departmental inquiry is mounted. Pointed questions are raised. The letters columns of daily newspapers reflect the public's reaction. Why place the lives of innocent bystanders at risk in any circumstances? Why not simply abort the chase?

The official police guideline for car chases is simple — pursuit drivers are instructed not to endanger their own lives or those of any other motorist.

While the guideline itself is uncomplicated, it is not always easy to make an instant cool, calculated decision with sirens howling and tyres squealing, adrenalin sky-high, and a wrong-doer tantalisingly close to capture. Of course, imagine the uproar from the public if the patrolman simply slowed and let the car thief go. In NSW, about 1000 speedsters are apprehended weekly. Many are caught by fixed radar, but a large number are collared by the traditional method which ends with the dreaded "Pull over, driver" routine. Put differently, there are hundreds of occasions each week when police pursuit cars exceed the limit as they shadow and overhaul speeding motorists. It's only when they go wrong that the force's tactics are placed under the spotlight.

Easier to answer, perhaps, is whether the Highway Patrol personnel are qualified to behave like Grand Prix racing car drivers in the public domain.

Ironically, the fatal chase described above went past the front entrance to the St Ives Police Driver Training School, that 15-hectare slice of high-priced real estate where every cop in NSW has at one time or another been taught the ropes of advanced driving. Yes, all police trainees automatically attend a rudimentary five-day car control course.

Fifteen instructors put the new boys (and girls) through a program in the classroom, on the greasy skid pan — liberally doused with a mixture of water and oil — and around a specially-designed high speed circuit which produces all kinds of unpleasantries such as adverse camber corners, blind crests and hairpins. About six percent fail at the first attempt and are brought back for a four-day refresher.

Then, for those who want to move into Highway Patrol work, there are intensive 15-day high-speed advanced courses for bikes and cars.

Much of the motorcycle instruction centres around survival — riding defensively to avoid getting bowled over by those turkeys in motor cars. The practical activity commences with four days on dirt tracks aboard stripped-down 400cc off-road bikes learning throttle control. Then it's on to the big Kawasaki, Honda and BMW road bikes for 30 hours of training on the bitumen circuit. They're taught how to accelerate hard without getting tossed off the rear of their big-horsepower bikes, and how to stop quickly without getting flung over the handlebars.

It's a tough, unrelenting program with only a 50 percent pass rate. Instructors, some with a decade at St Ives, admit 15 days isn't enough to transform the guileless into a hardened pursuit pro. "We'd like more time to work on them," said one.

Likewise, the high-speed car course is no picnic; 35 percent don't reach a pass mark. Not every enlisted man is cut out for patrol work.

The demanding nature of the St Ives high-speed circuit — coupled with specific design deficiencies — can lead to some spectacular wipeouts. There has been just one serious prang: in October '74, a Falcon travelling at a fair lick slipped off the edge of the bitumen into a rut and rolled. Two policemen were hurt.

A solo trainee was responsible for the most celebrated miscue in the 21-year history of the St Ives facility. He lost control, headed into no-man's-land and tore up a mesh fence. Rescuers arrived at the scene to find a length of fence piping had speared the car through the rego label on the windscreen and then through the passenger seat and on into the boot. Had an instructor been riding shotgun, as was the norm, he'd have ended up a human shish-kebab.

New South Wales' lone police driver training centre, St Ives, is a full-tilt 52-weeks-per-year operation. That sausage factory puts close to 2000 personnel through courses every year, more than half being trainees doing the elementary five-day tutorial. Additionally, between 500 and 600 policemen are licence-tested in various categories, such as the handling of prison vans.

There's no querying the competence of the instructors. An outsider visiting St Ives has to marvel at their ability with bike or car. They have impressive communication skills too. And there's no reluctance on their part to fail trainees who don't come up to scratch. The only nagging doubt is whether 15 days is sufficient . . .

Left: Although they're meticulously maintained, NSW highway patrol vehicles are sold after 40,000 kilometres. The introduction of Random Breath Testing in some states has increased the highway patrolman's burden. Right: The 15 day high speed advanced driving courses at Sydney's St Ives Police Driver Training School are so tough that few pupils make it through without a few heart-stopping moments.

It's six o'clock one Tuesday morning at the drab barracks-like North Sydney Highway Patrol headquarters located under the northern end of the Harbor Bridge. It's morning parade time, with overtones of *Hill Street Blues.* The sarge is up there at the lectern telling 10 patrolpersons the news of the day. Sarge is asking the new shift to keep eyes peeled for a stolen Toyota Liteace with black bull bars. The crime-busters diligently take notes.

Patrol car 29 is decked out with a large accurate speedo (checked regularly) which is used in preference to the General's optimistic standard dashboard model. There's also a radio link to base, plus a siren loud enough to bring *Reader's Digest* subscribers back into the land of the living. And there's a roof-mounted blue flashing light.

Up-front are a Highway Patrol rookie on three-month's probation, and an old hand with 12 years' experience working bikes and cars. He prefers bikes, but today he's back "inside" keeping an experienced eye on the probationary freshman.

"You can never pick how they're going to behave," says the 12-year veteran of thousands of "Pull over, driver" capers. "Some days they're wearing their halos; other times they're out of control." Today turns out to be a bad one for Neville Wran's cash registers; car 29's modest score amounts to only a couple of minor infringements . . . an old Kingswood with a left rear as smooth as Kojak's dome, and a cabbie who ran a red.

Saturday night, 7 o'clock. On patrol again, this time in an unmarked Falcon. The promise of more action; Thursday through Sunday are the busy nights for the marauders in blue.

We hit the Harbor Bridge expressway and immediately draw blood. An Asian in a Volvo is nailed for doing 95 km/h in an 80 zone. The radio is busy and there's a report of a possible break and enter up the road in Naremburn. The Falcon is haulin' arse in that direction when the radio operator advises that the suspected break and enter was in fact the drug squad making a hurried, unheralded entrance through a side window.

At 8 o'clock, with traffic pouring into the city, the Falcon heads for suburban Lane Cove for a spell of radar work in a busy 60 zone. The mean and nigh unbeatable KR-11 is programmed to make a noise within an appropriate tolerance of the speed time. Thirty seconds later the first customer arrives, doing 84. Then another, a panel van, is zapped at 94. A pretty girl in a Sigma goes for 90, and a Commodore for 92. Wran's cash register is off and running. A few hundred bucks in five minutes.

The KR-11 is bleating again and the brown Falcon is a goner: 87 km/h. The sign is waved, on goes the blue light, and off powers the Falcon . . . accelerating into the night. At last some real action. Roaring engine, howling tyres, flashing light and, best of all, the siren.

The tattooed gent in the Falcon is no paid-up member of the Temperance Society. Cornered in a nearby self-serve petrol station, he's clearly in the grip of the grape — and aggressive too. "I'm not blowin' in nothing'," comes his response to a request to check his blood alcohol level. And no, he isn't keen on accompanying the officers to the station.

It's all over in a few seconds. There's a flurry and the handcuffs nobble further activity. It's 8.15. Our friend's stubbies are sliding across the rear seat of the Highway Patrol car and he's mouthing off about coppers and complaining about the cuffs being too tight and wriggling about. There's a shortfall on sympathy during the drive to North Sydney station.

The relationship deteriorates further with his diplomatic: "I've taken out hundreds of pigs like you." Then: "Hey you, give us a smoke. No, that's right . . . just what I'd expect from pricks like you." Sensible, conciliatory stuff from a bloke in a precarious situation.

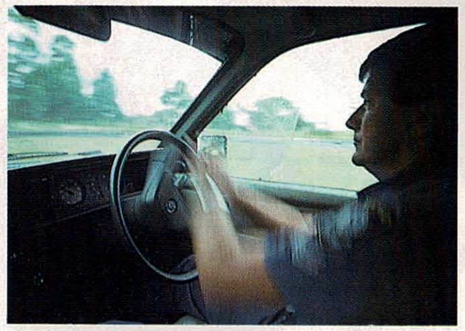
The handcuffs stay on. The cops stoically ignore the insults and get started on the documentation. Reports and forms to be filled out in detail. The house guest is still bitching about the cuffs. Again the suggestion is made that he'd be more comfortable if he co-operated.

Then, a metamorphis. There are tears and Stubbies And Tatts pours out his troubles — girl troubles. The cops soften a bit. Off come the cuffs. He's really spilling his guts now. The boozing started at 9.30 this morning. Yeah, he'll blow in the bag. He registers 0.130, or more than two and a half times the legal limit. There's more though . . . he's an unlicensed driver. He's in the shit.

The desk sergeant processes Stubbies And Tatts: height, prints and personal details while the two-fingered typist pecks on. When it's all done, Stubbies And Tatts apologises for being an arsehole and acknowledges the patrolmen were only doing their job. He should go and buy a lottery ticket; he could have had the book tossed at him, but instead he's walking away with just drink drive and unlicensed driving charges. It's 9.50 before the boys are back on patrol. Almost 90 minutes lost.

The patrol car heads for King Cross to do some Random Breath Testing. Every crew is expected to do a little RBT and radar duty each shift.

William Street is wall-to-wall new car showrooms. And a popular trading post for hookers. They're unconcerned that a police car has been positioned just a couple of bed lengths away from their favorite street lamp. A few year ago, before the repeal of the Summary Offences Act, the girls might have been worried. Not now. The police are powerless. "Those broads could piddle in the street and we couldn't arrest them," mutters one of the patrolmen. "This part of the city has fallen into the hands of scumbags," adds his mate contemptuously.



A half dozen drivers are asked to blow in the bag but no-one is caught in the RBT net.

No cash, bash or gash. No bribes, biffing or balling. It's the copper's commandment, the rough rule of thumb to avoid getting the flick from the force.

Getting into the Highway Patrol is difficult enough; staying there is something else again.

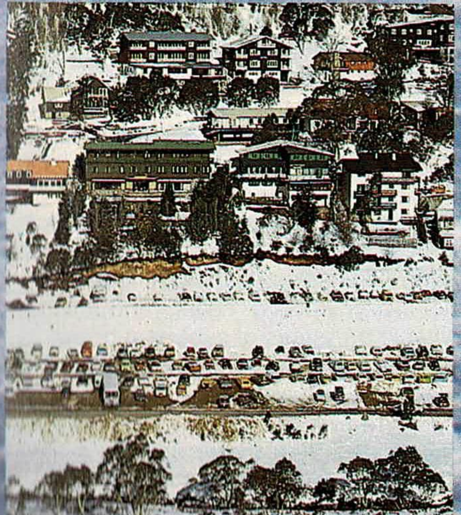
There's the eternal public political scrutiny, the internal affairs investigations, living with the unrelenting unpopularity, the crazy working hours, and the inevitable pressures of a job that brings its fair share of conflict and aggro. And the occasional bruise. Dying on the job, though rare, is very much a possibility.

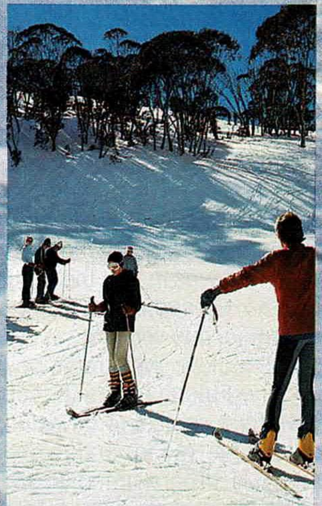
Consider that there are no happy customers in Highway Patrol territory. "We're selling a product that no-one wants," said one badge-toter with an empty smile.

WIN THE TOTAL LUXURY SKI HOLIDAY

WIN THE TOTAL LUXURY SKI HOLIDAY

A WEEK IN THE SNOW TO GO!!





Thredbo Village is the undisputed winter entertainment capital of Australia, and this month *Australian Penthouse* offers you the chance to get amongst the white powdery stuff in lavish style with an all-expenses paid one-week holiday for two at the magnificent Thredbo Alpine Hotel. This competition prize, valued at more than $2500, includes return air tickets to Sydney (if necessary), return air tickets to Cooma via Air New South Wales, transport by chauffeur-driven car to Thredbo, all meals and accommodation, one week's free lift tickets, free ski gear hire, complimentary skiing lessons from the Thredbo Ski School and, as a special treat, a late-night ride aboard a Snowcat for a panoramic view of the lights of Thredbo Village. It's the total luxury ski holiday package, and as an added bonus, the winning couple will descend on the mountain resort at the start of Thredbo's outrageous September Carnival Week — seven days of full-on partying in a glittering array of alpine nightspots. All you need do is fill in the entry form overleaf and you could be on your way.

THREDBO AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE COMPETITION

If you haven't skied Thredbo, you haven't skied the best in Australia. Nestled deep in the Australian Alps of southern NSW, Thredbo boasts more than 70 kilometres of trails, including the longest ski runs and the best beginners' slopes in the country. Visitors can ski above or below the tree line, cruising over wide, flat terrain or hurtling down thickly forested, challenging "black" runs. Cross country skiing options are also available. Four chairlifts, seven T-bars and four beginners' tows provide easy access to any part of the mountain and the lift lines move very quickly. Thredbo is geared for maximum fun at a minimum of fuss.

The ambience of Thredbo Village is distinctly upmarket. Style, comfort and fine food have always been the resort's chief attractions, and the Thredbo Alpine Hotel, where the winning couple will stay, is the flagship of the Thredbo accommodation fleet. It features a heated swimming pool, cosy log fires, a la carte restaurants, the famous Thredbo Alpine Lounge Bar and luxuriously appointed suites, complete with sweeping views of the Mount Crackenback slopes. The hotel provides top class entertainment every evening and the late-night disco is just one of numerous Thredbo watering holes that rage well into the small hours — especially during the annual Carnival Week.

Our lucky winners will be able to take advantage of some special attractions introduced at Thredbo during the '84 season, including "snow bars" providing hot food and drink on the slopes, guided courtesy tours around the mountain, and an evening chairlift operation to the superb Kareela Hut restaurant situated at the summit.

And when the raging is over, the winners will be whisked away by an Air New South Wales Fokker Friendship jet to Sydney or Brisbane, with a connecting flight to any capital city if necessary. Could a ski holiday be easier, more luxurious and more carefree than this one?

To enter the competition, simply answer the three questions on the coupon, fill in your name and address, and get your entry in. The first correct entry drawn by the Editor of *Australian Penthouse* will win the Thredbo *Australian Penthouse* Competition.

CONDITIONS OF ENTRY

Your entry must be on the official entry form or a facsimile of that form. Closing date for competition entries will be last mail on Friday, June 15, 1984.

The promoters, including *Australian Penthouse* magazine, will endeavor to comply with all the requirements of the winning entry, but will not be held liable for failure to do so.

The promoters shall be under no liability to the winning contestant and partner for or arising from any loss (including but not limited to consequential loss) or damage to persons or property or death or injury caused or in any way contributed to by any act or omission by the promoters their servants or agents or any other person in any way related to or arising out of the supply or non-supply or performance or non-performance of anything or any service provided for or contemplated by or in pursuance of the competition (including negligent acts or omissions).

On all questions, disputes or matters arising in relation to the contest, the judges' decision will be final. No correspondence will be entered into and entry in the competition indicates acceptance of all rules and conditions.

The prize must be taken during Carnival Week in September 1984 (dates to be announced) and the winner cannot assign or give away the prize.

Entry and participation in the competition is completely free and open to all residents of Australia other than employees and families of *Australian Penthouse* magazine and Kosciusko/Thredbo Pty Ltd. All participants must be 18 years old or over.

The winner of the competition will be announced in an upcoming issue of *Penthouse* in the Loose Ends section.

The winning entrant, by entering this competition, shall be deemed to agree to accept public acknowledgement of his winning entry in person and further to the making of such public appearances as the promoters may reasonably require.

This competition is brought to you by *Australian Penthouse* magazine and Kosciusko/Thredbo Pty Ltd, PO Box 92, Thredbo Village, NSW 2627.

Clip and send your completed coupon to **"Thredbo Australian Penthouse Competition"**, *Australian Penthouse* magazine, PO Box 42, Cammeray NSW 2062. The answers to the questions can be found in the preceeding copy. The three questions you must answer are:

1. **Which airline flies directly to Cooma from Sydney or Brisbane?**

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2. **Which hotel is the flagship of the Thredbo accommodation fleet?**

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3. **How many kilometres of ski trails are offered at the Thredbo ski resort?**

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PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

JERRY LEWIS

> ‘I never want to buy a ticket and sit in the back. I want to be right there with the brightest light on me. And everyone should look at me’

His life is a mass of contradictions. Ever since he was type-cast as Dean Martin's preadolescent playmate back in the Forties, Jerry Lewis had been beloved by some, scorned and all but spat upon by others. He has spent over 35 years relying on, yet trying to develop beyond, his screen persona of "the kid", as he calls his alter ego. And despite his successes as a film producer-writer-director-star, nightclub performer, television host, college professor, and, most proudly, chief spokesman and fund-raiser for the Muscular Dystrophy Association, Jerry Lewis at age 58 is still regarded as that inarticulate nine-year-old idiot with a case of terminal helplessness.

Even his worst detractors can't deny the man's talent as a physical comedian. Lewis has made millions as a screen star. He still holds the record for having made more consecutive hit films than any other Hollywood personality. Unfortunately, a great portion of his earnings was poorly invested in such fiascoes as a short-lived chain of Jerry Lewis cinemas which would lead to his bankruptcy.

It hasn't been your ordinary life history. Born Joseph Levitch on March 16, 1926, Jerry Lewis grew up in the unstable world of vaudeville, where he was often separated from his performing parents. Perhaps to attract attention, or more probably because he is and always has been an irrepressible clown, Lewis began performing at age five and has never stopped. His professional career started when he was 15, miming his way through a "record act", accompanied by songs from an offstage gramophone. He was not particularly successful, however, until he met and teamed with another marginal performer, Dean Martin, in 1946. Within a year they were nightclub stars and with the release in 1949 of their first film, *My Friend Irma,* they became movie stars overnight.

Amid the success was much sorrow, some of it self-inflicted. Lewis's partnership with Dean Martin failed, in part, because of Lewis's confessed "use" of the singer as a foil. A long-running addiction to the pain-killer Percodan nearly ended his film career by distorting his perceptions and dulling his talent. His 36-year marriage to his first wife, Patti, he now admits, failed because of his single-minded pursuit of success, and just plain boredom. And his near suicide was induced not only be excruciating physical pain, but because of the total collapse of a once-triumphant world that had been carefully made to his own specifications.

Despite the odds, and after a decade of derision and failure, Jerry Lewis came back strong with *Hardly Working,* in 1980, his first feature film in 10 years. Although called a dud by the critics, it was a commercial success that outgrossed *The French Lieutenant's Woman, Missing,* and *S.O.B.,* and proved his enduring popularity as a "funnyman" — a title he's never had to suffer from European fans, who widely regard him as the greatest comedian since Chaplin.

"Jeree!" the Parisians shout when they see him on the street, stopping him for a handshake, a hug, or a kiss. Of course, if Lewis goes for half a block in Paris without being recognised, he'll create such a scene that people will gather to see who he is. On one occasion he disrupted traffic in the Place Victor Hugo for several minutes, hamming it up for the public and soaking in all their love and attention.

Penthouse contributor James Delson spent two weeks in Paris talking with Lewis. In their first session together, Lewis was cautious and guarded for about two hours. Then, as he gradually opened up, he told an anecdote about the one and only journalist who ever tried talking to Jerry (aka "the kid," aka "the idiot"). After only a few minutes, however, the journalist was so frightened and intimidated by the experience that he simply gave up. Rising to the challenge, Delson asked to speak with "Jerry, the kid." Suddenly Lewis got up from his chair and switched to another chair several feet away.

"Lewis's personality changed dramatically as he sat down in the second chair," Delson reports. "The Kid slouched instead of sitting straight. He took on the air and personality of a nine-year-old, talking, giggling, and carrying on as if he were that child locked away but always ready to come out and play."

Although Lewis only remained the kid for a few moments, it was sufficient, Delson surmised, to let this alter ego accept the journalist's presence. Two weeks of conversation followed, and the nature of Lewis's repartee was very different.

Thirty pounds overweight, Lewis now appeared relaxed, confident, and very much in love with his new bride, Sandee (whom he calls Sam). They met while making *Hardly Working,* and now he repeatedly underscores her determined efforts to keep him afloat through the horrors of his drug withdrawal and recovery. He often complained about Sandee's diet for him, but stuck to it religiously, losing his excess weight in two months so that he wouldn't embarrass the Muscular Dystrophy Association during last year's telethon.

As he consumed glass after glass of unsweetened lemonade, Jerry Lewis gave a wide-ranging talk that explored his addiction to Percodan, his marital infidelities, his inclusion on the Nixon enemies list, a near suicide, relations with organised crime, his Nobel Peace Prize nomination, and his son Gary's horrifying Vietnam experience. And although he occasionally went off on an anti-press tirade, for which he is famous among journalists, the moody, schizoid, and legendary megalomaniac was nowhere to be seen.

INTERVIEW

Penthouse: Your style of humor hasn't ever changed or been adapted to the times.

Lewis: I've never, ever allowed myself to be dictated to by the morals or fashions of the day. I'm just a fucking hard-liner.

Penthouse: But you use blue humor in your act.

Lewis: Blue humor! The worst thing I do is swear. I swear, "If you get up, lady, and go to that toilet while I'm working, I swear I will put a hex on you and your ass will be stuck to the seat until 1999, when we'll open it up as a capsule to see if you had diarrhoea." That's as blue as I've ever got in my life.

Penthouse: Richard Pryor couldn't make it on network television, largely because his style of humor wasn't "suitable" to the tube. The networks didn't care to hear him say "motherfucker."

Lewis: Clean that up and what have you got?

Penthouse: You've got boredom and a cancelled show.

Lewis: But Richard Pryor is one of the very few comic geniuses we've ever had in our business. And it's not because he uses "motherfucker," but because he knows *where* to use it.

Penthouse: Would you say the same thing about Lenny Bruce's timing?

Lewis: I know Lenny could not open his mouth in front of 5000 people. He needed a couple of hundred in a small, smoky bistro to function.

Penthouse: Yet, without Lenny Bruce a lot of comedians might not have tried to do what they did. And his persecution for "dirty" humor killed him. It's criminal, especially when everything changed so quickly after his death.

Lewis: Oh, sure it's criminal. Janis Joplin isn't criminal? Mama Cass? When I get up in the morning and I read in the paper that a certain comedian blew his fucking brains out, I want to call the mortuary and say, "Before you close the box, let me have one crack at his face." Can you believe how cold I am when I hear somebody takes his life?

Penthouse: You came pretty close yourself.

Lewis: That's probably what helped me realise what the fuck I'm talking about. I came as close as you could come. I had my thumb in the cocking position.

Penthouse: You were addicted to Percodan at the time?

Lewis: Thirteen a day.

Penthouse: How did you become so dependent on it?

Lewis: A piece of my spinal column chipped off in a bad fall. I'd have been better off breaking my back. The pain from March 20, 1965 through to today hasn't changed. I can only describe the way I feel with a joke — imagine taking your top lip and lifting it all the way over you head. That's what it feels like. My left eye goes almost totally out of focus. Both of my legs feel like I'm walking and yet I'm not getting anywhere, the pain is so severe. Yet when I was put on Percodan I would take one and in about 20 minutes I would be able to relax. From 1965 until 1972 I was able to handle the pain on one and two a day. The next year I was buying then on the streets of Soho.

Penthouse: You once paid $1000 for ten?

Lewis: I'm embarrassed to say there was a night when I paid $500 for one. I had bought the 10 the night before. What the fuck is a hundred apiece? Now this guy took me aside and said, "This one, pal, is $500 for you." And even though I knew I still had nine, this gave me another one. I gave him the $500. When Michael De Bakey, the heart surgeon, cleaned me out, I flushed, crushed, and threw away about 8000 Percodan.

> I got the .38 out, flicked it open, loaded it, put it on the full chamber, and put it right into my mouth

Penthouse: How were you able to get so many?

Lewis: I found a connection. I was getting them right off the shipping ramp.

Penthouse: What was your prescription dose at that time?

Lewis: My prescription dose at that time was nothing.

Penthouse: And in doctors' checkups, in blood test, in anything, they had not been aware of your . . .

Lewis: Everybody close to me knew that I was on something — that I wasn't myself. If this interview had happened eight years ago, you still would not have got your first question in. By the time you've taken nine your brains are so fucked up that you get very verbal, very elated, very high, but you also get on real bad bummers, and you forget things . . . when Frank Sinatra brought Dean Martin on to the telethon, people wondered, was it really a surprise? I didn't have any recollection of it the next day. I had to run a videotape to see what happened because I was told Dean and I were on television. I don't have any recollection of doing telethons in '73, '74, '75, '76, '77. I don't remember those five years. Those five years are blank.

Penthouse: Was a major reason you stopped making films because you were unable to handle their management?

Lewis: I think so. I wasn't able to handle the management of my life.

Penthouse: The drug also made you impotent?

Lewis: The constipation was worse. On six or seven a day, you're not only impotent but you can go without a bowel movement for four weeks. Now doesn't that do something for your curious mind?

Penthouse: How did you manage to stay awake with all those Percodans in your system?

Lewis: Uppers. Dexedrine. When I got up in the morning it would take 20 minutes for me to get out of bed, having slept in a brace all night. When I stayed in hotels, I would give a bellboy $25 or $30 every day to knock on my door, open it with the passkey, crush three Percodans with a spoon for me, then dissolve them in hot water so they would get into the bloodstream faster. I'd lay there for 20 minutes, until I could move, then get up and pop a Dexedrine.

Penthouse: What prompted your suicide attempt?

Lewis: Pain. I got so bad one afternoon. It didn't compare to anything I'd ever felt before: a futile pain I just couldn't beat. I felt everything was finished. I didn't have the stamina to sustain one more sweep of that red hand on the clock, and it would be over so fast, and would be such a relief.

Penthouse: What did you do?

Lewis: I had a combination lock on the drawer. Took ten minutes to undo it because I was nervous and in such fucking pain. I got the .38 out, flicked it open, checked it, loaded it, took it off the empty chamber, put it on a full chamber, and put it right into my mouth. (You know how you chew a piece of gum sometimes with a bit of tin foil still stuck to it, that terrible feeling? Put a .38 barrel in your mouth and see what that tastes like.) All of that couldn't have taken more than 45 seconds; the continuation of it would have been another five seconds. I'm starting the action on that Smith and Wesson, and then . . . I heard my kids running down the hall, laughing, and I stopped.

Penthouse: Have you ever considered suicide since then?

Lewis: No. I've had the same pain since, but I've learned how to handle it, and handle it clean. I can almost turn it into pleasure. All I do is float. I lean my head back, close my eyes, and think, "I'm alive, this (pain) is for a reason, and it will pass."

Penthouse: When you began in the film business, you had a reputation as a ladies' man.

Lewis: Oh, yeah, I did good. That reputation, which I would oh so love to keep at this time of my life, in the autumn of my life, was no different from anyone else in Hollywood, except I was a little busier. I used to have numbers: 29? Is 18 still waiting?

Penthouse: Was there a tacit understanding with your wife Patti?

Lewis: No.

Penthouse: Was she unaware of your extramarital activities?

Lewis: She'd kick it under the rug if she was aware of it.

Penthouse: Were you generally discreet about it?

Lewis: I was discreet. A couple of times I was as discreet as a fucking bull taking a piss in your living room.

Penthouse: In your autobiography you said you didn't have enough time to spend with your wife and children because you were working so hard.

Lewis: That's a cop-out. If I'd wanted the time with them I'd have made it.

Penthouse: Then what was it?

Lewis: I felt I never had the chance to be young, to play. I never threw wet sand on your shirt, and you never chased me under the boardwalk where I could yell: "You got snot on your moustache." I felt I never had a youth.

Penthouse: Then why did you stay together?

Lewis: Because I was a fucking idiot.

Penthouse: But you stayed together 30 years.

Lewis: So we had 30 good years. Only one day I guess I realised, "Hey, you only go around once. I'm at the three-quarter turn and I haven't had a lot of laughs." I went to Florida to make *Hardly Working,* and felt a distinct difference in how happy I was, with all of those responsibilities left behind in California. I was literally playing bachelor for the first time, and I really enjoyed it. I finally let Patti know that I wasn't making my children happy, I wasn't making her happy, and maybe I needed to be a bachelor. I never figured on meeting Sam. She fucked up the whole game plan, for chrissakes! I was going to do such swinging, with plenty of playing. "Let's get a yacht and fuck three-quarters of Brazil, Fred." But Sam came along and touched — and saved — my heart.

Penthouse: You were one of the first, if not the first, major filmmaker to recognise Steven Spielberg's enormous talent. How did you cross paths with him?

Lewis: I heard about him from one of my students, and asked him to bring his short film, *Amblin',* to my class. And you could see that the work he was doing in his first week in filmmaking was brilliant. You didn't have to be a Rhodes scholar to know he was a fucking genius.

Penthouse: You must have felt wonderful to have been present at the *ET* screening in Cannes in 1981, when the audience gave Spielberg a tumultuous round of applause.

Lewis: It was the longest ovation I'd ever seen. At the end of *ET* the audience stood, yelling "bravo" and applauding and stamping and whistling. And we're talking about a black-tie-to-the-teeth, jewels-swinging-around-women's-necks audience, paying their praise to this young guy. It went on and on and on. Steven was up in the mezzanine, taking his bows. That terrible, wonderful discomfort of that kind of ovation. And I knew that he knew I was down in second-row orchestra. All the photographers were shooting, and in the middle of all this the lights spilled from Steven to the orchestra, and he saw me in clear view. And he just waved his hand, pointing and acknowledging my presence. Then, after the showing, we were together again at the Carlton Hotel. I put my arms around him and he said, "Was the teacher proud of me?" And was I ever. I was also jealous and envious. And anybody who says that he doesn't know those feelings either doesn't know what the creative process is or he is a liar. I was so proud of him. But I could feel my pride in him getting shoved by my jealousy of him.

> If a guy's going to give me $3 million, he can call me a Jew prick. I'll put on a skirt and dance with him if I can see children out of wheelchairs

Penthouse: You were offered a chance to perform at the Nixon White House. Why did you refuse?

Lewis: I received a call from Vice-President Spiro Agnew, asking me if I would be kind enough to consider doing a one-man show at the White House for President Nixon. I said, "Mr Vice-President, I hope you understand. I respect deeply, profoundly, the honor of being invited to entertain that office, but I could not in good conscience make myself available to perform for Richard Nixon." The vice-president was very impressed with my candor. I was very impressed with his calling me. Usually that's left to the protocol office. I was very nervous about turning him down, but, with deep pride, I felt good about myself. Agnew said, "Is it because of the list?"

Penthouse: You mean the "enemies list"?

Lewis: No, not the one everyone knows about. This was another list, which I found out about through friends and sources, that had a couple of hundred people on it. It was the sort of list that you'd be taken off if you did a nice thing for them. Okay. *Piece de resistance.* After I turned down the White House, the Internal Revenue Service came in and did an audit on my books, payable on demand. My attorneys wanted to fight, but I said, "Pay the fucking $375,000."

Penthouse: Were you pleased when Nixon wasn't put on trial?

Lewis: No. Oh, no. I was afraid that the whole judicial process would just crumble.

Penthouse: What about all the Nixon people who turned to Christ?

Lewis: Colson. Yes, born-again Christian. The only thing I liked about it was they had to shove him back up his mother's cooz for him to be born again.

Penthouse: Is it coincidental that it wasn't until 1974 that your relationship with Muscular Dystrophy Association and the telethon was questioned?

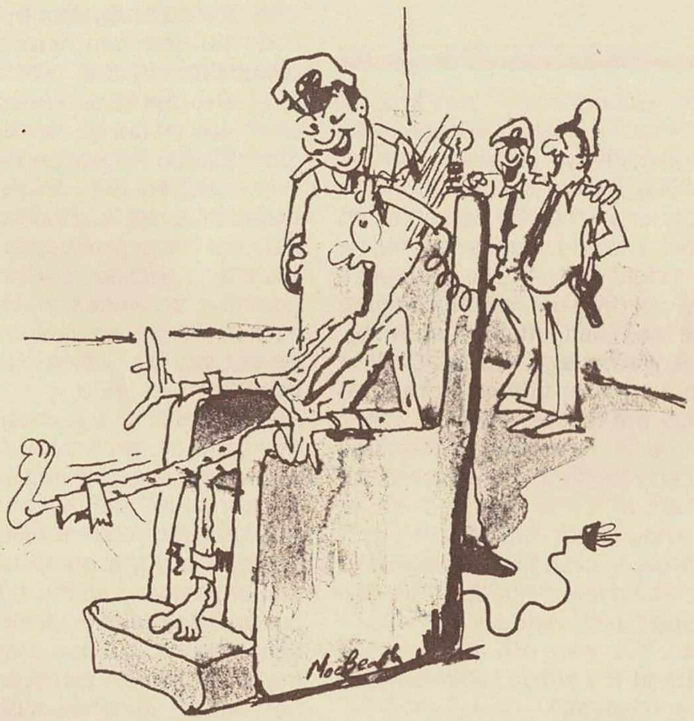
Lewis: From 1948 to 1974, we never had one letter that said, "We don't believe in what you're doing; we don't like the organisation; does Jerry get paid?" From 1948 to 1974, 26 years, not one negative letter, until Watergate. The moment Watergate happened, the mail started to trickle in. After Nixon said good-bye on August 6, that infamous cocksucker, when he waved good-bye, we got out first letter: "Does Jerry get paid?"

Penthouse: It's also been suggested that some of the corporate officers with whom you deal, and who donate money to your cause, wouldn't socialise with you because you're a Jew.

Lewis: If a guy's going to give me $3 million, he can call me a Jew prick. I'll put on a skirt and make-up, dance with him, suck him off if necessary, and get the $3 million if I can see the children not sitting in wheelchairs anymore. That's not the time for integrity. That's the time to prove what kind of man you are.

Penthouse: Have you encountered much anti-Semitism in your life? You were expelled from high school for hitting your principal in the mouth after he made an anti-Semitic remark.

Lewis: He was notorious for his anti-Jewish remarks. Irvington, New Jersey, where I grew up, was a Nazi hotbed. We had our own Hagana, a group of about eight or 10 guys that would beat the shit out of anyone who said anything against the Jews. Grab one arm, grab the other arm. Step on one foot, step on the other foot. And let me give him one right in the fucking stomach. When we fought these Nazi motherfuckers, they used to use chains and sticks and crap. That's how I got the six stitches here and three stitches there. I got a molar knocked out. Do you have any idea how hard you've got to get hit to get a molar knocked out? Anyway, I was called down to the principal's office for doing silly shit in the classroom. The principal said, "Were you making fun of the teacher?" I said, "What's the rap for making fun of the teacher versus not making fun of the teacher?" "Lewis, you got a big mouth, like all the other Jews in this school." Whacko! I took him out. The desk toppled on his head and his left shoulder busted through all of the glass that was behind him. That could have severed his fucking hand. I went from Burt Lancaster to Don Knotts — I got so fucking scared. I thought I'd killed him.



"Zap!"

Penthouse: Has this problem come up in recent years?

Lewis: Guy in Columbus, Georgia, wanted to see my horns. He'd never met a Jew before. Came up to me in a restaurant. "Hey, sir, they tell me you're with the Hollywood folk doing that film right there. Can I put my hands on the back of your head and feel your horns?" I said, "Feel this," and I put his fucking head into a tray of fucking dishes. At a Paris press conference, someone said, "Jews get the bad reputation for making money." I responded, "No. The Jews get the reputation for surviving. Because when you've got 200 guys chasing you down an alley and you make it, they're pissed off."

Penthouse: Were you surprised by your rapid rise to the top once you and Dean Martin teamed up?

Lewis: Surprised that it happened? No. Surprised by the speed at which it happened? Completely. Remember, Dean was a $150-a-week act when we started; so was I. But in less than four weeks we got a cheque for $3000. Then I saw one for nine, then 29 . . . how about one for $259,000? That was a shock. But it was my plan. It was all working. My plan wasn't to make that kind of loot with that kind of speed, but that's what happened.

Penthouse: Do you regret any of the decisions you made in your quest of a film contract?

Lewis: Sure. There was a terribly selfish Jerry in there, in the early years; and I'm not thrilled about making the admission. I had an all-consuming desire to be in the movies. I used Dean and what we had.

Penthouse: Was he aware of this? Was he shooting for it as much as you were?

Lewis: Oh, yeah. Yeah. He let me do the work because we knew too many people talking at one time could mess things up. We were looking to just make movies, that's all. And never having to ever leave Hollywood again.

Penthouse: Did you stay together, in part, because of a separation of powers on screen and off?

Lewis: Yeah. It worked for both of us. If we had wanted to do the same thing, we'd have bumped into each other. Dean had no feelings for the technology of the business. "Say, Pallie, where'd they put the camera?" That was Dean. "Do I sing my song today, Pallie?" "No, Dean, you sang that last week." "Oh, groovy, I can play golf this afternoon." He got in no-one's way, which was perfect.

Penthouse: In essence, your real-life and screen roles were reversed? In the movies, you were the hanger-on. But in real life . . .

Lewis: He felt *he* was being the stooge. He felt he wasn't getting a fair share of the laughs. But the films we did had become so formularised that it just worked out that way.

Penthouse: You've chosen to do films that are light, not introspective, and serve the purpose of providing entertainment. Why is it that you don't set out to make a picture of a more serious nature?

Lewis: I really don't know. I don't know if I'm scared. I don't know if I can cut it. In my heart I know I'm a better writer today than I was 20 years ago.

Penthouse: Do you feel you've held yourself back?

Lewis: You hit a nerve.

Penthouse: Have you been wary of trying something different because you're afraid of having your feelings hurt if it isn't accepted?

Lewis: I suffer from that unfortunate illness called sensitivity. But like my dad, rest his soul, used to say, "You want to get up on the stage? They're going to take shots at you. If you can't handle the shots, then buy a ticket and sit in the back." I never want to buy a ticket and sit in the back, ever. I want to be right there, with the brightest light on me. And everyone out there who bought tickets should look at me.

Penthouse: Your son Gary fought in Vietnam and came home a changed man. Did you try to get him out of having to go initially?

Lewis: I was going to call Bobby Kennedy to spring Gary from going to Vietnam. I explained what I could do and Gary said, "What do you want me to do?" I said, "I need you to be clear about the decision that you make." He said he wanted to go and serve his country, and I was proud of him.

Penthouse: You were supportive of the war?

Lewis: That's where we were at the time. I ran around Hollywood yelling: "Want to hear what my son said?" I only knew we were at war and they were going to draft my son. Once he was gone, I don't think it took six months before I found out the trouble we were in. I made three trips to Washington and by the time I came back I knew what we were doing in Vietnam — the immorality of it, the none of our fucking business of it. Now I carry fatherly guilt for being so naive.

Penthouse: Most of the country was that naive.

Lewis: But if I had known the facts, when my son said, "I want to fight for my country," I'd have ripped his fucking throat open. Instead, I got him back three years later and didn't recognise him. The story he told of having lunch with one of his friends who got splattered across his chest — that's real, that's not movies! I'd come home from the studio and I'd see Gary sitting, staring out into space. Eight months, nine months, just sitting. I said, "Talk to me, just talk to me."

Penthouse: Did you understand what he said when you did talk?

Lewis: Well, I knew about guns. We'd hunted together. But what could I say when my son asked: "Father, did you ever have your finger on the trigger and as you looked through the sight you see this man coming, and you have to squeeze the trigger or he's going to get you?" I said, "You squeezed it, or you wouldn't be here." I didn't know what the hell to say. But he had a favorite line: "Justify this for me, father. Tell me about this one." Remember, Gary was cooking when he went into the service. Very, very big with his act, making a million dollars. Came back a mess, an absolute zucchini. And the only thing that brought him around was a lot of love, a lot of care and a lot of understanding. He was smoking marijuana and he was taking 'ludes and this and that. I got him cleaned out, but then I supplied him with marijuana. He needed it for whatever his pains were. He straightened out. Came around pretty good.

Penthouse: What did you do when it came time for your second son to go?

Lewis: I was ready for "Stockholm, here I come." Seriously thinking of looking for land around Sweden. They'll never get another one of mine. They'll have to come and get me. "It's against the United States of America for you to withhold . . ." Really? Listen to this: (He mimics a gunshot.) Next? Who else is out there? Now, if I saw the Ruskies on the shore of Malibu, I'd stick a gun in my granddaughter's hand. That's different. But don't you go talking draft to me if you're going to go playing in El Salvador. Fuck you with your El Salvador and Allende and Colonel Kelbobi. You ain't getting any of my sons. If I have to make daughters out of them, I'd go chop. I'll castrate them. Do you get the picture?

Penthouse: What are your views on the legalisation of marijuana, and have you, in your time, smoked it?

Lewis: Yes. I've smoked it. And it is one of the greatest painkillers known to man. They are using it in a variety of medical situations that I know of, for glaucoma patients and cancer patients. I used it to get to sleep when I hurt my spine and got hooked on Percodan. The only thing that would give me the slightest degree of relief, so that I didn't go through the wall every night of my life, was smoking a joint. All I'd need was two hits and I'd be asleep. They'd better legalise it because it's too important and there are too many good doctors who haven't come up with a reason why it must be abandoned. Percodan, yes. You should be taken and put away for 30 years if you take a Percodan. That's how dangerous that sucker is. But marijuana . . . take a look at the British and how they handle drugs.

> There was a terribly selfish Jerry in there. I Had an all-consuming desire to be in the movies. I used Dean and what we had

Penthouse: Have you ever tried writing while stoned on grass?

Lewis: I did once, and I don't think it's very smart. Because it looked like an elf came in in the middle of the night, ate my mohair jacket, and wrote something that looked like the ball of the IBM machine: klzmagpszdna. When I smoke grass I get silly. I eat anything and anyone. I had a cousin Herb who hasn't been seen for a year now. My Aunt Jean, her teeth are very loose because I sucked her gums out of her mouth from one kiss after having a couple of hits on grass. I wouldn't dream of walking on stage stoned. I'd eat the audience.

Penthouse: Marijuana has a reputation as an aphrodisiac. Has it ever affected you that way?

Lewis: Generally I fall asleep too fast, or eat, but once I came from January 3 to mid-February. I was the longest shoot in the history of America. I mean, it sucked my skin inward and became part of my marrow. The one thing that I wanted to do was experiment and smoke a joint with this chick I was seeing in Florida. I had had all kinds of fantasies about what that kind of insanity would be. But I couldn't get a fuckin' hard going.

Penthouse: Do you get silly?

Lewis: Oh, Christ. Do you know that I took chocolate Easter eggs and wrapped them in smoked salmon? Then I added a hunk of whitefish, and pressed it together to make a sandwich! I also do new characters when I'm stoned. I've done voices I never knew I had.

Penthouse: Robert De Niro has the reputation of being a tough actor to work with. What was your experience with him and Martin Scorsese on *The King of Comedy?*

Lewis: In order to work with Bobby you have to make a deal with the Devil. Does that say it?

Penthouse: So you've got to wait until he gets it right?

Lewis: You bet. Bobby is no fool. He knows his craft — and that his craft needs his time; it needs his gut to go for it. Marty could tell him from now until next Tuesday that Take Five was super. But De Niro knows fucking well that if he goes into Take 12 and 14 and 15, he'll find an "if" and an "and." If he does Take 20, he'll pick up a quick turn, and on Take 28 he's got lips tightening, which he never had through the first 27 takes. I watched him feign poor retention just to work a scene. I watched him literally look like he couldn't remember the dialogue. He knew the fucking dialogue. It was masterful. There's nothing he did that didn't stagger me. Not the end result. What he did to get it done. I'm sure he worked the same way in his other films. *Raging Bull,* what a great film! Yet it didn't make as much money as *Hardly Working,* probably the worst film I've ever made. I can't understand that. I'm awestruck by Bobby's work, by his commitment. But he fears intellect. He fears anyone who can say anything other than "Hi."

Penthouse: Was the role of the talk-show host, Jerry Langford, a tough part for you to play?

Lewis: It was the easiest thing I've ever had to do. And when you get critical acclaim for not really doing anything, you have to say: "Hey, wait a minute. That was a piece of cake." I was almost embarrassed to take the money for it.

Penthouse: If it's easy, that doesn't mean it's not good.

Lewis: I didn't say it wasn't good. But it would have been one that was overlooked if it was done by a straight actor.

Penthouse: There's a scene in *The King Of Comedy* where the Robert De Niro character comes to your house uninvited, and you, the big TV star, get enraged at his arrogance. It is true that De Niro started insulting you, saying that Jews caused all the problems in the world, to get your anger up?

Lewis: Yeah. I said, "You cocksucker, you're lucky you're alive. I'll rip your fucking head off." And the cameras are rolling. I know Marty is getting what he wants. I know Bobby is feeding me. But for me not to be aware of two cameras and an entire crew, and Bobby De Niro, throwing dialogue at me: "Maybe the Jews were motherfuckers in the first place." That didn't . . . but: "If Hitler had lived, he'd have got all of you cocksuckers," was the fucking trigger. He knew . . . the son of a bitch knew. And he's doing this to me because he's just off camera. I pulled him into the scene by three feet, and I was on my way. Whew! He came into the dressing room. "Are you okay?" "Yes, I'm fine. But I never want to work with you again."

Penthouse: You've had a lot of experience as a talk-show host, filling in for Carson on occasion. You also seem to be one of the chosen few who can get away with destroying him on the air, like pouring things on him or ripping his clothes off. Does Carson make it known that you have licence to create mayhem on his show?

Lewis: Yes, but by attitude, not verbal authorisation. John knows that I'm not going to go that one step too far, and neither is he. You know, when I was wearing all that shit in my hair, he had the classic line: "If you'd ever take that shoe polish out of your hair, you'd be a nice-looking boy." And that was the beginning of the telethon, right? In front of 100 million people. You know what a joy it is for me never to use that shit?

Penthouse: Why did you?

Lewis: Because I kept my hair long and it's very, very fine. I can't stand stuff in my eyes, so I used that shit to keep my hair out of the way. But, oh, I got some pictures where I look like Anthony Quinn's ass . . . I don't know what that means.

Penthouse: Do you gamble when you work in casinos?

Lewis: I love to gamble. When I'm in Vegas I do it every two or three weeks.

Penthouse: When was the first time you gambled?

Lewis: Flamingo Hotel, Vegas, 1948. Dean and I opened there, getting $1500 a week. Opening night I lost $137,000.

Penthouse: $137,000?

Lewis: Yeah. So Bugsy Siegel's boys called me into the office and said, "What the fuck right do you have to have markers here for $137,000 and you're only earning $1500, and you've got to split that with your partner?" And I said, "What the fuck right did you have to give me the markers?" I'm staring Louie Sedgeway right in the face. I said, "I'll pay it off. I don't know how long it will take, because we're only getting $1500 a week. Unless Dean will let me have his $750, it will take a long time." I paid it back in less than 28 months.

Penthouse: How did you get so wiped out? Craps? Roulette?

Lewis: Everything. Did my first show, we were a smash hit. And between the first and second shows I was in for $137,000. Before we went to bed I said to Dean, "Can I borrow your $750?" But my reputation with the group became spotless, and from then onward all of their dealings were with me. And that's unusual, because Dean was the Italian. I used to hear things like: "Talk to the Jew, talk to the kid, the little one." . . . I could make a phone call right now, and if you could guarantee me a date, I could get you a million dollars, cash.

> "I love film. I love what I've done. I'm not ashamed of anything I've done"

Penthouse: Have you ever needed that kind of money?

Lewis: I was having trouble with a film I was doing in Florida. And a dear friend, who just passed away, brought me $4 million in a Samsonite briefcase. He put it down and said, "You're all straight." I said, "Sweetheart, I can't touch that. My life is not just as a film director or an actor. I have a whole muscular-dystrophy life. Do you understand?" "Shit," he said, "there's got to be a way." I said, "Not in your lifetime." And as long as they deal with me on a one-to-one basis, that's fine. But they know that I know they sell black babies; I know they're into fuckin' dope, and all the other shit.

Penthouse: You can't make jokes about them.

Lewis: No sense of humor when it comes to what they do. For them, to have you scratched is like you putting your hand up to your mouth. (Snaps his fingers.) I've seen it; I've lived through it; I've watched it; I understand it. (Snaps his fingers.) That's all it takes. Cut in on their territory . . . that's a reprimand. You fuck with one of their wives (snaps his fingers) . . . that's that. Hurt their children or their loved ones (snaps his fingers) . . . that's that. They'll handle toe to toe with territories: who's going to have the coke; who's going to have the marijuana; who's going to handle the other shit? On the wharves? Who is the troublemaker? "Spank him." A spanking to these guys is 17 weeks in hospital. That's a spanking. The worst is "shake their hand and back off." That's where your balls are cut off and stuck in your mouth.

Penthouse: That's "shake their hand and back off"? I don't think I've heard of that before.

Lewis: Yeah. If you shake a man's hand and don't live up to your agreement . . . murder is too easy. Because the body can be numbed so you know what's being done to you, and you can live through watching them put your balls in your mouth. Many people have you know.

Penthouse: In today's film market, it doesn't matter to a studio that Jerry Lewis can turn a small profit on a movie, because they only go for the potential megahit. It must drive you nuts to see the movie business being run by studio executives who don't care about tomorrow or the day after. They only want to know the week's figures so they can call each other and say, "*War Games* made $8 million."

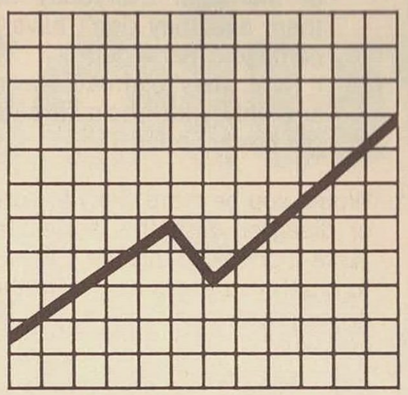
Lewis: That's it, right on the fucking head. I have lived with gamblers all my life. They don't give a fuck if they win; they don't give a fuck if they lose. They just want to be in on the action. The only bad part about losing is being put out of the action. I just wish there were more gamblers in the studios.

Penthouse: But you know that's the way the ballgame works and that's the way you have to play it?

Lewis: Those are the ground rules. That's okay. My love is making film. My happiest heart is when I know tomorrow a film is opening somewhere. And I get equally as much of a thrill knowing that it's been on television last night, or they're running a retrospective in New York. I love film. I love what I've done. I'm not ashamed of anything I've done. I just wish the fuck I could have done it better. That's all.

PENTHOUSE PSYCHOGRAPH

ARE YOU A SEXUAL TERRORIST?



To some men sex isn't a pleasure; it's a weapon. They go to bed to make war, not love.

Men who use sex in an aggressive way are not true sadists. You won't find them wielding whips, chains, tit clamps, and handcuffs in the bedroom. But they are more insidious. Their deft use of sex as a psychological stiletto can be infinitely more painful and destructive than a night full of S and M frolics — at least to their unwitting female companions.

Men engage in sex for any number of reasons: maybe they're in love; maybe they're just horny. But these aggressive men aren't happy having sex unless they feel they're dominating and erasing the sexual ego of their partners. They see sex as a struggle for power — a struggle they intend to win at all costs.

Yet, outside the bedroom most sexually aggressive men are nice guys. They show few signs of being aggressive.

Answer the questions honestly and you may find out whether or not you're a sexual terrorist. Discovering that you are could be distressing, but it could also be the first step toward a more mature view of sex.

1. Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with this statement: "Most women are boring once you get to know them."
   (a) agree
   (b) disagree

2. Look back at the women with whom you've had sexual relations. Have you usually liked them — or at least respected them — before you went to bed with them?
   (a) yes
   (b) some yes, some no
   (c) no

3. Do you lose respect for a woman *after* you've had sex with her a couple of times?
   (a) yes
   (b) sometimes, but not always
   (c) occasionally
   (d) rarely or never

4. How do you feel about this statement: "If a man's wife doesn't satisfy him sexually, the best solution is for him to go out and find a woman who will."
   (a) agree strongly
   (b) agree moderately
   (c) disagree moderately
   (d) disagree strongly

5. Have you ever had sex with a woman who was asleep at the time?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

6. Have you ever had sex with a woman who had passed out from liquor or drugs?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

7. Have you ever had sex with a woman after she said she didn't want it and who actively protested?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

8. Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with this statement: "Even when women say they don't want sex, they usually do. Actually, I think women are hornier than men."
   (a) agree
   (b) disagree

9. How do you feel about this statement: "Most women use sex as a way of getting favors from men. They figure if they give you a good lay, you'll be nice to them, buy them things, etc."
   (a) agree
   (b) disagree

10. Do you think it's important for a man to have sex as often as he can and with any woman who'll let him?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

11. The woman you're with has obviously gone to special trouble dressing up to look nice. Are you most likely to:
   (a) Tell her she looks good.
   (b) Tell her she shouldn't have bothered because she doesn't look any better than she did slopping around in her old clothes.
   (c) Say nothing.

12. After you've gotten to know a woman well, do you often demand sex when she's doing something that can't easily be put aside, like cooking or painting or working on papers she's taken home from her job?
   (a) yes
   (b) sometimes
   (c) not usually
   (d) I never let women get to know me well. I discard them before things get serious and complicated.
   (e) I've had sex with very few women, and the relationships have never progressed to the point where you could say I knew them well.

13. How do you feel about a woman who initiates sex?
   (a) I like it.
   (b) I like it as long as I can initiate sex as well.
   (c) I dislike it.
   (d) I dislike it and will usually find a way to show her that.

14. When do you usually have sex?
   (a) when I want it
   (b) when my partner wants it
   (c) sometimes (a), sometimes (b)

❛Most sexually aggressive men seem open and warm. Women don't realise there are going to be unpleasant surprises in store for them.❜

(d) My partner and I usually seem to want it at the same time.

15. Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with this statement: "The important thing in sex is to achieve your own satisfaction. If I pursue my pleasure and the woman I'm with pursues hers, everything will work out fine."
(a) agree
(b) disagree

16. When you're attracted to a woman do you try to overpower her by buying her expensive gifts and entertaining her lavishly?
(a) yes
(b) sometimes
(c) no

17. Did you feel a lot of rivalry with your brothers and sisters when you were growing?
(a) yes
(b) some
(c) no
(d) I'm an only child.

18. Which of the following statements comes closest to reflecting your experience?
(a) My parents put a lot of pressure on me to succeed.
(b) I think my parents expected me to use my talents to their full potential, but they didn't have unrealistic expectations and didn't try to force me to do things I wasn't capable of.
(c) I don't think my parents put enough pressure on me to succeed. They undervalued my abilities.
(d) My parents didn't give a damn what I did.

19. How competitive would you say you are?
(a) very competitive
(b) more competitive than most, but not as fanatically competitive as some
(c) about average
(d) not as competitive as some

20. How do you feel about extramarital affairs?
(a) I don't approve of them at all.
(b) Theoretically speaking, I believe they weaken a marriage and I wouldn't go out of my way to pursue them, but to be realistic, if I were presented with the opportunity to easily have an affair, I wouldn't turn it down.
(c) Affairs are one of the realities of marriage. Everybody has them and they don't have to damage a marriage.
(d) I think they're great. Having sex only with one's wife can get pretty boring.

21. Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with this statement: "Like it or not, in this life you have to crush you enemies before they crush you."
(a) agree
(b) disagree

22. Which of the following statements comes closest to describing you?
(a) I'm a very impatient person. Little things can make me launch into tirades of anger.
(b) I suppose I'm about average. I'm not the most patient person, but I don't have a real short fuse either.
(c) I'm quite even-tempered. I've got a lot of patience. Although I may be angry inside, I rarely show it.

23. Imagine this situation: You are extremely wealthy. You don't need any extra money. How would you feel about your wife working?
(a) It's fine by me.
(b) It would be all right as long as she didn't lose sight of the need to have a home life as well.
(c) I wouldn't like it.

SCORING
All possible answers on this psychograph have been assigned point values, which are listed below. To find your score, add up the point values of the answers you chose. The highest possible score is 115; the lowest, 23.

1. a-5, b-1
2. a-1, b-3, c-5
3. a-5, b-4, c-2, d-1
4. a-5, b-4, c-3, d-1
5. a-5, b-1
6. a-5, b-1
7. a-5, b-1
8. a-5, b-1
9. a-5, b-1
10. a-5, b-1
11. a-1, b-5, c-4
12. a-5, b-3, c-1, d-5, e-1
13. a-1, b-2, c-4, d-5
14. a-5, b-1, c-3, d-2
15. a-5, b-1
16. a-5, b-3, c-1
17. a-5, b-3, c-1, d-3
18. a-5, b-2, c-1 d-1
19. a-5, b-4, c-2, d-1
20. a-1, b-2, c-4, d-5
21. a-5, b-1
22. a-1, b-3, c-5
23. a-1, b-3, c-5

If you scored 100 to 115 points:
You show most of the characteristics of the sexually aggressive man. When you go to bed with a woman, you don't see her as a lover but as an opponent to be dominated and made subservient to your will. Needless to say, this not an ideal basis upon which to construct successful relationships with women.

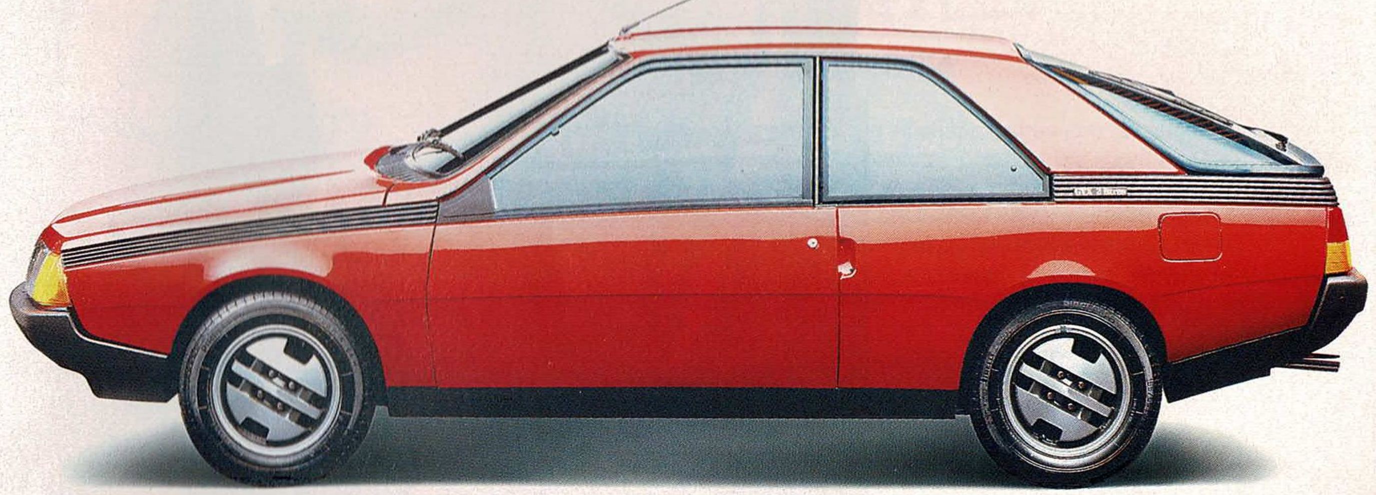
80 to 99 points:
You too appear to show a strong tendency toward sexual aggression, but not to the almost pathological extent as men in the category above. If you could tone your aggression down some, you might find it easier not just to catch women, but to keep them.

59 to 79 points:
You show what might be called a "normal" amount of sexual aggressiveness. But you probably keep it well under control and are able to construct rewarding, long-term relationships with women.

39 to 58 points:
You show relatively little sexual aggressiveness. You are the type of man most women would select if they were entirely logical in their sexual choices. Unfortunately, logic is often the first casualty of sexual arousal in both sexes, so you may have trouble attracting women.

23 to 38 points:
You appear to exhibit virtually no signs of sexual aggressiveness. Somehow you've managed to develop without taking on the evolutionary baggage of anger that is so much a part of male sexuality. We hope for your sake that the women in your life appreciate how special you are.

At $15,995* we have absolutely nothing to add.



We've already given the Fuego air-conditioning as standard. Electric windows and central locking are standard too. And it already has a stereo AM/FM radio cassette. European performance and roadholding aren't options either. They're standard, thanks to Fuego's eager 2-litre alloy engine, five-speed gearbox and front-wheel drive. Even the alloy wheels and Michelin TRX tyres are standard.

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*As at February, 1984. Renault Importers (A division of LNC Industries Limited).

Doyle Dane Bernbach 3010.230

NORWAY

ELKE

Getting physical is what Elke Bout is all about. The 23-year-old gym instructor is into everything from jogging and aerobics to flagellation. And the flagellation is one of her favorite physical outlets, as long as there's a big group of people involved. Elke and her mates regularly strip off, pile into a sauna and flay each other with sticks before jumping into the nearest icy lake. It's a Scandinavian passion, according to Elke, whose body certainly looks like it would take a lot of beating.

PHOTOS BY STUDIO PETER

PHILIPPINES

GLORIA

In the Philippines, women come in all shapes, sizes and racial mixtures. Every once in a while a Filipina will harmoniously combine the qualities of dusky Malay, fair Spanish and a hint of Chinese — and with any luck, she'll also have big coconuts. Gloria Vasquez has hit the jackpot, but being a shy Catholic girl she's a little reluctant to display her charms below the Plimsoll line. Gloria comes from the island of Mindanao, and says she misses her village roots, but adds that for the moment, the men in Manila are too good to pass up.

PHOTOS BY ANDREW KIPPER

HONG KONG

NANCY

Nancy Tan is an airline hostess who lists horseracing and reading the financial pages among her hobbies. She's the daughter of a Hong Kong banker, which explains a little, but not all of the interest she attracts. Nancy says men don't have to be rich to appeal to her, but it helps. She claims nothing turns her on as much as the smell of money. Another good reason why you'd have to be bonkers not to go via Honkers, but bring your money with you.

PHOTOS BY LAWRENCE CARRINGTON

VENEZUELA

LUPE

Curvaceous 22-year-old Lupe Battaglia is a lady who really gets around. She works as a travel consultant in Caracas and she says that travel is the love of her life. And what about hombres? Lupe claims she also likes her men to be wild and adventurous, but for the moment she's more interested in setting up her own travel agency. It certainly seems that Lupe Battaglia is going places.

PHOTOS BY MARTIN LIPSCHITZ

SCOTLAND

JENNY

19-year-old Jenny Frazer is no exception to the legendary tightness of the Scots. Thriftiness is a necessity for this young lass who's battling to get an Arts degree in Edinburgh. "Last time I opened my purse a moth flew out, did a highland fling and put the snip on my friends for a couple of pounds," Jenny recalls. She lashed out to the tune of a "few wee drams" of whiskey at the last Edinburgh festival and had to be carried home by a boyfriend, who later confirmed that she was very tight indeed.

PHOTOS BY CRAIG FAIRBURN

SRI LANKA

DUPIKA

Taking candy away from a baby may be a piece of cake, but taking this babe away from Kandy wouldn't prove so simple. Dupika Goonesena says it would take a pack of wild horses, or rather elephants, to drag her away from the ancient city that lies in the heart of tropical Sri Lanka. The 23-year-old receptionist likes "quiet, hard-working men who don't bink dreer . . . That's a teaspoonerism," she giggles. All this and a sense of humor too!

PHOTOS BY BOB CHEESAL

UNITED STATES

SUE

California girl Sue Anderson tells us she has a weakness for sick jokes. "My latest craze is 'no arms and legs' jokes," enthuses the 21-year-old model. "Like: What do you call a man with no arms and no legs nailed to a wall? Give up? Art!" she laughs, launching into another. "What do you call a man with no arms and no legs in a swimming pool? Bob!" Sick humor all right, but nevertheless fairly apt coming from a girl most red-blooded men would give an arm and a leg for.

PHOTOS BY DOMINIC GLASGOW

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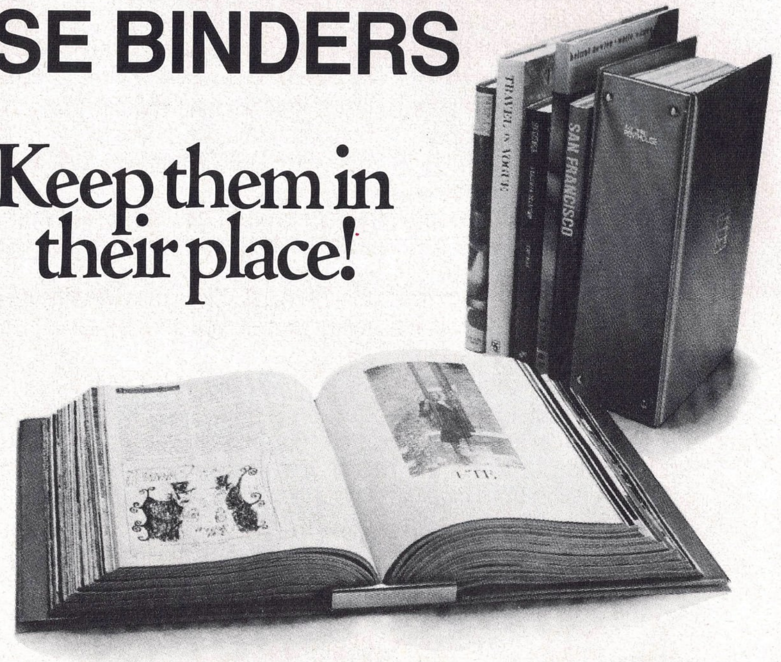

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YAMAHA
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FJ1100
YAMAHA

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Except for the turn indicators, you could almost mistake it for Yamaha's Bol d'Or bike, and with more than 140 horsepower, you can be sure it has the go to match its show.

The Powerplant.

In order to create such a motorcycle, Yamaha engineers began with the engine and a clean sheet of paper.

Technically speaking, it's a 16-valve, DOHC transverse four, fed by a bank of vacuum-controlled carburettors.

It's narrow, too, about 75mm narrower across the crank than its peers, allowing the FJ.1100 to cheat the laws of physics and lean to an astounding 51 degrees from the vertical.

The five speed transmission is, of course, close ratio. And there's a more positive TZ-type shift mechanism to help you get the most out of it.

The Lateral Frame Concept.

There are no frame top tubes to speak of. Instead, the chassis' widely-triangulated top loops curve around the **outside** of the fork legs, swoop down past the engine and dive into the swingarm region.

Yamaha calls this the Lateral Frame concept and it's constructed entirely from high-tensile box section steel, the final word in rigidity.

The frame-mounted fairing, front guard, engine cowling and tail section combine to give the FJ.1100 the lowest drag coefficient among road-going motorcycles, while providing stabilizing down-force at speed.

The suspension is fully-adjustable rising rate Monocross at the rear, and 41mm laterally-braced fork legs up front.

Keeping all this in mind (plus a list of other features and specifications too numerous to mention), you may not be surprised to hear the FJ.1100 is capable of a wondrously smooth and unruffled top speed somewhere on the high side of 270 km/h.

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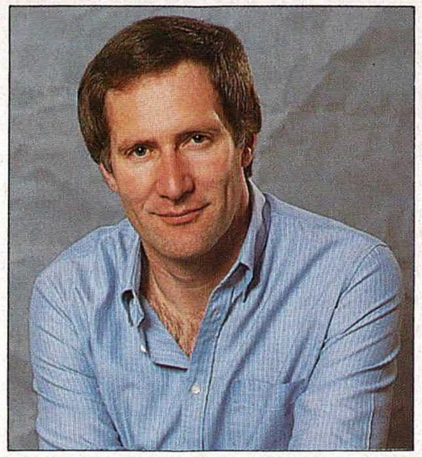
PENTHOUSE PEOPLE

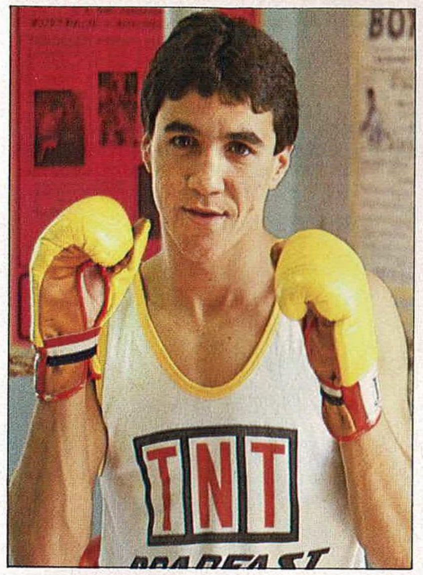


MIKE JEFFREYS

Radio announcers are an itinerant lot. Apart from an unusually faithful few, they trot their golden voices from one station to another, from one city to another and one state to another. Most of Australia's leading announcers have worked for more stations in more places than most people have had hot dinners. Well, nearly. Mike Jeffreys is a perfect example of the nomadic men of radioland. Jeffreys is back in Sydney as 2DAY-FM's breakfast announcer after a two-year stint at 3XY in Melbourne. He was brought up on a farm near Griffith, NSW and was 17 when he started in radio at 2LT Lithgow ("I have fog lamps on my car that radiate more power"). Jeffreys' station-hopping took him from Lithgow to Bathurst to Newcastle, then Melbourne, back to Newcastle, then down to Sydney, where he took over from Bob Rogers at 2UE. From UE he moved across to 2UW, which turned out to be not big enough for both Jeffreys and John Laws. Laws stayed. After a stint with the ABC at 2BL, he headed south again to 3FOX-FM in Melbourne. He lasted fewer than 18 months there before picking up XY's "morning women's" — as they say in the trade — shift. With a combination of sarcasm, wit and thinly-disguised sexual innuendo, Jeffreys pulled healthy ratings. His outrageous discussion topics — for example, "The Most Unusual Place You Ever Made Love" or "If The Male In Your Life Had A Bit Of Plastic Surgery, What Would It Be?" — were intermixed with music, sharp one-liners and celebrity interviews. On-air, Jeffreys comes over as smug, smooth and sceptical. Off-air, he's the same. Jeffreys, 38, admits that his liberal use of sexual innuendo is intentional. "The amazing thing about radio is that you can get away with so much — more than people think." He's up against tough opposition — the cutting satirical humor of Mike Carlton on 2GB and the ocker humor of Triple M's Doug Mulray — but Jeffreys believes his style will become popular among 2DAY's target audience of 25 to 39-year-olds.

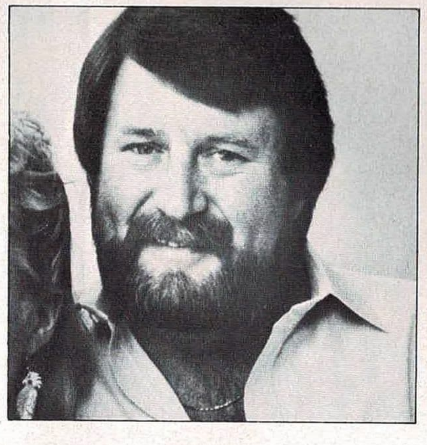
VICTORIA ROBERTS

Comedy, to use an awful pun, is a ticklish business. The skill, insight and resilience required to make 'em laugh makes the comic's lot one of the most demanding in the performing media. And if to write effective comedy takes rare sensitivity and ability, to stand up in a smoky dive and perform your own work before a pack of liberally lubricated hecklers takes something more — balls. Well, Victoria Roberts hasn't got any, or at least, she says, she didn't last time she looked, but when she tried her hand at stand-up comedy in a recent Sydney show called *Characters,* she had it. It was the 27-year-old's first foray into the live performance routine and she brought to the stage at The Gap the slightly bizarre and hypnotic whimsy she has been weaving in her cartoon work over the last eight years. Victoria has been a freelance cartoonist and illustrator since she left East Sydney Tech in 1974, armed with a government grant to make an animated film. Along with the likes of Patrick Cook and Michael Leunig, her work first came to the public's attention in the now defunct *Nation Review* and over the years she has been a regular contributor to the *National Times, The Age* and the *Sydney Morning Herald.* She's the creator of the long-running Cleo Writes strip in *Cleo* magazine and she's made several animated commercials. One, concerning a couple of fleas picnicking on a dog's back, picked up a swag of local and overseas awards. Victoria was born in New York of American and Argentinian parents and undertook her early education in Mexico City, where she learned to speak Spanish and French. She came to Australia 13 years ago. She's currently working on two books, and says she's keen to have another crack at stand-up funny business (along with a variety of other projects) when her immediate publishing commitments are fulfilled. When it comes to venting her decidedly offbeat imagination, Victoria Roberts isn't about to draw the line at cartooning.



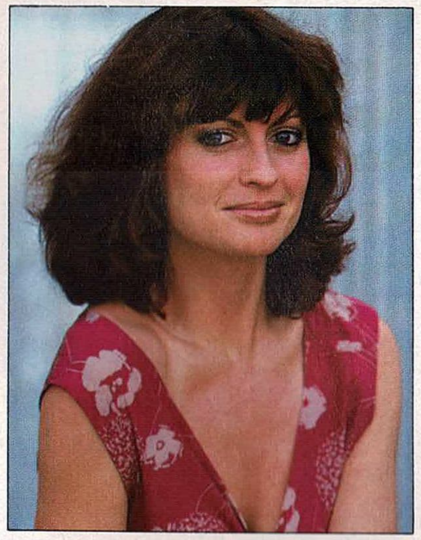
JEFF FENECH

In the great family of Australian sport, amateur boxing has always been a bit of a poor relation. The commonly held image of poorly lit, sweat-stained inner city gyms populated by equally seedy and shady characters hasn't helped its status. However, a relative newcomer to the Australian fight scene could be set to change all that. His name is Jeff Fenech, and in only two years in the ring the 20-year-old has been able to add an impressive string of titles to his belt. He certainly looks the best Olympic medal prospect that Australian boxing has produced for a long time. A couple of years ago Fenech was a promising, if lightweight, Rugby League player running around for the Newtown juniors in Sydney. He turned up at the Newtown Police Boys' Club with the idea of building himself up for football, and it wasn't too long before he'd donned a pair of gloves. Success was immediate. In only his third fight Fenech won the NSW flyweight title with a first round knockout. Before long he'd taken the Australian and Oceania flyweight titles. Despite his inexperience, and warnings that he was taking on too much too soon, Fenech stepped into the broader international arena, finishing a creditable third in the Commonwealth Championships in Belfast. Then, after only 16 fights, he took out the bronze medal in the World Championships in Rome last November — an amazing achievement. Fenech has enough confidence in himself and his trainer, John Lewis, to reckon he can make it to the top. He swears by Lewis ("the best in the business"), emphasising the point that of his 21 fights, Lewis was not in his corner for the only three he's lost. The Olympics are his major concern now, and Fenech is serious in his professed ambition to "be the first boxer to bring back Olympic gold for Australia." This affable, modest young man carries with him the hopes of a gold-starved country.



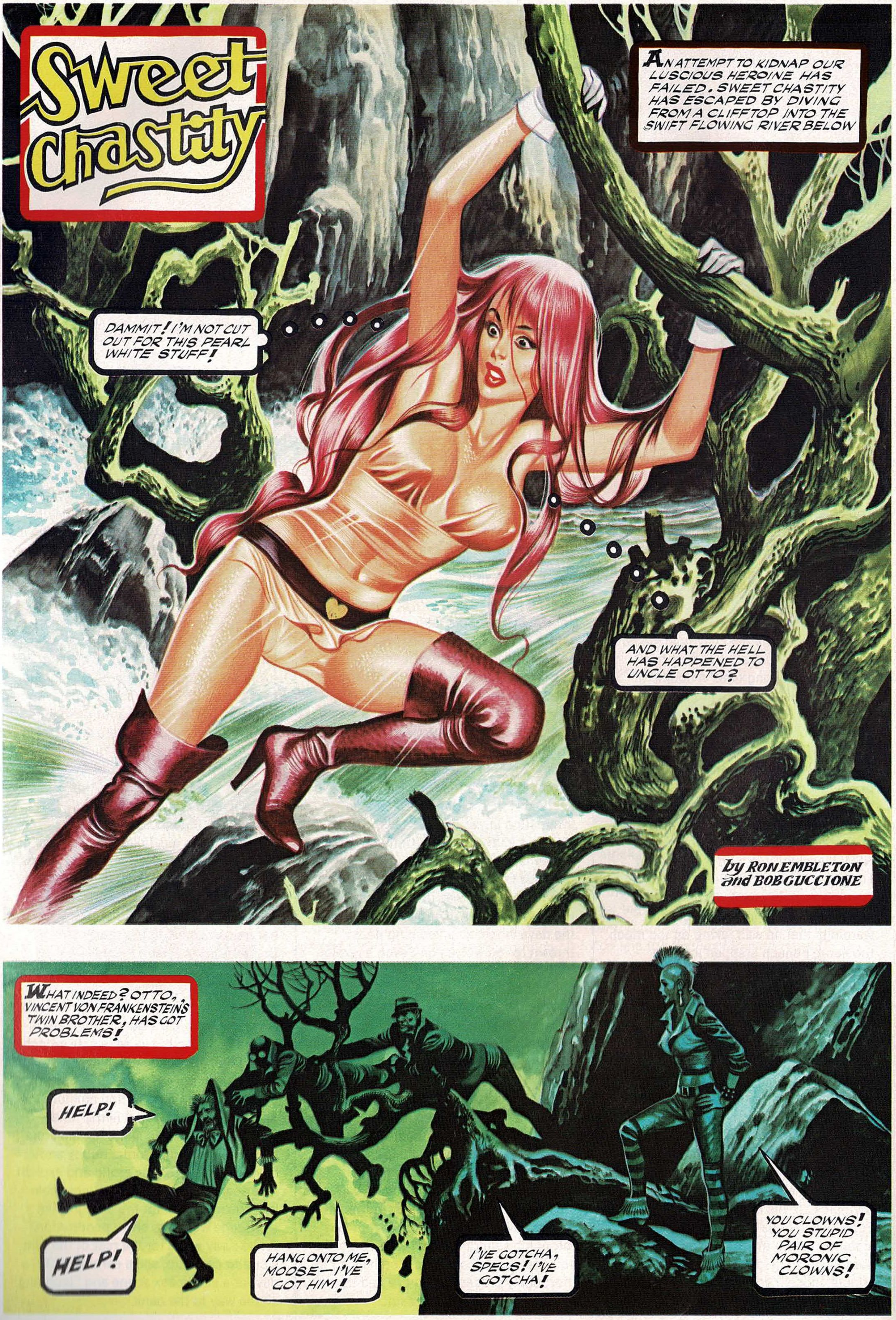
DERRYN HINCH

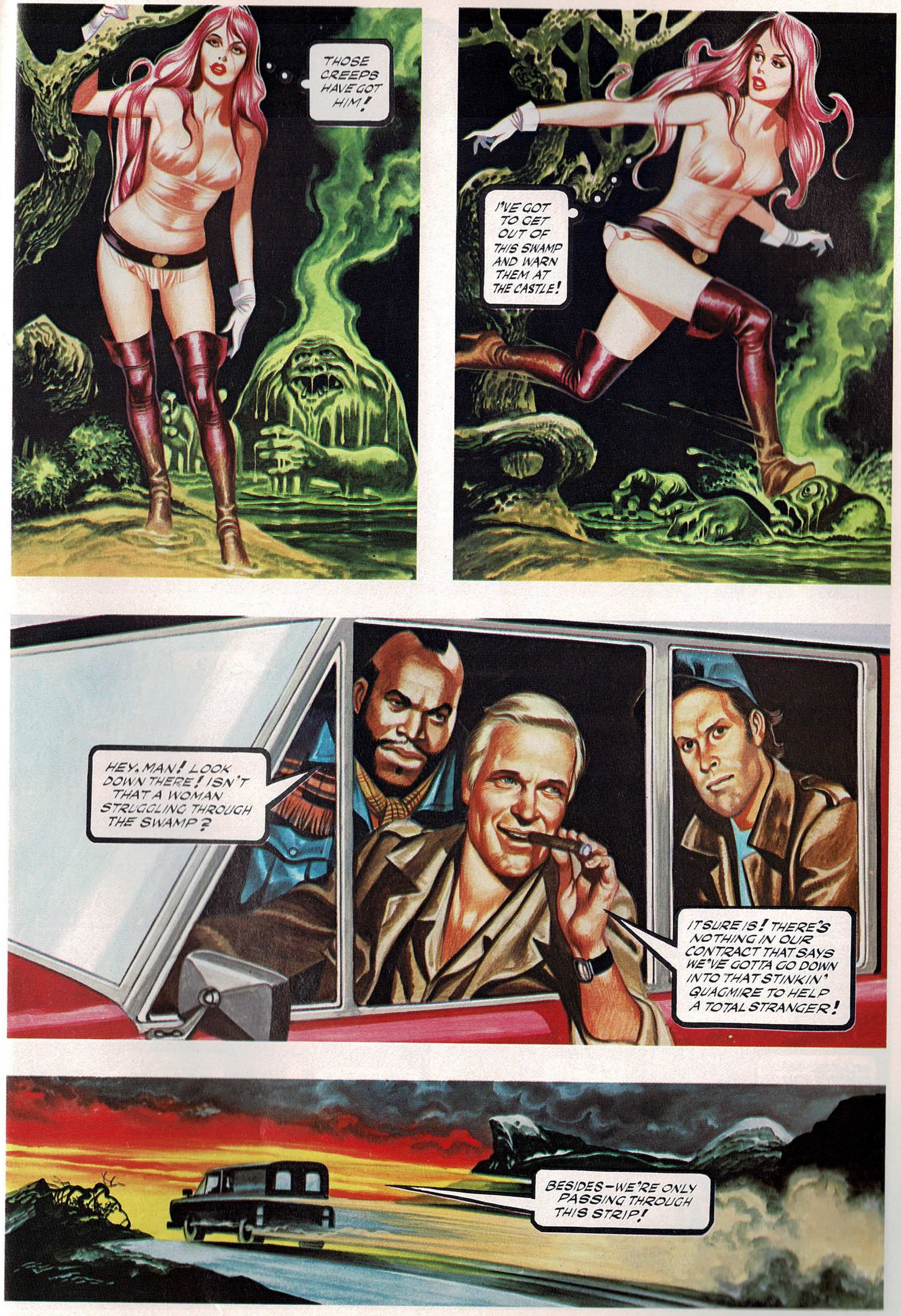
Derryn Hinch handled his recent 40th birthday celebration like a true veteran of print and electronic media. After an evening of revelry that got a bit out of hand, Hinch went straight from the party to the office in his crumpled, wine-spattered dinner suit to face his daily three-and-a-half-hour encounter with the public on Radio 3AW's morning talkback program. "It was hell — but no matter what shape a journalist is in, he always fronts up," declares the affable king of Melbourne's airwaves. Hinch has scaled the heights of newspaper, radio and television work. In 1968 he was New York correspondent for the Sydney *Sun*; later he became the editor of that paper before taking his forthright, articulate, no-bullshit conversational style to 3AW, where he eventually established himself as the city's number one gabster after a five-year battle with Bert Newton . . . a rather ironic circumstance, since Hinch now appears regularly as a current affairs commentator on the Nine Network's live *Bert Newton Tonight Show.* "It's an interesting situation," he says, "because Bert and I have fought bitterly for radio supremacy and I reckon it was largely because I overtook him in the ratings that his program was dropped last year." Hinch has always liked TV — ever since the days when, as a fledgling Beast thrown to the wolves on Seven's version of *Beauty And The Beast,* he (along with John Laws) probably had more influence on Australian women than any other male. He took that role very seriously, describing himself as "a man who admits to liking women and caring for their rights." He's equally serious about his talkback program: "I used to say that the media merely reflected public opinion. I retract that now — the media influence and direct public opinion. In particular, radio talkback has grown up in this country; people want to discuss real issues now, and with the new news-talk format it's impossible to bluff your way through by slinging on a few records like you could in the old days. You have to be thoroughly prepared, and I've had to modify my lifestyle as a result."

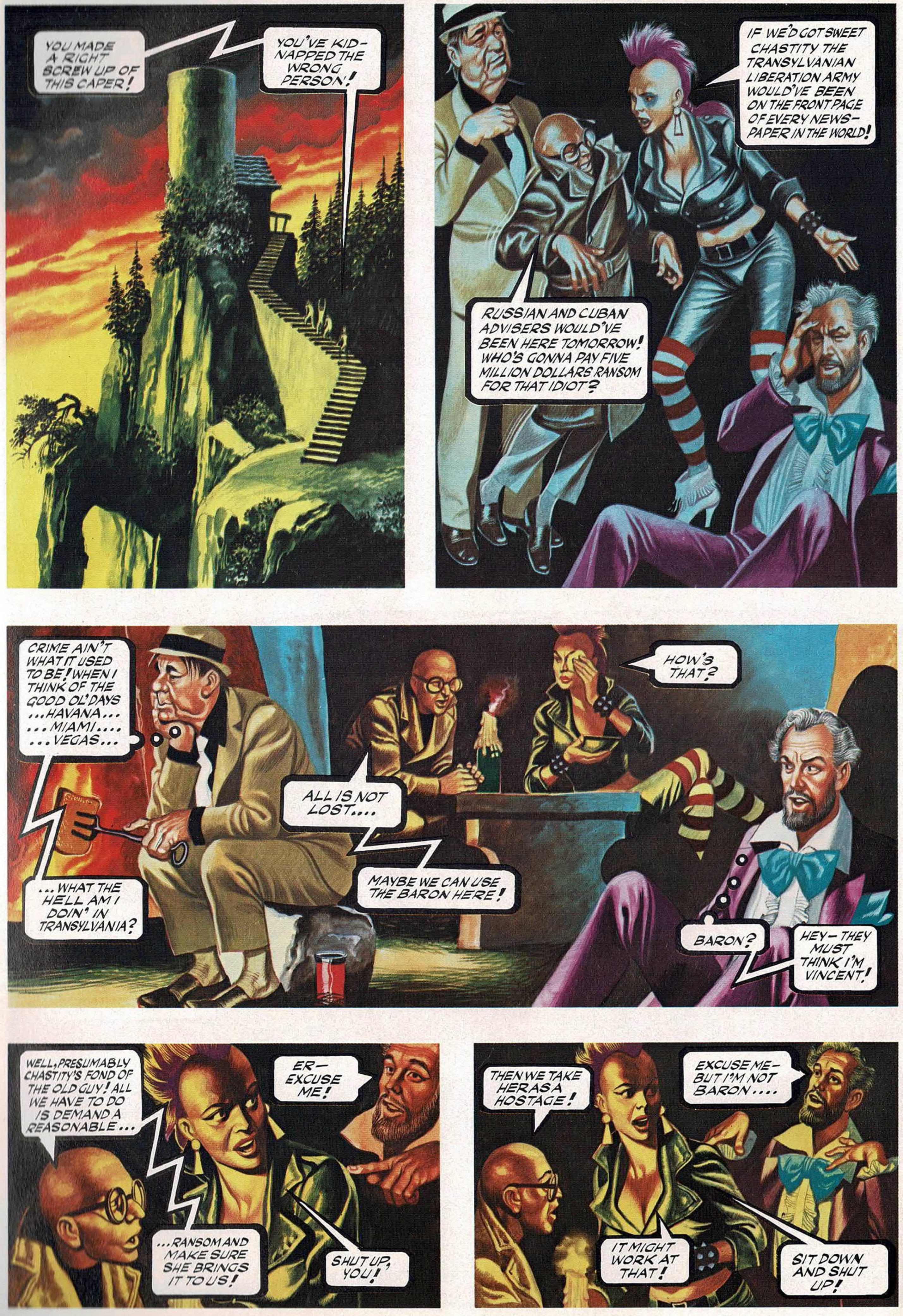


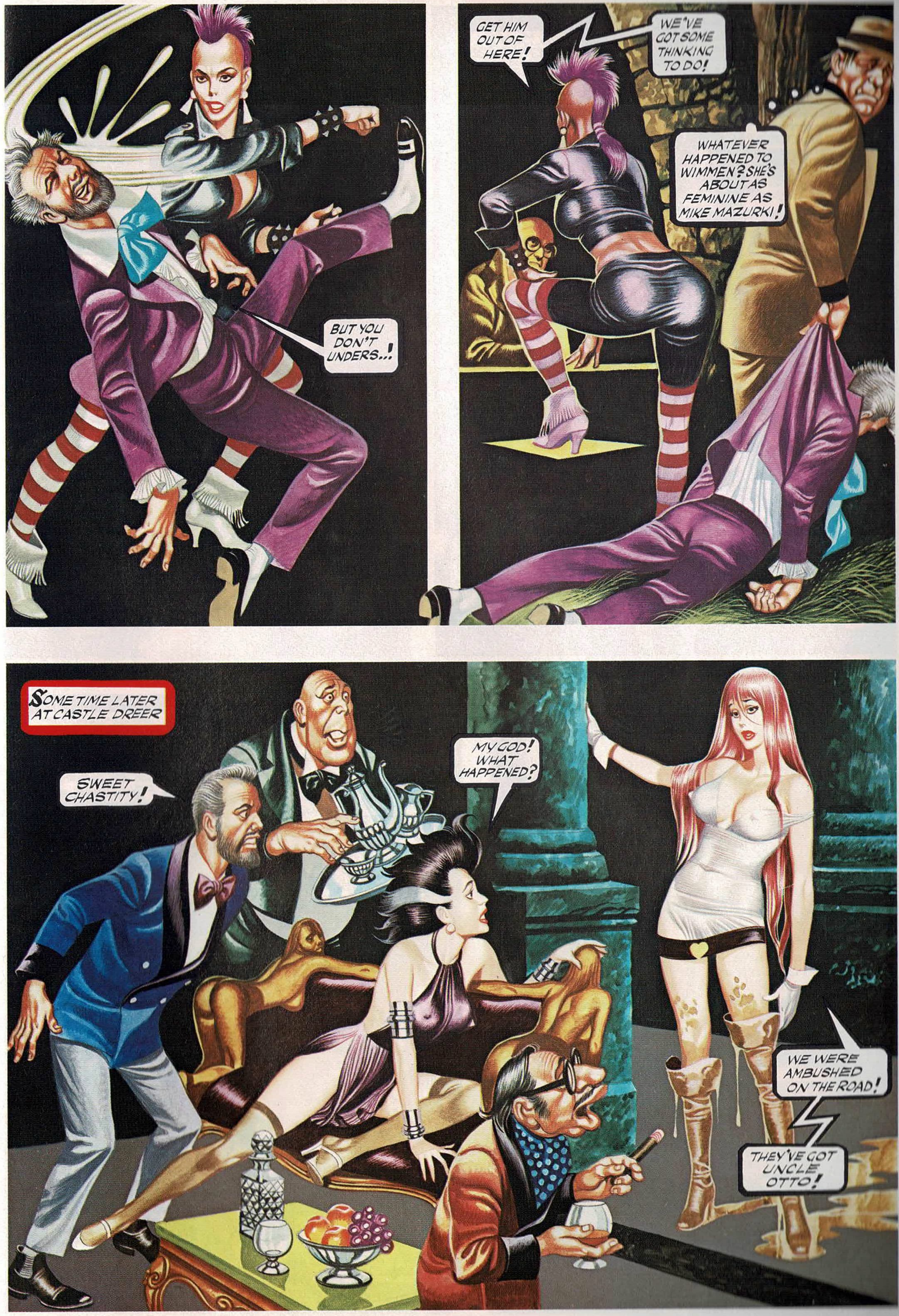
KELLY NICHOLS

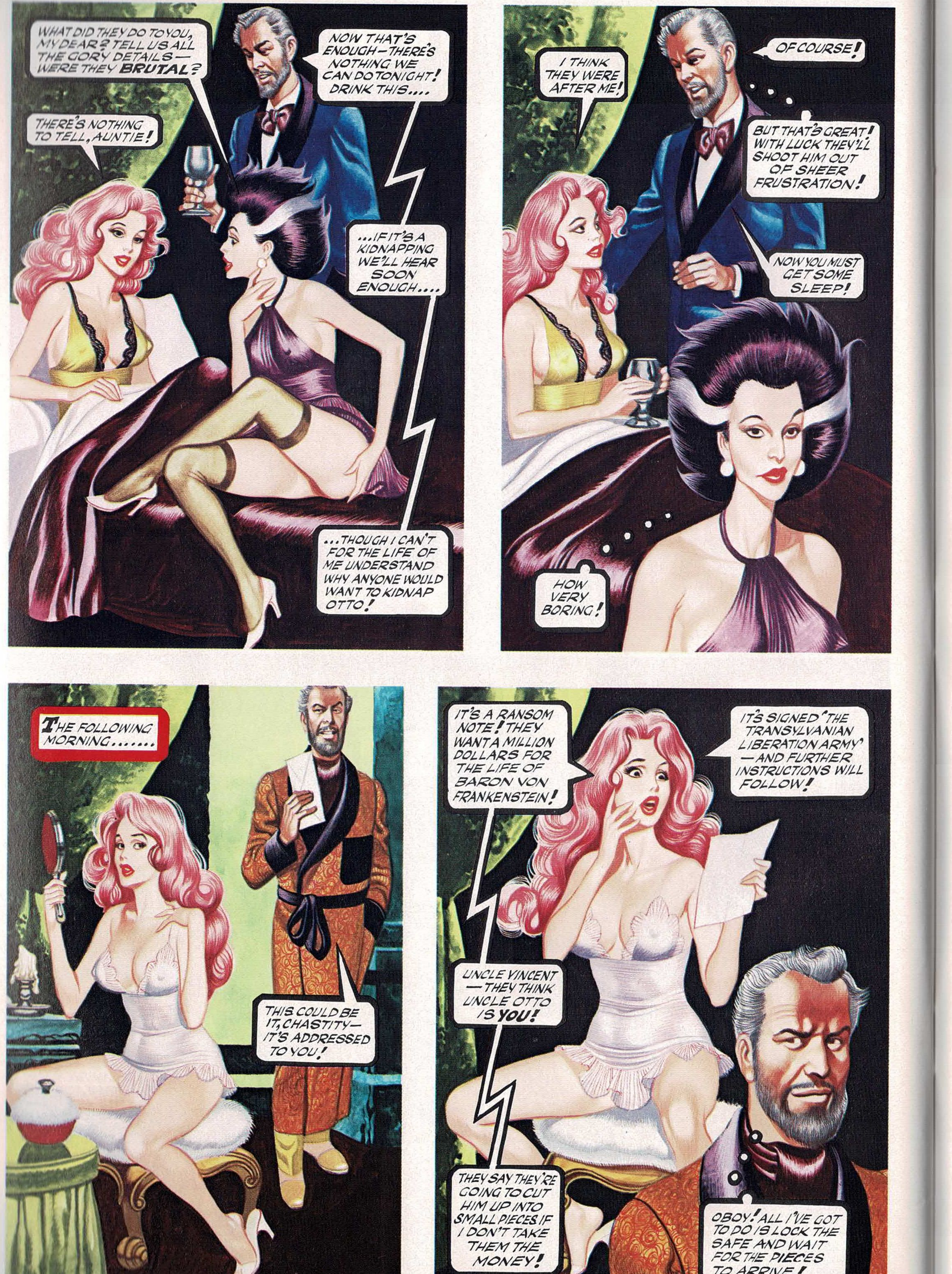
Could a pornographic film star be the victim of sexual harrassment at work? You wouldn't think so, but Kelly Nichols, former American *Penthouse* Pet, bit part actress in *King Kong* and the horror film *Blood Beach* and star of 15 X-rated movies, the latest of which, *In Love,* is available on video in Australia, says she has. This is Kelly's story: "There are certain unwritten codes among porn film performers. One is that you don't engage in unnecessary sex with your co-star. As far as I'm concerned it's a job. Unless I'm letting him know that I'm enjoying it, I don't expect a guy to get carried away. In one of my recent films my partner just went too far. We had already shot the hard-core sex scene and we were engaged in shooting the soft version. He'd already done his come shot — we call them 'pop shots.' It wasn't necessary for him to do it again for the soft scene. But he proceeded to get hard again and to start making love to me. I didn't say anything. But the arsehole went and did a second come shot inside of me. Now, that's just something that you never do. It made me really angry." Kelly didn't bother to take her unique complaint to the Anti-Discrimination Board. It seems her profession's financial rewards are more than adequate recompense for the impositions thrust upon her by her male co-stars. Kelly is a staunch defender of her trade, citing the increasingly raunchy roles taken by straight Hollywood actresses in her defence. "It is becoming increasingly difficult to find ammunition to attack quality X-rated films," she contends. "Most big name female stars have now done full frontal nudity and have performed highly erotic and explicit love scenes in bed. It seems inevitable that the next step for the straight film sex scene will be to show penetration." While Kelly waits for the rest of the film world to catch up, she's earning $1000 a day for a single sex scene and "laughing all the way to the bank."

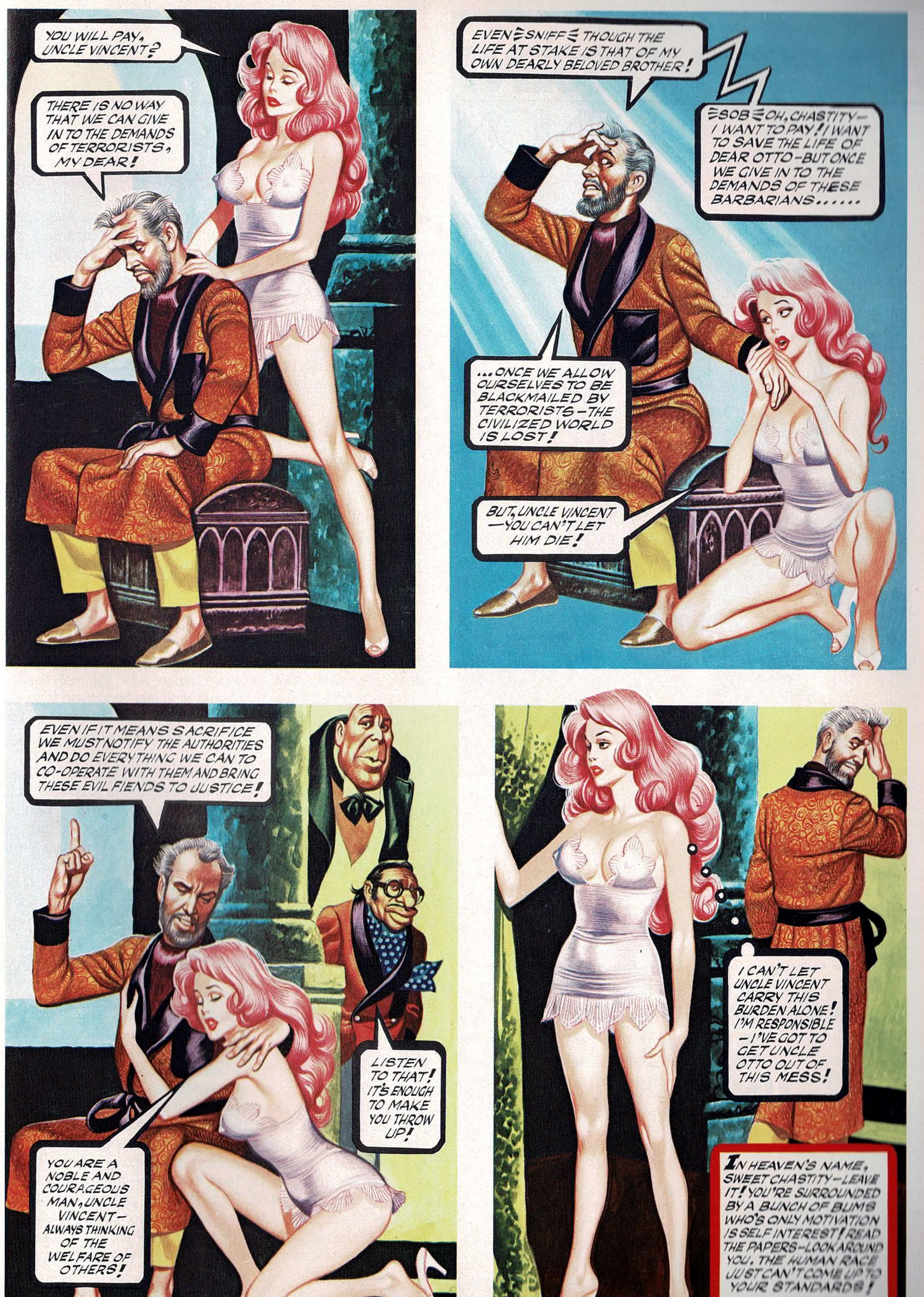

Sweet Chastity
AN ATTEMPT TO KIDNAP OUR LUSCIOUS HEROINE HAS FAILED. SWEET CHASTITY HAS ESCAPED BY DIVING FROM A CLIFFTOP INTO THE SWIFT FLOWING RIVER BELOW
DAMMIT! I'M NOT CUT OUT FOR THIS PEARL WHITE STUFF!
AND WHAT THE HELL HAS HAPPENED TO UNCLE OTTO?
by RON EMBLETON and BOB GUCCIONE
WHAT INDEED? OTTO, VINCENT VON FRANKENSTEIN'S TWIN BROTHER, HAS GOT PROBLEMS!
HELP!
HELP!
HANG ONTO ME, MOOSE—I'VE GOT HIM!
I'VE GOTCHA, SPECS! I'VE GOTCHA!
YOU CLOWNS! YOU STUPID PAIR OF MORONIC CLOWNS!


THOSE CREEPS HAVE GOT HIM!
I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF THIS SWAMP AND WARN THEM AT THE CASTLE!
HEY, MAN! LOOK DOWN THERE! ISN'T THAT A WOMAN STRUGGLING THROUGH THE SWAMP?
IT SURE IS! THERE'S NOTHING IN OUR CONTRACT THAT SAYS WE'VE GOTTA GO DOWN INTO THAT STINKIN' QUAGMIRE TO HELP A TOTAL STRANGER!
BESIDES—WE'RE ONLY PASSING THROUGH THIS STRIP!

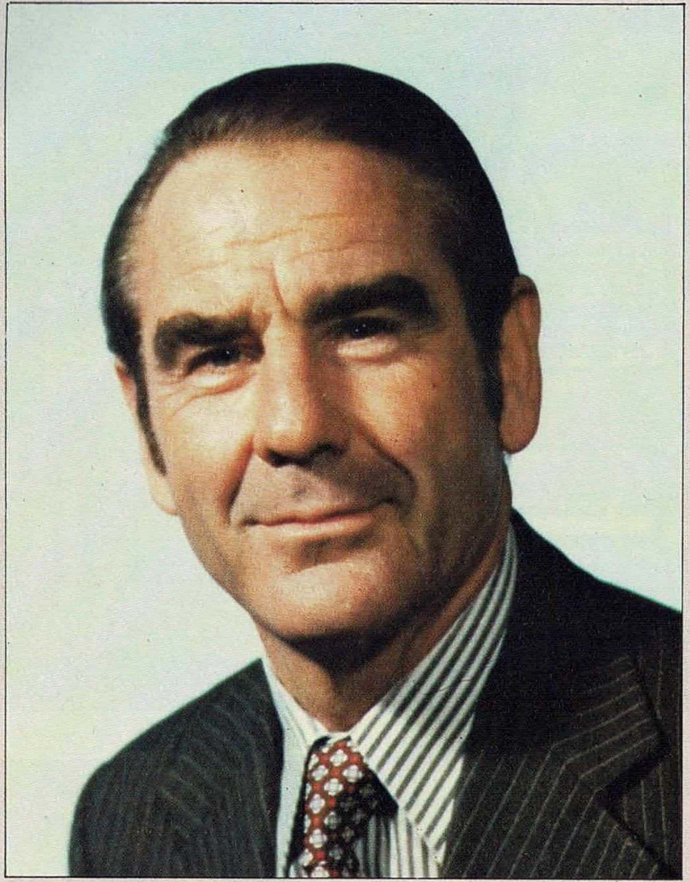

YOU MADE A RIGHT SCREW UP OF THIS CAPER!
YOU'VE KID-NAPPED THE WRONG PERSON!
IF WE'D GOT SWEET CHASTITY THE TRANSYLVANIAN LIBERATION ARMY WOULD'VE BEEN ON THE FRONT PAGE OF EVERY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD!
RUSSIAN AND CUBAN ADVISERS WOULD'VE BEEN HERE TOMORROW! WHO'S GONNA PAY FIVE MILLION DOLLARS RANSOM FOR THAT IDIOT?
CRIME AIN'T WHAT IT USED TO BE! WHEN I THINK OF THE GOOD OL' DAYS ...HAVANA... ...MIAMI.... ...VEGAS...
...WHAT THE HELL AM I DOIN' IN TRANSYLVANIA?
HOW'S THAT?
ALL IS NOT LOST....
MAYBE WE CAN USE THE BARON HERE!
BARON?
HEY- THEY MUST THINK I'M VINCENT!
WELL, PRESUMABLY CHASTITY'S FOND OF THE OLD GUY! ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS DEMAND A REASONABLE...
ER- EXCUSE ME!
...RANSOM AND MAKE SURE SHE BRINGS IT TO US!
SHUT UP, YOU!
THEN WE TAKE HER AS A HOSTAGE!
EXCUSE ME- BUT I'M NOT BARON....
IT MIGHT WORK AT THAT!
SIT DOWN AND SHUT UP!


BUT YOU DON'T UNDERS...!
GET HIM OUT OF HERE!
WE'VE GOT SOME THINKING TO DO!
WHATEVER HAPPENED TO WIMMEN? SHE'S ABOUT AS FEMININE AS MIKE MAZURKI!
SOME TIME LATER AT CASTLE DREER
SWEET CHASTITY!
MY GOD! WHAT HAPPENED?
WE WERE AMBUSHED ON THE ROAD!
THEY'VE GOT UNCLE OTTO!


WHAT DID THEY DO TO YOU, MY DEAR? TELL US ALL THE GORY DETAILS—WERE THEY **BRUTAL**?
THERE'S NOTHING TO TELL, AUNTIE!
NOW THAT'S ENOUGH—THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO TONIGHT! DRINK THIS....
...IF IT'S A KIDNAPPING WE'LL HEAR SOON ENOUGH....
...THOUGH I CAN'T FOR THE LIFE OF ME UNDERSTAND WHY ANYONE WOULD WANT TO KIDNAP OTTO!
I THINK THEY WERE AFTER ME!
OF COURSE!
BUT THAT'S GREAT! WITH LUCK THEY'LL SHOOT HIM OUT OF SHEER FRUSTRATION!
NOW YOU MUST GET SOME SLEEP!
HOW VERY BORING!
THE FOLLOWING MORNING.......
THIS COULD BE IT, CHASTITY—IT'S ADDRESSED TO YOU!
IT'S A RANSOM NOTE! THEY WANT A MILLION DOLLARS FOR THE LIFE OF BARON VON FRANKENSTEIN!
IT'S SIGNED "THE TRANSYLVANIAN LIBERATION ARMY"—AND FURTHER INSTRUCTIONS WILL FOLLOW!
UNCLE VINCENT—THEY THINK UNCLE OTTO IS **YOU**!
THEY SAY THEY'RE GOING TO CUT HIM UP INTO SMALL PIECES IF I DON'T TAKE THEM THE MONEY!
OBOY! ALL I'VE GOT TO DO IS LOCK THE SAFE AND WAIT FOR THE PIECES TO ARRIVE!


YOU WILL PAY, UNCLE VINCENT?
THERE IS NO WAY THAT WE CAN GIVE IN TO THE DEMANDS OF TERRORISTS, MY DEAR!
EVEN SNIFF THOUGH THE LIFE AT STAKE IS THAT OF MY OWN DEARLY BELOVED BROTHER!
SOB OH, CHASTITY—I WANT TO PAY! I WANT TO SAVE THE LIFE OF DEAR OTTO—BUT ONCE WE GIVE IN TO THE DEMANDS OF THESE BARBARIANS.....
...ONCE WE ALLOW OURSELVES TO BE BLACKMAILED BY TERRORISTS—THE CIVILIZED WORLD IS LOST!
BUT, UNCLE VINCENT—YOU CAN'T LET HIM DIE!
EVEN IF IT MEANS SACRIFICE WE MUST NOTIFY THE AUTHORITIES AND DO EVERYTHING WE CAN TO CO-OPERATE WITH THEM AND BRING THESE EVIL FIENDS TO JUSTICE!
LISTEN TO THAT! IT'S ENOUGH TO MAKE YOU THROW UP!
YOU ARE A NOBLE AND COURAGEOUS MAN, UNCLE VINCENT—ALWAYS THINKING OF THE WELFARE OF OTHERS!
I CAN'T LET UNCLE VINCENT CARRY THIS BURDEN ALONE! I'M RESPONSIBLE—I'VE GOT TO GET UNCLE OTTO OUT OF THIS MESS!
IN HEAVEN'S NAME, SWEET CHASTITY—LEAVE IT! YOU'RE SURROUNDED BY A BUNCH OF BUMS WHO'S ONLY MOTIVATION IS SELF INTEREST! READ THE PAPERS—LOOK AROUND YOU. THE HUMAN RACE JUST CAN'T COME UP TO YOUR STANDARDS!

ADVISE & DISSENT
OPINION



BY SIR WILLIAM KEYS, OBE, MC

The author is National President of the Returned Services League of Australia. He has a distinguished war record, having served with the Australian forces in World War II and in Korea. He was invested as a Knight Bachelor in 1980.

NATIONAL SERVICE: A SOLUTION TO UNEMPLOYMENT

> ❛Such a community service scheme would develop an enthusiastic national attitude that would reflect the great fortune we have in being Australians❜

Over the years the issue of national service for Australians has so frequently been surrounded by controversy and emotion that it is difficult to discuss possible alternative schemes in an objective way.

This controversy is something of an enigma because it occurs only in English speaking countries. In other countries that could possibly be compared with Australia in terms of living standards, industrial potential and financial capacity — like the European democracies — training schemes of one kind or another exist as part of the accepted way of life. There must surely be something in our Anglo-Saxon ethics that obliges us to reject anything even remotely suggesting regimentation.

Be that as it may, national service has only existed in Australia for brief periods, and only then to meet a compelling national emergency at a time when this country was involved in war.

The pattern of national attitudes is further confused by the fact that in all public opinion polls, Australians overwhelmingly favor some form of compulsory military training. Opinion samplings have given the following results: in 1943 (79 percent); 1949 (76 percent); 1961 (73 percent); 1977 (61 percent); and 1980 (66 percent). The most recent, the July 1983 Morgan Gallup Poll published in *The Bulletin,* indicated that a majority of Australians (62 percent) supported compulsory military training for young men; a minority (39 percent) even favored similar training for all young women. Given this support, it is hard to understand the very outspoken opposition that emerges when any national service scheme is mooted. Other than attributing this opposition to a very vocal minority that tends to get media coverage out of proportion to its numbers, it is very difficult to understand this aspect of Australian public attitudes.

We are now living in a time when other important national issues are coming very much to the fore and need to be taken into account. Not only would a national service program be of value in bringing our regular force battalions to full strength and in building an effective reserve, but with the introduction of alternative forms of service an appropriate scheme could make a large contribution to overcoming the massive problem of youth unemployment. Over the years it would also serve to develop an enthusiastic national attitude that would reflect the great fortune we have in being Australians.

This article therefore canvasses this question with the aim of generating ideas and possibly some action in developing a uniquely Australian scheme of service.

What are the facts that need to be taken into account in examining this question?

The first undoubtedly is that in any future conflict Australia may well be more on its own than it has ever been in the past. We will have to depend more on our own resources. This means we have to move more rapidly to a position of defence self-sufficiency.

The second fact is that at the present time some 350,000 Australians between the ages of 15 and 24 are seeking jobs. This figure represents some 45 percent of all today's job seekers. Youth unemployment is now regarded as the matter of greatest national concern. It is painfully obvious that unemployment (and especially youth unemployment) will be a continuing feature of future Australian society. We need to do something of a radical nature with far-reaching implications if we are to deal effectively with the problem and its consequences.

Finally, there is the question of our attitude to citizenship. Undoubtedly, in spite of our problems, we are the most fortunate community of people in the world. We enjoy a high standard of living and have a great national potential in terms of our resources and industrial capacity; we enjoy considerable security in our geographical remoteness from the world's major trouble spots and finally we have political and social freedoms within which we can exercise all our initiatives, still protected by a basic social welfare structure.

There needs to be generated a far greater awareness of the benefits of being an Australian citizen and the responsibility this imposes on each of us as individuals and as members of a great and growing society.

These then are the matters that should be taken into account when examining the issue of some sort of national service scheme.

Already quite a range of initiatives have been taken. The Federal government has in place a job creation program which involves the expenditure of substantial sums of money in creating employment opportunities. In addition, state governments have some 83 employment, training and assistance schemes of one kind or another and there is now the recently launched "Work Search Campaign" being conducted by a committee of 27 prominent Australians, supported by a number of metropolitan newspapers and radio stations.

In a recent article in the *Melbourne Sun,* Professor Hedley Beare, Professor of Education at Melbourne University, wrote about the need to do something to fill the gap between leaving school and employment. In this article Professor Beare referred to a report titled "Youth Policies" by Dr L.W. Shears and Ms J.K. Matthews. This report investigated youth problems in Australia and other countries, pointing out there are available "no fewer than 40 separate initiatives taken by the Federal government, involving at least five different departments" in addition to other initiatives taken by state governments. Professor Beare, in commenting on the report, says: "Is it any wonder that these endeavors get in each other's way, are not understood, and give the impression of *ad hoc* remedies for more deeply seated problems?" Professor Beare goes on to call for "co-ordination and simplification" and "easy access" to the administration of these policies. In looking at solutions, Professor Beare says "some form of national service appears needed now that jobs are hard to find; such service could have the option of a military and a non-military base."

While these programs are all of undoubted value, it is surely time to look again in great depth and with great objectivity at the whole issue of a national service scheme that will embrace all of these endeavors and provide an answer to the requirements that have already been outlined.

A national program to cope with all of these varying problems requires a name and title that is both acceptable and identifiable. "National service", while grammatically and factually correct, has attracted criticism and controversy in the past and is inevitably associated with compulsory military training schemes.

A more acceptable and appropriate title would possibly be "community service scheme," a term that would embrace the wider concept that is envisaged. Such a scheme needs to be based on the principle of voluntarism with incentives. Participants must be involved of their own free-will through a desire to contribute and should be encouraged to continue and develop their participation. Incentives could include such measures as low interest housing loans, training and educational opportunities, and loans for business investment. The scheme needs to fit comfortably between the end of schooling and the beginning of adult employment, with provision for other unemployed to be included.

It should be for periods of up to two years depending on the type of activity involved and the needs of the individual participating; it should embrace a wide range of alternatives, from the opportunity of serving for periods with the regular defence forces, to undertaking social activity programs such as assistance to aged people, work in youth hostels, and assistance to the handicapped. It needs to embrace the opportunity for service in the fields of environmental work and community development, and in such developing industries as tourism, sport, leisure and entertainment activities, adult education and domestic services. It needs to embrace all the initiatives that are currently in operation. Indeed, its primary task would be to co-ordinate all the efforts that are being made in the area of the creation of job opportunities for young people.

The scheme would fundamentally be open to all Australians for participation, although, because of financial limitations in the early stages of the scheme, it may need to be limited to unemployed young people until the viability and efficiency of scheme management is satisfactorily developed.

The scheme therefore would be all-embracing, providing numbers in our regular forces and reserves and an opportunity for young people to work in a wide range of civilian activities. It should be rewarding for them and beneficial to the nation.

Undoubtedly the financial costs of an appropriate scheme would be high but when balanced against the benefits that can be achieved in terms of a more enlightened, harmonious and contented community the price is relatively small.

At the present time the Federal government spends over six million dollars a day in unemployment relief, and a further two million dollars a day in employment and training programs, with state governments contributing additional amounts for employment training and job creation. There is evidence that large amounts of money are being wasted through the *ad hoc* approaches already discussed, duplication of one kind or another, inadequate co-ordination and consultation, and the need to spend within inappropriate time frames in order to meet budgetary requirements.

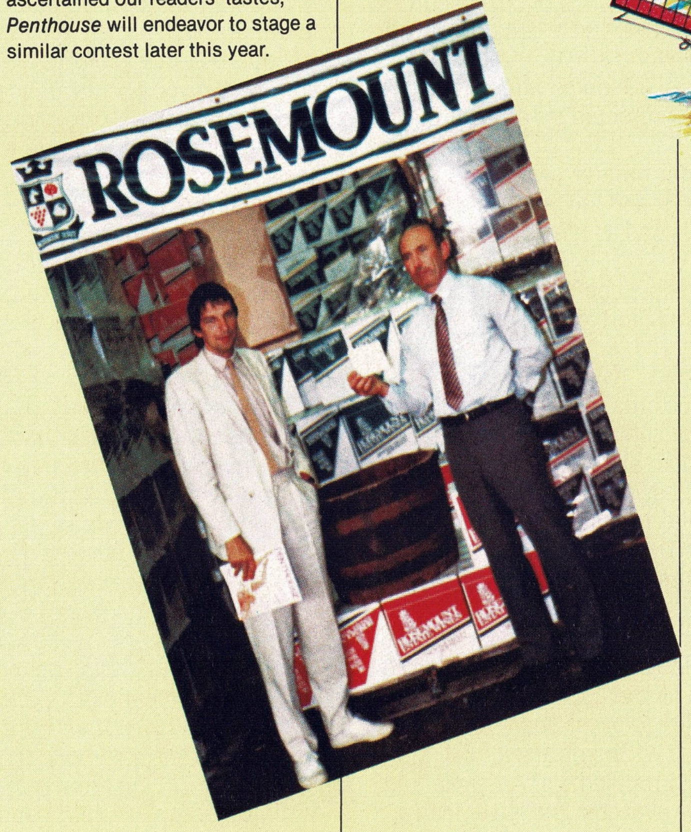
Inevitably, with the development and progress of technical knowledge and the introduction of more sophisticated manufacturing techniques, the requirement for employed manpower will fall. For too long we have ignored the implications of this rapidly developing problem: it is now time for us to come to grips with it. Clearly, there is much detail to be examined and rationalised. This is a task for a high level committee embracing all interests in the nation, under the imprimatur of the Federal government.

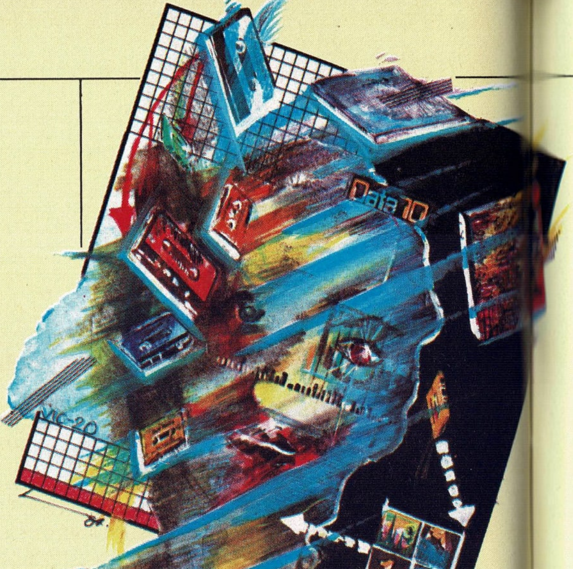
On the 19th of January this year, the volunteer Committee for Development of Youth Employment, comprising 27 business, academic and community leaders, presented the Work Search campaign. Representatives of this committee could well head a major task force to produce a national scheme for community service that will meet the very special requirements of this country.

We should all cast aside old attitudes and prejudices and be aware of the challenge of the years ahead, and plan now to do something positive about it in the interests of developing a great country.

LOOSE ENDS

The chance to win fine wines valued at more than $4000 brought thousands of oenophiles (plonk pervs) out of the woodwork when *Australian Penthouse* and Rosemount Estate conducted the "Win A Super Cellar Competition" in January. It proved to be the most successful competition ever staged by *Penthouse* and we hear on the grapevine that the party is still raging at the Mt Colah (NSW) home of winner Wayne Pryor. Having ascertained our readers' tastes, *Penthouse* will endeavor to stage a similar contest later this year.





Just what you always wanted. To team with your battery-operated pasta cutter which removes embarrassing facial hair, Philips have come up with the Cafe Duo, a kitchen appliance which delivers piping hot coffee directly into one or two cups, thus saving on wastage and cutting down on washing up. The Cafe Duo has a permanent filter, it's easy to operate and it's light enough to take with you on holidays for fresh cups of real coffee any place, anywhere, according to Philips. One to keep in mind next time you have to buy a wedding present.

PHILIPS
Café
Café
Café

EAT AT E.T.'s
WALK INTO PARADISE

What do you serve at a cocktail reception for extra-terrestrials? Space cookies and green cheese? It's a question that may soon have to be addressed by Antonio Vasquez Alva when aliens land on the special ET runway he's building on Oriental Mountain, 60 kilometres south of Mexico City. Alva, a faith healer and President of the Mexican Futurology and Imagination Group, has lined the alien airstrip with colored lights and added a small terminal where humans can greet the travellers and hear the message of peace on Earth which Alva says they have to impart.

If you're planning to invest in a home computer and wondering how you'll get your grey matter around the bytes and pieces of technology involved, Computer Classics can come to your aid with three book and cassette packages to teach you assembly language and programming. The packages are complete beginner's courses in the machine language and programming of the most popular home computers — Vic-20 and Commodore 64, and the BBC Microcomputer. Ask your retailer for details when buying your computer.

Clue: Sam Spade would dig it. Charlie Chan would rate it number one and Dr Watson would feel at home away from Holmes. Solution: A weekend retreat for mystery buffs, regularly held at a 10 hectare property near Wilton, NSW. The emphasis is on solving puzzles of logic, word puzzles and crime mysteries, but there is ample opportunity to swim, go bush-walking or just relax in the sun. A cost of $85 covers your two nights' accommodation and all meals. Further clues will be supplied if you phone (02) 682 4344.

CLUE..???!!
SWELL NUMBERS!

Electronics innovators Sony have pared their famous Walkman down to the size of a cassette case with the release of their new Super Walkman range. The Super Walkman and the Super Walkman with FM each weigh in at a tiny 180 grams and are available in a range of four colors. The new range also features a revolutionised headphone system for even better sound than previously available on Walkmans. The range can be teamed with Sony amplifier speakers, also cassette case-sized, to allow use without headphones.

STEREO
SONY
WALKMAN FM
SONY
STEREO

PENTHOUSE POLAROID PHOTO COMPETITION

John Robertson of Stuart's Point in New South Wales is the winner of this month's *Penthouse*/Polaroid Competition. His photo of Cindy McIlwain wins him a choice of two Polaroid prizes. He can choose between a Polaroid SLR 680 AutoFocus/AutoStrobe camera or the recently released Polaroid 35mm AutoProcess system. This system, comprising AutoProcessor, Cutter/Mounter and a pack of Polachrome 12 exposure film and slide mounts, allows you to process your own transparencies in minutes.

Do you have a flair for photography? Prove it by sending us a revealing snap, taken on any film and let *Australian Penthouse* judges evaluate your talent.

Fill in the coupon below, put in an envelope with your photo(s) and send it to *Penthouse.*

Please fill in this confidential form and return with your entry to: *Australian Penthouse,* PO Box 42, Cammeray 2062.

Name of photographer: ____________________

Address of photographer: ____________________

__________ Telephone number of photographer: __________

Name of subject: __________ Telephone number of subject: __________

I (the subject).. of ....
am aware that my photograph has been submitted as an entry in the Polaroid SLR 680 competition. If my entry should win, I have no objection to it being published in *Australian Penthouse.* I am 18 years old or over.

Signature of subject:.................................. Date..................................

Signature of witness:.................................. Date..................................

Queensland's Lara Kelly

COMING IN JULY AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

Highway Robbery — The "good old days" of motor dealing are over. Blatantly shonky practices have been replaced by subtler but no less effective ploys. Buying a car now means becoming embroiled in advanced American-style high pressure psychological warfare. If you're thinking of venturing into the combat zone this revealing article will give you a break-even chance of survival.

Dreamtime In Redfern — the inner city suburb of Redfern was ranked second last in terms of residential desirability of 480 Sydney suburbs. This startling pictorial feature on the infamous aboriginal ghetto shows why.

In The Long Run — An exclusive extract from Phil Jarratt's action-packed novel about a champion Australian marathon runner who's going for gold in LA. It's a rivetting read.

Man At Work — An energetic interview with Australia's top rock band's frontman Colin Hay, who talks about the impact of Men At Work's huge success in the USA on his brain, his body and his bank balance. Hay provides some entertaining and articulate insights into the rock and roll business.

Greased Nudes — Acclaimed US-based photographer Dennis Manarchy brings his fantasies to life in a sensuous and sophisticated series of erotic portraits.

Pet Of The Month — Country girl Lara Kelly lets down her hair for a centrespread which will have you champing at the bit. Take a look at Lara in July *Australian Penthouse*.

MEN AT PLAY

Continued from page 66

and occasionally playing club dates of their own.

As the second tour swung through the mid-western states, another discovery was made which heartened the travellers considerably.

"We discovered this band that plays Mental As Anything covers. They came to see us backstage after a show in Kansas City, and we went back to their flat where they had all our records, even the ones not released over there.

"They could play most of our songs, even some of the more obscure ones that we'd forgotten," exclaimed Greedy.

But on the whole America is still being a bit stand-offish to the Mentals, clearly a bit puzzled by an excellent rock band that doesn't look or act like any rock band they've seen before.

New York took quite favorably to the Mentals, and Greedy is anxious to re-acquaint himself with the Big Apple. "It's the centre of the Universe — next to Bondi, of course," he says.

But Martin Plaza is more pragmatic in his view of Mentals Over America.

"To take off in America I think we need a more consistent, recognisable sort of sound for them to be able to latch on to us," is his judgement.

"We need a good radio song. If we get a single that's acceptable to us and them, I think they'll start to like us. It's a bit of a challenge — something to work towards."

The Mentals came on stage at Narara '84 in the early hours of Sunday morning, after the sombre funk of Talking Heads had induced a kind of stupor in the crowd.

Bounding on stage in khaki army shorts and sequined singlet, one hand clutching fag and beer can, the other his microphone, Greedy launched into his Les Patterson-like rave. Austen Tayshus, dressed as Superman, leapt from behind an amplifier and cavorted between guitars, while the band hurled itself into its familiar, quirky rock and roll.

Looking around the crowd you could see smiles begin to grow, feet start to twitch and eyeballs roll back in their sockets. At four o'clock in the morning in the middle of the soggy bush, the Mentals had lit a sort of internal campfire within everyone that warmed and heartened.

"Our mums still half expected us to give this band lark away soon and become painters and stuff," Greedy had said.

"But you know, I think we're doing all right as it is . . ."

STOCKISTS

Cover: Photography by Bob Watson; Make-up by Chris King. **Centrefold:** Photography by Bob Watson and Warwick Gibson; Make-up and hair by Joanne Gair and Chris King. *Penthouse* would like to thank the Thredbo Alpine Hotel and Fleets Ski Hire Thredbo.

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